POEMS

BY

Mr. *THOMAS BLACKLOCK.*

To which is Prefix'd,

An ACCOUNT of the LIFE, CHARACTER, and WRITINGS, of the AUTHOR,

By the Reverend Mr. *SPENCE*,

Late Profeſſor of POETRY, at *Oxford.*

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THE

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AN

AN ACCOUNT* OF THE LIFE, CHARACTER, and POEMS OF The AUTHOR.

SECT. I.

IN a former edition of this little narrative, I complained of want of lights in relation to the perſon who is the ſubject of it; but at preſent, there is no occaſion for my repeating that complaint: I have ſince been favoured not only with ſeveral letters, but with a kind viſit from him, of ſome weeks, when I was in the north of *England*; which will enable me to give not indeed a much longer account of him (for that is not neceſſary), but one much leſs defective than my former.

* By the reverend Mr. *Spence*; late profeſſor of poetry, in the Univerſity of *Oxford*.

MR. *Thomas Blacklock* was born in the year 1721, at *Annan*, in *Scotland*; but of *Engliſh* parents; for both his father and mother were natives of the county of * *Cumberland*. Before he was ſix months old, he was totally deprived of his eye-ſight by the ſmall-pox. His father (who, by all the accounts of him, was a very good man) had intended to breed him up to his own, or ſome other trade: But as this misfortune rendered him incapable of any, all that this worthy parent could do, was to ſhew the utmoſt care and attention that he was able toward him, in ſo unfortunate a ſituation; and this goodneſs of his has left ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on the mind of his ſon, that he ſpeaks of it with the greateſt warmth of gratitude and affection. What was wanting to this poor youth from the loſs of his ſight, and the narrowneſs of his fortune, ſeems to have been repaid him in the goodneſs of his heart, and the capacities of his mind. It was very early, that he ſhewed a ſtrong inclination toward poetry, in particular. His father, and a few of his other friends, uſed ſometimes to read, to divert him: They began with ſuch books as are generally read by children under ten years old, for their diverſion; and when he was turned of that age, the works of *Allan Ramſay*, *Prior*'s Poems, and the *Tatlers*,

* His paternal anceſtors have lived in that county from time immemorial. They generally followed agriculture; and were diſtinguiſhed for a knowledge and humanity above their ſphere. His father was an honeſt and worthy tradeſman; had been in good circumſtances, but was reduced by a ſeries of misfortunes. His mother was daughter of Mr. *Richard Rae*, an extenſive dealer in cattle, a conſiderable buſineſs in that county; and was equally eſteemed as a man of fortune and importance.

Spectators,

Spectators, and *Guardians*, were added to his amuſements. In theſe he took a great deal of delight; and by degrees got acquainted with the works of moſt of our beſt poets: Among whom, *Milton* and *Spenſer*, *Pope* and *Addiſon*, were his chief favourites; but the two former in a much higher degree than the two latter. Poetry he always heard not only with uncommon pleaſure, but with a ſort of congenial enthuſiaſm; and from loving and admiring the works of the poets ſo much, he ſoon began to endeavour to imitate them. The firſt effuſions of his thoughts, in a poetical way, conſiſted either in complaints on the difficulties and diſtreſſes of his ſituation, or expreſſions of eſteem, gratitude, and tenderneſs, for his friends; or a ſort of extempore deſcriptions of any humorous incident which happened in the neighbourhood. Moſt of theſe are loſt, and there is only one of them which is inſerted among the following poems. It was compoſed when he was but twelve years old; and has ſomething very pretty in the turn of it; and very promiſing for one of ſo tender an age.

PROVIDENCE was ſo kind as to indulge him in the aſſiſtance of his father, till he was nineteen; when that good man was ſnatch'd from him, by a ſudden * and violent death. As this misfortune

* Mr. *Blacklock*'s father was a bricklayer; and being informed that a kiln belonging to a ſon-in-law of his was giving way, his ſolicitude for his intereſt made him venture in, below the ribs, to ſee where the failure lay; when, the principal beam coming down upon him, with eighty buſhels of malt, which were upon the kiln at that time, he was in one moment cruſh'd to death.

neceſſitated his falling into more hands than he had ever before been uſed to, it was from that time that he began by degrees to be ſomewhat more talked of; and his extraordinary talents more known. It was about a year after, that he was ſent for to *Edinburgh*, by Dr. *Stevenſon*, a man of taſte, and one of the phyſicians in that city; who had the goodneſs to ſupply him with every thing neceſſary for his living, and ſtudying, in the univerſity there. Mr. *Blacklock* regarded this gentleman as his *Mecænas*; and the poem placed at the entrance to his works, is a gratitude-piece, addreſſed to him; in imitation of the firſt ode of *Horace*, to that great patron.

He had got ſome rudiments of *Latin* in his youth, but could not eaſily read a *Latin* author till he was near twenty: when Dr. *Stevenſon* put him to a grammar-ſchool in *Edinburgh*. He afterwards ſtudied in that univerſity; where he not only perfected himſelf in *Latin*, but has alſo gone through all the beſt *Greek* authors, with a very lively pleaſure. He is quite a maſter too of the *French* language, which he acquired in a very agreeable manner; I mean by an intimate acquaintance, and converſing very much, in ſo polite and good-natured a family as that of Mr. Provoſt *Alexander*, whoſe lady was a *Pariſian*.

After he had followed his ſtudies at *Edinburgh* for four years, he retired from thence into the country, on the breaking out of the rebellion, in 1745: and it was during this receſs, that he was prevailed on by ſome of his friends to publiſh a little collection of his poems, at *Glaſgow*. When

that

that tempeſt was blown over, and the calm entirely reſtored, he returned again to the univerſity of *Edinburgh*; and has purſued his ſtudies there for ſix years more. The ſecond edition of his poems was publiſhed by him there, in the beginning of the preſent year, very much improved, and enlarged: And they might have been much more numerous than they are, had not Mr. *Blacklock* ſhown a great deal more niceneſs and delicacy than is uſual: and kept ſeveral pieces from the preſs for reaſons that ſeemed much ſtronger to himſelf, than they did to his friends; ſome of whom were concerned at his exceſs of ſcrupulouſneſs; and much wiſhed not to have had him deprived of ſo much more reputation, nor the world of ſo many poetical beauties as (they ſay) abounded in them.

BESIDES his having attained ſuch a maſtery in the *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French** languages, he is a very

* Mr. *Blacklock* has not only a particular happineſs in acquiring languages, but alſo in teaching them. There is a remarkable inſtance of this in *Richard Hewitt*, a boy whom he had taken to lead him. As he found the lad to be of a good turn, and inclinable to learn, he attempted to make him a ſcholar; and ſucceeded ſo well as to teach him *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French*; and to give him a taſte for the ſciences. He even communicated to him ſome ſhare of his poetical vein. The lad bore his maſter a great affection; and it was with ſome difficulty he was perſuaded to leave him, to enter into Lord *Milton*'s ſervice; whoſe ſecretary he now is. Soon after his leaving Mr. *Blacklock*, he addreſſed a copy of verſes to him; which, as it ſhews his gratitude to his inſtructor, and how well he ſucceeded under his care, may very well deſerve to be inſerted in this note.

TO Mr. THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

To fame and to the muſe unknown
Where arts and ſcience never ſhone,

 A ham-

very good philoſopher, and in general, poſſeſſes all the branches of erudition, except the mathematics.

He

(*a*) A hamlet ſtands ſecure:
Her ruſtic ſons, to toil inur'd,
By blooming health and gain allur'd,
Their grateful ſoil manure.

What means my heart!—'Tis nature's pow'r:
Yes, here I date my natal hour,
My burſting heart would ſay:
Here ſleep the ſwains from whom I ſprung,
Whoſe conſcience fell remorſe ne'er ſtung;
For nature led their way.

Simplicity, unſtain'd with crimes,
(A gem how rare in modern times!)
Was all from them I bore:
No ſounding titles ſwell'd my pride;
My heart to mis'ry ne'er was ty'd,
By heaps of ſhining ore.

Heedleſs of wealth, of power, of fame;
Heedleſs of each ambitious aim,
Here flow'd my boyiſh years.
How oft theſe plains I've thoughtleſs preſt;
Whiſtled, or ſung ſome fair (*b*) diſtreſt,
Whoſe fate would ſteal my tears!

Thus rude, unpoliſh'd, unrefin'd;
While, plung'd in darkeſt night, my mind
Uncultivated lay;
With pity mov'd, my fate you view'd;
My way to light, to reaſon ſhew'd;
And op'd the ſource of day:

(*a*) *Rockliffe*, a little country village near *Carliſle*, in the county of *Cumberland*.

(*b*) Alluding to a ſort of narrative ſongs, which make no inconſiderable part of the innocent amuſements with which the country people paſs the winter nights, and of which the author of the preſent piece was a faithful rehearſer.

You

HE has a quick apprehenſion, and a very tenacious memory; which, together with his induſtry, may account for his other acquiſitions; but his arriving ſo far towards an excellence in poetry, and that too in deſcriptive poetry; though his chief inlets for poetical ideas are totally barred up, and all the viſible beauties of the creation have been long ſince blotted out of his mind; is the ſurpriſing part of his character. How far he has contrived, by the uncommon force of his genius, to compenſate for this vaſt defect; with what elegance and harmony he often writes; with how much propriety, how much ſenſe, and how much emotion; are things as eaſy to be perceived in reading his poems, as they would perhaps be difficult to be fully and clearly accounted for, even by himſelf.

You loos'd and form'd my infant thought;
Your ſkill, your matchleſs goodneſs taught,
Where truth and bliſs to find:
Painted, by thee, in all her charms,
Each gen'rous heart fair virtue warms,
And ſwells the raviſh'd mind.

Hail bright cæleſtial, all divine!
O come! inſpire this breaſt of mine
With all thy heav'nly pow'r:
Lead, lead me to thy happineſs;
Point out thy path to that bleſt place,
Where grief ſhall be no more.

RICHARD HEWITT.

SECT. II.

Of his Moral Character.

ALL Mr. *Blacklock*'s acquaintance agree in ſpeaking of his many virtues, in the higheſt ſtrain; of his humanity, and ſweetneſs of temper; his patience, under all misfortunes; his induſtry and application, in acquiring ſo many embelliſhments of his mind; and of his retaining, after all theſe acquiſitions, the greateſt modeſty and humility; together with the ſtricteſt love of virtue, and a mere primitive ſimplicity of manners.

INDEED, the goodneſs of his heart is very viſible in the general colouring of his works; and breaks out, here and there, in almoſt every one of his particular poems. It is ſo ſtrong as even to get the better of that gloom, which is but too apt to attend the ſtudious and the ſedentary; and to ſhine through thoſe very clouds that threaten the moſt to ſuppreſs and intercept it.

AMONG his particular virtues, one of the firſt to be admired is this eaſe and contentedneſs of his mind, under ſo many circumſtances, any one almoſt of which might be thought capable of depreſſing it. Conſidering the meanneſs of his birth; the lowneſs of his ſituation; the diſagreeableneſs (at leaſt, as he himſelf ſpeaks of it) of his perſon; the narrowneſs and difficulties of his fortune; and, above all, his ſo early loſs of ſight, and his incapacity from thence of any way relieving himſelf under all theſe burdens; it may be reckoned no

ſmall

ſmall degree of virtue in him, even not to be generally diſpirited and complaining.

EACH of theſe humiliating circumſtances * he ſpeaks of, in ſome part or other of his poems; but

1.

* Suſtain'd by labour, and obſcurely born. p. 100. l. 38.

2.

A barren fortune, and a hopeleſs love. p. 96. l. 90.
Obſcure, depreſs'd, and ſcorn'd. p. 50. l. 80.

3.

What tho' no native charms my perſon grace? p. 100. l. 45.

And in his ludicrous poem:

Straight is my perſon, but of little ſize;
Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes: &c. p. 191. l. 14.

And ſpeaking of both theſe, and his blindneſs together, he ſays,

Hence oft the hand of ignorance and ſcorn,
To barb'rous mirth abandon'd, points me out
With idiot grin: the ſupercilious eye,
Oft from the noiſe and glare of proſp'rous life,
On my obſcurity diverts it's gaze
Exulting; and, with wanton pride elate,
Felicitates its own ſuperior lot:
Inhuman Triumph!———
Hence the warm bluſh that paints ingenuous ſhame,
By conſcious want inſpir'd; th' unpity'd pang
Of love, and friendſhip ſlighted.——— p. 157.

4.

——Nor can theſe uſeleſs hands,
Untutor'd in each life-ſuſtaining art,
Nouriſh this wretched being; and ſupply
Frail nature's wants; that ſhort ceſſation know. p. 158.

5.

From theſe intruſive thoughts all pleaſure flies,
And leaves my ſoul benighted, like my eyes, p. 172.

And

but what he dwells upon with the moſt laſting caſt of melancholy, is his loſs of ſight; which, in one place

And in his melancholy poem; in a paſſage which, though ſo long, is poetical enough to deſerve tranſcribing;

For, oh!—while others gaze on nature's face,
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and ſtreams;
Or with delight ineffable ſurvey
The ſun, bright image of his parent God:
The ſeaſons, in majeſtic order, round
This vary'd globe revolving; young-ey'd ſpring,
Profuſe of life and joy; ſummer adorn'd
With keen effulgence, bright'ning heav'n and earth:
Autumn, replete with nature's various boon,
To bleſs the toiling hind; and winter, grand
With rapid ſtorms, convulſing nature's frame,
Whilſt others view heav'n's all-involving arch,
Bright with unnumber'd worlds; and, loſt in joy,
Fair order and utility behold:
Or unfatigu'd th' amazing chain purſue,
Which in one vaſt all-comprehending whole
Unites th' immenſe ſtupendous works of God;
Conjoining part with part, and thro' the frame
Diffuſing ſacred harmony and joy:
To me, thoſe fair viciſſitudes are loſt;
And grace and beauty blotted from my view.
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and ſtreams,
One horrid blank appear; the young-ey'd ſpring,
Effulgent ſummer, autumn deck'd in wealth
To bleſs the toiling hind, and winter grand
With rapid ſtorms, revolve in vain for me;
Nor the bright ſun, nor all-embracing arch
Of heav'n, ſhall e'er theſe wretched orbs behold.
O beauty, harmony! you ſiſter train
Of graces, you who in th' admiring eye

Of

place carries him on in a deploring ſtile, for above fifty lines together. But, at the ſame time, it ought to be conſidered, that this is in a piece written ſoon after his father's death, and when his ſpirits were particularly depreſſed by an incident that * very nearly threatned his own life; from which he had but juſt eſcaped, with a great deal of difficulty; and with all the terrors of ſo great a danger, and the dejection occaſioned by them, juſt freſh upon his mind.

IT is in the ſame melancholy Poem, that he expreſſes his dread of falling into extreme want; in the underwritten very ſtrong, and moving manner †:

Of God your charms diſplay'd, ere yet tranſcrib'd
On nature's form your heavenly features ſhone,
Why are you ſnatch'd for ever from my ſight?
Whilſt, in your ſtead, a boundleſs waſte expanſe
Of undiſtinguiſh'd horror covers all.
Wide, o'er my proſpect, rueful darkneſs breathes
Her inauſpicious vapour: in whoſe ſhade
Fear, grief, and anguiſh, natives of her reign,
In ſocial ſadneſs gloomy vigils keep.
With them I walk; with them ſtill doom'd to ſhare
Eternal blackneſs, without hopes of dawn. p. 155—157.

* See the beginning of his Soliloquy, p. 153.

† Dejecting proſpect!——Soon the hapleſs hour
May come——perhaps, this moment it impends!——
Which drives me forth to penury and cold,
Naked, and beat by all the ſtorms of heav'n;
Friendleſs, and guideleſs, to explore my way:
Till, on cold earth this poor unſhelter'd head
Reclining, vainly from the ruthleſs blaſt
Reſpite I beg; and, in the ſhock, expire. p. 159.

THESE,

THESE, alas! are fears, that he has often had but too much reaſon to entertain. However, his good ſenſe and religion have enabled him to get the better of them, and of all his other calamities, in his calmer hours; and indeed, in this very poem (which is the moſt gloomy of any he has written), he ſeems to have a gleam of light * fall in upon his mind; and recovers himſelf enough to expreſs his hopes that the care of Providence, which has hitherto always protected him, will again interfere; and diſſipate the clouds that were gathering over him.

* As yet my ſoul ne'er felt th' oppreſſive weight
Of Indigence, unaided: ſwift redreſs,
Beyond the daring flight of hope, approach'd;
And ev'ry wiſh of nature amply bleſs'd:
Tho' o'er the future ſeries of my fate
Ill omens ſeem to brood, and ſtars malign
To blend their baleful fire; oft while the ſun
Darts boundleſs glory thro' th' expanſe of heav'n
A gloom of congregated vapours riſe,
Than night more dreadful in her blackeſt ſhroud,
And o'er the face of things incumbent hang
Portending tempeſt: till the ſource of day
Again aſſerts the empire of the ſky;
And o'er the blotted ſcene of nature throws
A keener ſplendor. So perhaps that care,
Thro' all creation felt, but moſt by man
(Which hears with kind regard the tender ſigh
Of modeſt want), may diſſipate my fears;
And bid my hours a happier flight aſſume. Poems, p. 161.

TOWARDS

TOWARDS the cloſe of the ſame piece, he ſhews not only that he is ſatisfied with his own condition *; but that he can diſcover ſome very great bleſſings in it; and through the general courſe of his other poems, one may diſcern ſuch a juſtneſs of thinking about the things of this world, and ſuch an eaſy and contented turn of mind, as is every way becoming a good chriſtian and a good philoſopher. To be a little more particular:

* What then! becauſe th' indulgent Sire of all
Has in the plan of things preſcrib'd my ſphere,
Becauſe conſummate wiſdom thought not fit
In affluence and pomp to bid me ſhine,
Shall I regret my deſtiny? and curſe
That ſtate by heav'n's paternal care deſign'd
To train me up for ſcenes, with which compar'd,
Theſe ages meaſur'd by the orbs of heaven
In blank annihilation fade away?
For ſcenes, where finiſh'd by Almighty art
Beauty and order open to the ſight
In vivid glory; where the fainteſt rays
Out-flaſh the ſplendor of our mid-day ſun.
Say, ſhall the ſource of all, who firſt aſſign'd
To each conſtituent of this wond'rous frame
Its proper pow'rs, its place and action due,
With due degrees of weakneſs (whence reſults
Concord ineffable), ſhall he reverſe
Or diſconcert the univerſal ſcheme,
The general good, to flatter ſelfiſh pride
And blind deſire?——Before th'Almighty voice
From non-exiſtence call'd me into life,
What claim had I to being? What to ſhine
In this high rank of creatures, form'd to climb
The ſteep aſcent of virtue, unrelax'd,
Till infinite perfection crown their toil? p. 162.

HE

HE finds out ſome benefit, or other, to ſet againſt * every one of his misfortunes.

HE ſhews the utmoſt deteſtation † of avarice;

* What tho' no ſounding names my race adorn,
Suſtain'd by labour, and obſcurely born?
With faireſt flow'rs the humble vales are ſpread;
Whilſt endleſs tempeſts beat the mountain's head.
What tho' by fate no riches are my ſhare?
Riches are parents of eternal care:
While in the lowly hut, and ſilent grove,
Content plays ſmiling with her ſiſter love.
What tho' no native charms my perſon grace;
Nor beauty moulds my form, nor paints my face?
The ſweeteſt fruit may often pall the taſte,
While ſloes and brambles yield a ſafe repaſt. p. 100.

Even as to his blindneſs, he comforts himſelf by a comparative conſideration of other beings inferior to man; who, though they enjoy the benefit of ſight, are inſenſible (as he ſuppoſes) of the pleaſures of muſic, knowlege, converſation, and univerſal benevolence (p. 161). Under the notion of muſic, he comprehends that of poetry; and this ſeems to be a favourite idea with him, for he repeats it, on a like occaſion, in his poem to a young gentleman bound for *Guinea*. p. 53.

† In his hymn to benevolence, he thus addreſſes himſelf to that ſource of all virtues:

O come, and o'er my boſom reign,
Expand my heart, inflame each vein;
Through ev'ry action ſhine:
Each low, each ſelfiſh wiſh controul;
With all thy eſſence warm my ſoul,
And make me wholly thine!
Nor let fair virtue's mortal bane,
The ſoul-contracting thirſt of gain,
My fainteſt wiſhes ſway:
By her poſſeſs'd ere hearts refine,
In hell's dark depth ſhall mercy ſhine
And kindle endleſs day. p. 27.

and

and is ſo far from dreading poverty, that he makes it part * of his wiſh.

HE ſeems to have no earneſt deſires for any thing, except †knowlege, and a ‡moderate ſhare of fame;

* See the three firſt ſtanzas in his poem under that name. p. 128.

† ——————The ſacred fane
Of knowlege, ſcarce acceſſible to me,
With heart-conſuming anguiſh I behold:
Knowlege, for which my ſoul inſatiate burns
With ardent thirſt—————— p. 157.

And, a little after:

Perhaps, enlivening hope! perhaps my ſoul,
May drink at wiſdom's fountain; and allay
Her unextinguiſh'd ardor in the ſtream! p. 162.

It is from the ſame paſſion, that he has long'd ſo vehemently to be acquainted with the moſt eminent perſons of his times; or, as I ſhould rather have ſaid, with the chief of them all, Mr. Pope. Though what he ſays of his longing for knowlege, is ſo very ſtrongly expreſs'd; this ſtill exceeds it. He ſays, that he longed for it more than for any thing upon earth; even, than for the reſtoration of his eye-ſight. See p. 158.

‡ My humbler function ſhall I name,
My ſole delight, my higheſt aim?
Inſpir'd thro' breezy ſhades to ſtray,
Where choral nymphs and graces play;
Above th' unthinking herd to ſoar,
Who ſink forgot and are no more:
To ſnatch from fate an honeſt fame,
Is all I hope, and all I claim. p. 4.

But this deſire of fame, is only for a moderate ſhare of it; as appears from what he ſays in another place:

Pray'd I, that fame ſhou'd bear my name on high,
Through nation'd earth, or all-involving ſky? p. 142.

nor

nor to feel the want of any power, except * that of doing good.

He is very open, in owning his own † faults; and as honeſt, in ſpeaking of his own ‡ virtues. Innocence, he thinks, ought to be bold; ‖ and with

* ——————Hence the tear
Of impotent compaſſion; when the voice
Of pain by others felt, quick ſmites my heart;
And rouſes all it's tenderneſs, in vain! p. 157.

† Like all mankind, with vanity I'm bleſt;
Conſcious of wit, I never yet poſſeſs'd:
To ſtrong deſires my heart an eaſy prey
Oft feels their force, but never owns their ſway:
This hour perhaps, as death I hate my foe;
The next, I wonder why I ſhould do ſo. p. 193.

‡ Tho' poor, the rich I view with careleſs eye;
Scorn a vain oath, and hate a ſerious lye:
I ne'er for ſatire torture common ſenſe;
Nor ſhew my wit at God's, nor man's expence:
Harmleſs I live, unknowing and unknown;
Wiſh well to all, and yet do good to none:
Unmerited contempt I hate to bear;
Yet on my faults, like others, am ſevere:
Diſhoneſt flames my boſom never fire;
The bad I pity, and the good admire. p. 193.

‖ When raving in eternal pains
And loaded with ten thouſand chains,
Vice deep in Phlegethon yet lay
Nor with her viſage blaſted day,

No

with him vice is the only thing that ſhould be able to make a man daſtardly and fearful.

IT muſt have been this boldneſs of innocence alone, which could enable a man of ſuch a character as all his friends agree in giving him, to make ſo ſolemn * an appeal to Heaven, about the paſt courſe of his life; or ſo ſtrong a wiſh againſt himſelf †, if he ſhould ever deſert virtue in the remaining part of it.

No fear to guiltleſs man was known;
For God and virtue reign'd alone:
But when from native flames and night
The curſed monſter wing'd her flight;
Pale fear among her hideous train,
Chas'd ſweet contentment from her reign:
Baniſh'd from day her dear delight;
And ſhook, with conſcious ſtarts, the night. p. 30.

* Behold, O God! behold me ſtand,
And to thy ſtrict regard diſcloſe
Whate'er was acted by my hand;
Whate'er my inmoſt thoughts propoſe:
If Vice indulg'd their candor ſtain,
Be all my portion bitterneſs and pain. p. 22.

† This is in the Hymn to Benevolence; as addreſſing which, he ſays:

If from thy ſacred paths I turn;
Nor feel their griefs while others mourn,
Nor with their pleaſures glow:
Baniſh'd from GOD, from bliſs, and thee,
My own tormentor let me be;
And groan in hopeleſs woe. p. 28.

THERE is either an uncommon warmth, or tenderneſs, in his ideas of all the nearer connexions in life. His extreme gratitude and affection for his father has been mentioned already; and he ſhews due proportions of the ſame*, in ſpeaking of other relations and friends.

INDEED he is ſo far from being † any man's enemy, that he extends his brotherly ‡ regards to all mankind. His benevolence is ‖ univerſal; he always ſpeaks of that great ſource of virtue, as the

* His Ode to a friend bound for Guinea, the Monody, and the Elegy to Conſtantia, in particular, abound with proofs of his tenderneſs and affection for his friends.

† There ſeems to be much honeſty in his anſwer to a gentleman, who aſked his ſentiments of him:

Dear Fabius, me if well you know,
You ne'er will take me for your foe:
If right yourſelf you comprehend,
You ne'er will take me for your friend. p. 195.

‡ For this has heaven to virtue's glorious ſtage
Call'd me; and plac'd the garland in my view,
The wreath of conqueſt. Baſely to deſert,
The part aſſign'd me; and with daſtard fear
From preſent pain, the cauſe of future bliſs,
To ſhrink into the boſom of the grave;———
How then is gratitude's vaſt debt repaid?
Where all the tender offices of love
Due to fraternal man, in which the heart
Each bleſſing it communicates enjoys? p. 164, 165.

‖ See p. 172, l. 18, &c.

greateſt

greateſt ſource too of * happineſs and † joy: and (what may ſeem ſomewhat particular) he thinks it ſo not only to man, but to all God's creatures ‡; even to the leaſt inſects.

* Beatitude ſupreme in giving joy.

† Hail, ſource of tranſport ever new! p. 150.
While I thy ſtrong impulſe purſue
I taſte a joy ſincere:
Too vaſt for little minds to know,
Who on themſelves alone beſtow
Their wiſhes and their care.——
By thee inſpir'd the generous breaſt,
In bleſſing others only bleſt,
With goodneſs large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to ſtay;
To teach the blind their ſmootheſt way,
And aid the feeble knee.
Hymn to Benevolence, p. 26 and 27.

‡ Thou fill'ſt the waſte of ocean, earth, and air,
With multitudes that ſwim, or walk, or fly;
From rolling worlds deſcends thy generous care
To inſect crouds, that 'ſcape the niceſt eye:
For each a ſphere was circumſcrib'd by thee:
To bleſs, and to be bleſt, their nobleſt end,
To which, with ſpeedy courſe, they all unerring tend. p. 24.

And in his Hymn to Benevolence;

We ſee thy energy prevail,
Thro' being's ever riſing ſcale;
From nothing, ev'n to GOD. p. 26.

HE looks upon virtue as the cauſe of * happineſs to man, in the whole extent of his being; and on vice as the cauſe of his † miſery and unhappineſs.

HIS thoughts of death are ſuch, as I ſhould imagine every wiſe and good man muſt entertain of it; and if they are not more commonly to be met with, it will only prove, that men of both thoſe characters are not ſo common as one would wiſh. He looks upon death ‡ as a thing rather to be deſired, than

* Fair virtue ſhines to all diſplay'd;
Nor aſks the tardy ſchoolman's aid,
To teach us what is right:
Pleaſure and pain ſhe ſets in view. p. 63.

† Curs'd with unnumber'd groundleſs fears
How pale yon ſhivering wretch appears!
For him, the day-light ſhines in vain;
For him, the fields no joys contain:——
Impending miſts deform the ſky,
And beauty withers in his eye, &c. p. 35.
But ſince all crimes their hell contain;
Since all muſt feel, who merit pain, &c. p. 52.

‡ ——————Reaſon will diſpel
Thoſe fancy'd terrors. Reaſon will inſtruct thee,
That death is Heaven's kind interpoſing hand,
To ſnatch thee timely from impending woe;
From aggregated miſery, whoſe pangs
Can find no other period but the grave. p. 155.
——————Who would not ſink
A while in tears and ſorrow; then emerge
With tenfold luſtre, triumph o'er his pain,
And with unfading glory ſhine in Heav'n? p. 165.

While

than to be feared; as a relief from all the buſtle, and troubles, of this life; and as the initiation, or entrance, into a much nobler ſtate of life, an uninterrupted ſtate of immortality and joy.

HIS ideas of the Deity are uncommonly great and noble. He ſpeaks of GOD, as completing the whole creation * by a ſingle thought; and of his † diſtreſſing, or reviving all things, only by caſting a ſingle regard toward them, or looking from them. He conſiders the love of GOD as the only ‡ ſatisfactory object for happineſs in this world: and he ſhews how ſtrong this is in his own mind, by the

While life gives pleaſure, life ſhall ſtill remain;
Till death, with gentle hand, ſhall ſhut the pleaſing ſcene:
Safe, ſable guide, to that celeſtial ſhore
Where pleaſure knows no end, and change is fear'd no more. p. 57.

* See p. 13.——Hail ſovereign goodneſs, &c.

† But if one moment thou thy face ſhould'ſt hide,
Thy glory clouded, or thy ſmiles deny'd,
Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes;
And vents her grief in univerſal ſighs.——
But when again thy glory is diſplay'd,
Reviv'd creation lifts her chearful head:
New riſing forms thy potent ſmiles obey,
And life rekindles at the genial ray;
United thanks repleniſh'd nature pays,
And heav'n and earth reſound their Maker's praiſe.
p. 15, 16.

‡ See The Wiſh ſatisfy'd, p. 38 to 41.

warmth which * animates his prayers, and thankſgivings, to his Maker. He carries this ſo far, that in one place (though he expreſſes his inferior abilities as to the form), he ſeems unwilling to yield

* While this immortal ſpark of heav'nly flame
Diſtends my breaſt, and animates my frame,
To thee my ardent praiſes ſhall be borne
On the firſt breeze that wakes the bluſhing morn;
The lateſt ſtar ſhall hear the pleaſing ſound,
And nature in full choir ſhall join around:
When full of thee my ſoul excurſive flies
Thro' earth, air, ocean, or thy regal ſkies;
From world to world, new wonders ſtill I find,
And all the Godhead flaſhes on my mind. p. 16, 17.

And in his Hymn to Divine Love:

To thee, munific ever-flaming love!
One endleſs hymn united nature ſings;
To thee, the bright inhabitants above
Tune the glad voice, and ſweep the warbling ſtrings:
From pole to pole, on ever-waving wings
Winds waft thy praiſe, by rolling planets tun'd;
Aid then, O love, my voice to emulate the ſound.

It comes! it comes! I feel internal day!
Transfuſive warmth thro' all my boſom glows:
My ſoul expanding gives the torrent way;
Thro' all my veins it kindles as it flows.
Thus raviſh'd from the ſcene of night and woes,
Oh ſnatch me, bear me to thy happy reign!
There teach my tongue thy praiſe, in more exalted ſtrain. p. 25.

even

even to the angelic order of beings*, as to the ſincerity and ardency of his devotions.

THOUGH I have read Mr. *Blacklock*'s poems enough, to have entertained as high an opinion of them, as any one can well have; yet my going from his moral character to his poetical one, ſeems a very great fall to me: and I feel a ſenſible uneaſineſs in quitting the former, even whilſt I am entering on ſo agreeable a ſubject as the latter.

SECT. III.

Of his Poetical Character.

THERE is a great perſpicuity, neatneſs, and even elegance of ſtile, to be obſerved in ſeveral of his pieces: particularly in his (*a*) Wiſh, (which has ſo many other beauties); in his imitation (*b*) of one of the pſalms; his poem on (*c*) the refinements in metaphyſical philoſophy, (in which he owns (*d*) he had plunged too deep, formerly,

* By thee, O God! by thy paternal arm,
Thro' ev'ry period of my infant ſtate
Suſtain'd, I live to yield thee praiſes due.
O cou'd my lays, with heav'nly raptures warm,
High as thy throne re-echo to the ſongs
Of angels! thence, O! cou'd my pray'r obtain
One beam of inſpiration, to inflame
And animate my numbers! Heav'n's full choir
In loftier ſtrains th' inſpiring God might ſing;
But not more ardent, more ſincere, than mine. p. 167.

(*a*) Poems, p. 128. (*b*) The 139th. p. 17. (*c*) P. 61. (*d*) Ibid. 2.

himſelf); in his dreſſing the (*a*) old *Scotch* ſong; and his ode (*b*) to a coquet.

The laſt mentioned of theſe is written with ſomething of a gayer air, than is uſual in his poems; though he is far from wanting a talent for vivacity and ſatire, if he would give himſelf the leave to indulge it: but he is ſo good-natured, that he has ſcarce given us any direct ſpecimen of it againſt any one, except himſelf. This is in the piece called the (*c*) Author's Picture: from which, and his (*d*) earlieſt piece of all (that has ſome glances of the ſame kind), it might fairly enough have been conjectured, that he had a natural bent this way; and this probably would have appeared much more frequently, and more ſtrongly in his writings, had it not been for his ſuperior goodneſs of heart, and his being ſtruck (as ſoon as he came to a reaſoning age) ſo much more ſtrongly, with the charms of morality and philoſophy.

His (*e*) paſtoral ſong, and his ode (*f*) to a friend that was going abroad, are very well written, each in their way; and have beſide, ſeveral good pathetic ſtrokes in them. His (*g*) paſtoral, inſcribed to *Euanthe*, is poetical, as well as pathetic, to a great degree; and his (*h*) ſoliloquy is both, in a very high one.

His elegy (*i*) on *Conſtantia* flows on, all in one ſtream of diſtreſs and paſſion; and riſes, about the middle of the piece, to very high poetry.

(*a*) P. 78. (*b*) P. 57. (*c*) P. 191. (*d*) P. 75.
(*e*) P. 84. (*f*) P. 50. (*g*) P. 92. (*h*) P. 153.
(*i*) P. 144.

This,

THIS, with the ſoliloquy juſt mentioned, and two of his hymns, (one (*a*) to the Supreme Being, and the other (*b*) to fortitude, are the parts of his poems which would be the moſt proper of any to prove, that he is not incapable of himſelf to riſe to a true ſublimity, both of thinking, and writing.

HIS hymn to (*c*) benevolence is an amiable piece, for its inlarged notions: and both that and his ode (*d*) to a lady on the loſs of her child, abound as much in good morals, as they do in good ſenſe and poetry.

His tranſlation of (*e*) *Buchanan's Deſiderium Lutetiæ*, and his own (*f*) plaintive ſhepherd, give the beſt proofs of his eaſe and fluency in the paſtoral ſort of verſification: and in the latter of theſe, there is a ſtrong inſtance of his varying his notes according to the occaſion: I mean (*g*) where he ſpeaks of his own diſtreſs in ſlow ſolemn numbers; and of his rival's happineſs in a more enlivened and joyous run of verſe. Much the ſame thing may be obſerved in his two odes, printed (*h*) together; one wrote in the time of ſickneſs, and the other on health.

THESE ſorts of miſcellaneous poems have not generally much of planning in them. The beſt planned among Mr. *Blacklock*'s ſeem to be his (*i*) Wiſh ſatisfied, and (*k*) the Monody; the latter of which, beſide this merit, is very pathetic, and very poetical.

(*a*) P. 9. (*b*) P. 28. (*c*) P. 26. (*d*) P. 67.
(*e*) P. 103. (*f*) P. 98. (*g*) P. 98. from v. 3 to v. 20.
(*h*) P. 72. and 73. (*i*) P. 38. (*k*) P. 114.

As

As all general commendations are of leſs force, and more to be ſuſpected; I ſhall give ſeveral particular inſtances from his works, which I believe will be fully ſufficient to evince, that he has the true ſpirit of poetry in him.

The moſt diſtinguiſhing character of poetry, is to be deſcriptive; and it is this which gives the very near relation that there is between poetry and painting.

Mr. *Blacklock* is very deſcriptive, in many parts of his poems; but 'tis very eaſy to be obſerved that, where his deſcriptions are of any length, they are generally not deſcriptions of things, but of paſſions. To which one may add, that they turn much more on the melancholy paſſions, than the joyous or pleaſing ones. Both of which are perhaps to be accounted for, from the unfortunate loſs of his ſight in his infancy.

In ſpight of this, how pretty is his deſcription of a modeſt lady going to be married?

See, the wiſh'd-for dawn appears!
A more than wonted glow ſhe wears.——
Awake, you nymphs, the bluſhing bride!
T' eclipſe Aurora's roſy pride:
While virgin ſhame retards her way;
And love, half-angry, chides her ſtay (*a*).

And how different are the characters of his minſtrels?

Panting boſoms, ſpeaking eyes;
Yielding ſmiles, and trembling ſighs (*b*).

(*a*) Poems, p. 55. (*b*) P. 40.

He

He thus expreſſes his own paſſion, for *Urania:*

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn
How ſweet with her thro' lonely fields to ſtray!
Her charms the loveliest landſkip ſhall adorn;
And add new glories to the riſing day.

With her, all nature ſhines in heighten'd bloom;
The ſilver ſtream in ſweeter muſic flows:
Odours more rich the fanning gales perfume;
And deeper tinctures paint the ſpreading roſe.

With her the ſhades of night their horrors loſe;
Its deepeſt ſilence charms, if ſhe be by:
Her voice the muſic of the dawn renews;
Its lambent radiance ſparkles in her eye (*a*).

HIS introduction (*b*) of the Angel to ſolve his doubts, when his own reaſon is at a loſs in the purſuit of happineſs, ſhews how poetical an imagination he has: as his making a perſon of content, and repreſenting her in the manner he does, is the effect of a very pretty one; though it takes up no more than a ſingle line.

While in the lowly hut, and ſilent grove,
"Content plays ſmiling with her ſiſter love (*c*)".

THE picture of diſcord may ſerve as a contraſt to the former:

Diſcord, at whoſe tremendous view
Hell quakes with horror ever new,
No more by endleſs night depreſs'd,
Pours all her venom thro' each breaſt:
And, while deep groans and carnage is increas'd,
Smiles grim, the riſing miſchief to enjoy (*d*).

(*a*) P. 128. ver. 44. (*b*) P. 39. ver. 9. to the end of that poem. (*c*) P. 100 (*d*) Poems, p 45.

THE

The deſcription of a youth whilſt drowning, and the expreſſion of the grief of his friends ſtanding on the bank, and unable to aſſiſt him; are equally ſtrong and poetical.

Rang'd on the brink the weeping matrons ſtand,
The lovely wreck of fortune to ſurvey;
While o'er the flood he wav'd his beauteous hand,
Or in convulſive anguiſh ſtruggling lay;
By ſlow degrees they view'd his force decay,
In fruitleſs efforts to regain the ſhore;
They view'd, and mourn'd his fate--O heaven, they cou'd no more! (*a*)

The diſtreſs of a blind man, when ſuddenly alarmed with a danger that threatens his life (though the extent and nature of that danger is unknown to him) is thus ſtrongly and abruptly expreſſed in the entrance of his ſoliloquy.

Where am I?—O eternal power of heav'n
Relieve me!—Or amid the ſilent gloom
Can danger's cry approach no gen'rous ear
Prompt to redreſs th' unhappy?—O my heart!—
What ſhall I do? or whither ſhall I turn?—
Will no kind hand, benevolent as heav'n,
Save me involv'd in peril, and in night! (*b*)

This has a very near reſemblance to the pathetic manner of *Sophocles*, (particularly in the firſt ſcene of his *Philoctetes:*) as the following lines on love, from his old *Scotch* ſong, contain ſome of the very expreſſions of *Sappho*.

He fix'd his look, he ſigh'd, he quak'd;
His colour went, and came:
Dark grew his een, his ears reſound;
His breaſt was all on flame (*c*).

(*a*) Poems, p. 115. (*b*) P. 153. (*c*) P. 86.

Not

NOT leſs ſtrong is his account of the firſt attack of a violent love.

There, from the nymphs retir'd, depreſs'd ſhe lay;
To unremitting pain a ſmiling prey:
E'en then I ſaw her, as an angel bright;
I ſaw! I lov'd! I periſh'd at the ſight!
I ſigh'd, I bluſh'd, I gaz'd with fix'd ſurprize:
And all my ſoul hung raptur'd in my eyes (*a*).

AND he ſhews much the ſame force, in ſpeaking of his rival's happineſs (*b*); and his own jealouſy and conſtancy.

HIS deſcription of the effects of a guilty conſcience is as poetical as it is juſt. In ſpeaking of a very wicked perſon, he ſays:

In hopes his terror to elude,
By day, he mingles with the croud:
Yet finds his ſoul to fears a prey,
In buſy crouds, and open day.
If night alone his walk ſurprize,
What horrid viſions round him riſe!
That blaſted oak, which meets his way,
Shewn by the meteor's ſudden ray
(The midnight murd'rer's known retreat),
Felt Heav'n's avengeful bolt of late:
The claſhing chain, the groan profound,
Loud from yon ruin'd tow'r reſound:
And now the ſpot he ſeems to tread
Where ſome ſelf-ſlaughter'd corſe was laid;
Beneath his ſteps earth ſeems to bend;
Deep murmurs from her caves aſcend:
Till all his ſoul, by fancy ſway'd,
Sees horrid phantoms croud the ſhade (*c*).

(*a*) P. 95. (*b*) P. 37, 38. See p. 132. v. 69 to v. 76. (*c*) P. 35, 36.

THERE

There is very much of the ſame force, and the ſame way of thinking, in his deſcription of horror; where he breaks out thus, all at once:

And, ſhield me Heav'n! what hollow ſound,
Like fate's dread knell, runs echoing round?
The bell ſtrikes one; that magic hour,
When riſing fiends exert their pow'r:
And now, ſure now, ſome cauſe unbleſt
Breathes more than horror thro' my breaſt.
How deep the breeze! how dim the light!
What ſpectres ſwim before my ſight! (*a*)

I had a very early occaſion of mentioning his force in deſcribing both parental tenderneſs, and filial affection. As he feels this with great warmth in his own breaſt, ſo he deſcribes it with a great deal of energy in ſpeaking of others. What a pretty picture does he give of a young daughter's aſſiduity in attending her father in his laſt ſickneſs?

Whether the day it's wonted courſe renew'd,
Or midnight vigils wrapp'd the world in ſhade;
Her tender taſk aſſiduous ſhe purſu'd,
To ſooth his anguiſh, or his wants to aid:
To ſoften ev'ry pain,
The meaning look explain;
And ſcan the forming wiſh, ere yet expreſt:
The dying father ſmil'd
With fondneſs on his child;
And when his tongue was mute, his eyes her goodneſs bleſs'd (*b*).

And how ſtrongly does he expreſs the grief of a mother, on the loſs of her ſon, by a violent death?

Dear hapleſs youth,—what felt thy mother's heart!
When in her view thy lifeleſs form was laid?

(*a*) P. 29. (*b*) P. 125.

Such

Such anguiſh when the ſoul and body part,
Such agonizing pangs the frame invade:
"Was there no hand, ſhe cry'd, my child to aid?—

AND ſo on, through the whole (*a*) page, to

"And art thou to my arms—ah! art thou thus reſtor'd!"

I SHALL only add to theſe proofs of his emotion, and force in writing, ſome of which will ſhew that he can even riſe to the ſublime. Such, I think, is his couplet on the creation of light, in his hymn to the Supreme Being:

When darkneſs rul'd with univerſal ſway;
He ſpoke, and kindled up the blaze of day (*b*).

AND that idea of the whole creation's being conceived and executed, as one and the ſame act, in the following paſſage:

Hail, ſovereign goodneſs, all-productive mind!
On all thy works thyſelf inſcrib'd we find.
How various all, how variouſly endow'd!
How great their number, and each part how good!
How perfect then muſt the great Parent ſhine?
Who, with one act of energy divine,
Laid the vaſt plan, and finiſh'd the deſign (*c*).

SUCH his deſcription of the whale, in imitation of the pſalmiſt.

Here the huge potent of the ſcaly train,
Enormous, ſails incumbent o'er the main;
An animated iſle: and in his way
Daſhes to heav'n's blue arch the foamy ſea.
When ſkies and ocean mingle ſtorm and flame,
Portending inſtant wreck to nature's frame;

(*a*) P. 119, 120. (*b*) P. 9. (*c*) P. 13, 14.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd in the ſcene, he mocks with conſcious pride
The volley'd lightning, and the ſurging tide:
And, while the wrathful elements engage,
Foments with horrid ſport the tempeſt's rage (*a*).

SUCH is his imagination of the terrors that diſtract the mind of the wicked, in two paſſages ſo lately (*b*) quoted; and ſuch, in the two following on the ſame ſubject:

'Tis thine to fear hereafter, if not feel,
Plagues that can boaſt no precedent in hell.
Ev'n in the ſilent, ſafe, domeſtic hour,
Ev'n in the ſcene of tenderneſs and peace;
Remorſe, more fierce than all the fiends below,
In fancy's ears ſhall with a thouſand tongues
Thunder deſpair and ruin: all her ſnakes
Shall rear their ſpeckled creſts aloft in air
With ceaſeleſs horrid hiſs; ſhall brandiſh quick
Their forky tongues, or roll their kindling eyes
With ſanguine fiery glare———— (*c*).

————To thy dreams
Th' infernal gulph ſhall open; and diſcloſe
Its latent horrors. O'er the burning lake
Of blue ſulphureous gleam, the piercing ſhriek,
The ſcourge inceſſant, and the clanking chain,
Shall ſcare thee ev'n to frenzy. On thy mind
Its fierceſt flames ſhall prey, while from its depth
Some gnaſhing fury beckons thy approach;
And, thirſty of perdition, waits to plunge
Thy naked ſoul ten thouſand fathom down
Amidſt the boiling ſurges——— (*d*).

(*a*) P. 15. (*b*) P. 35, and 36. (*c*) P. 148, 149. (*d*) P. 149, 150.

SECT. IV.

Of the deſcribing Viſible Objects.

IT is remarkable enough, that ſome of the greateſt poets that ever were in the world, have been blind; and 'tis very probable, that the loſs of their ſight may have added to the force of their imagination, as far as it went; in the ſame manner, and for the ſame reaſons, that we think the more intenſely of any one thing, when we ſhut out all the other objects that are round about us. But a poet born blind, or (which is much the ſame thing) one who has been blind from his early infancy, is ſtill a novelty; and a thing much to be wondered at. Our great *Milton* did not loſe his ſight till he was (*a*) toward fifty years old; and *Homer*, for aught we know, might have enjoyed his, till after he had finiſhed his two moſt celebrated poems.

OUR author (as has been mentioned often before) loſt his ſight entirely, before he was half a year old: and conſequently whatever ideas he may have in relation to viſible objects, muſt have been acquired only from the characters he has learnt of them from books and converſation; and ſome ſuppoſed analogies between thoſe characters, and any of the ideas in the ſtock he has laid in, either from his other ſenſes, or his own reflections upon them. Notwithſtanding which, he ſpeaks very frequently of the objects and ideas belonging to ſight, with great fa-

(*a*) See *Newton*'s Life of *Milton*, p. xxxvii.

miliarity, and boldneſs; and generally, without impropriety.

To make every thing as clear as I can, in ſo intricate a ſubject, I ſhall ſet down the facts from his own writings, under diſtinct heads; and add my own gueſſes towards accounting for them, under each of thoſe heads.

In the firſt place then, our author ſpeaks of day and night;—light and darkneſs;—of the eye, view, and ſight;—of the ſun, moon, and ſtars;—of lightning, and meteors;—of the beams of the ſun;—and of the flaſhing, gleaming, glowing, glaring, and blazing of different objects; ſome of theſe in a literal way, but more in a profeſſed metaphorical one.

His general notion of day (beſide the idea of duration which he has in common with us), ſeems to me to be the idea of an "unknown ſomething, "that is very lively and joyous;" but the diſtinguiſhing joy of it, that we have in ſeeing the light, and all the variety of objects that are gilded and ſhewn to ſo much advantage by it, he can only talk of (*a*), as he does of the joys of Heaven: which (as the ſcriptures aſſure us) it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive.

His general notion of night, as its oppoſite, ſeems to be an idea of ſomething very gloomy and me-

(*a*) If up to heav'n's ætherial height
Thy proſpect to elude I riſe,
In ſplendor there ſeverely bright
Thy preſence ſhall my ſight ſurprize;
There, beaming from their ſource divine,
In full meridian, light and beauty ſhine. p. 19.

lancholy;

lancholy; not unlike the moſt vulgar idea (*a*) of hell, in all ages.

To be a little more particular on theſe two articles: I imagine that his notion of day is generally connected to one or other of the following ideas; (*b*) warmth, (*c*) variety of ſounds, ſociety, and (*d*) chearfulneſs.

HIS notion of night, in like manner, is connected with the ideas of (*e*) ſilence, (*f*) ſolitude,

(*a*) He himſelf joins night and hell together. p. 27. ver. 24.

(*b*) ——————I feel internal day;
Transfuſive warmth thro' all my boſom glows. p. 25. ver. 43.

(*c*) Baniſh'd from day each dear delight;
And ſhook with conſcious ſtarts the night. p. 30. ver. 51.

(*d*) ————Tho the blaze of day
Pours on their ſight its ſoul-refreſhing ſtream;
To me extinct in everlaſting ſhades!
p. 160, 161. ver. 62—64.

For her, black ſadneſs clouds my brighteſt day;
For her, in tears the midnight vigils roll: p. 30. ver. 37.

(*e*) Night brooding o'er her mute domain,
In rayleſs ſilence wraps her reign. p. 28. ver. 1.

With her, the ſhades of night their horrors loſe;
Its deepeſt ſilence charms, if ſhe be by. p. 31. ver. 57.

(*f*) In hopes his terror to elude,
By day he mingles with the croud;
Yet finds his ſoul to fears a prey,
In buſy crouds, and open day:
If night alone his walk ſurprize,
What horrid viſions round him riſe! p. 35. ver. 149—154.

(*a*) melancholy, or (*b*) horror; each of which he himſelf has expreſly annexed to it, in ſome part or other of his poems.

I AM apt to ſuſpect, that he may formerly have admitted a mixture, from the ſenſe of feeling, into his ſtrongeſt ideas of darkneſs: and that as the ſcriptures (*c*) (and our great poet *Milton* from them) have called it palpable (*d*), he may ſometimes have conceived it, as if it really was ſo.

HE ſeems to uſe the words, (*e*) eye, view, and ſight, indifferently, either for the mind, or for ideas in the mind.

MR.

(*a*) Primæval night reſumes her gloomy reign. p. 13. ver. 80.
The ſcene of night and woes. p. 23. ver. 12.
O'er all the mournful plain
Let night, and ſorrow, reign. p. 115. ver. 19.

(*b*) Than night more dreadful, in her blackeſt ſhroud. p. 162. ver. 188. See p. 28. ver. 3—6.

(*c*) Darkneſs that may be felt. Exod. ch. x. ver. 21.——The palpable obſcure. Paradiſe Loſt: B. 2. ver. 406.

(*d*) This was confirmed by Mr. *Blacklock* himſelf; who referred to the expreſſions of "*Solid Gloom*," in the Hymn to Fortitude; and "*Adamantine Night*," in his Elegy on Mr. *Pope*, as proofs of it.

(*e*) Thy wiſdom who can comprehend?
Its higheſt point what eye can find? p. 18. ver. 20—21.
From films of error purge the mental eye. p. 176. ver. 11.
But ſoon, too ſoon, in fancy's timid eyes,
Wild waves ſhall roar, and conflagrations ſpread. p. 129. ver. 5, 6.

Hence,

MR. *Blacklock* muſt probably have been often told, that our ſight conveys much quicker, livelier, and more pleaſing, (or as I ſhould chuſe to expreſs it to himſelf, much more poetical) ideas of things to the mind, than our feeling does; that theſe ideas are all brought to us, by the means of what we call light, ſtriking variouſly on our eyes: and that the chief ſource or diſpenſer of this light, is the ſun. This (together with the ideas that he has gotten in common with us, (*a*) from philoſophy) muſt make

Hence, hence, indignant turn thy eyes,
To my dejected ſoul I ſaid, p. 45, ver. 41, 42.
If to mankind I turn my view. p. 44. ver. 31.
How rare ſuch views the heart elate! p. 34. ver. 129.
Her angel-form thy ſight ſhall charm,
Thy heart her angel-goodneſs warm. p. 45. ver. 45, 46.
Still the ſad viſion ſwims before my ſight. p. 122. ver. 162.

(*a*) He has very right philoſophical ideas, as ſuch, not only of the ſun, but of the moon, and ſtars; as may appear from the following paſſages:

Thou all-enliv'ning flame, intenſely bright,
Whoſe ſacred beams illume each wand'ring ſphere
That thro' high heav'n reflects thy trembling light,
Conducting round this globe the varied year. p. 126.

He bade the ſilver majeſty of night
Revolve her circles; and increaſe her light:
Aſſign'd a province to each rolling ſphere;
And taught the ſun to regulate the year. p. 12.

Whilſt others view heav'n's all-involving arch,
Bright with unnumber'd worlds; and loſt in joy,
Fair order and utility behold:——
To me, thoſe fair viciſſitudes are loſt. p. 155.

him conſider the ſun, as a very glorious being; and indeed this idea of glory ſeems from his works, to be (*a*) his principal idea of the ſun.

His chief ideas of the moon (*b*), and ſtars, are probably of the ſame kind, only in leſs degrees.

His idea of lightning (*c*), and meteors, I ſuppoſe to be ſtill of the ſame kind; only with the addition of the ideas of more violence, and ſhorter duration.

This idea of glory may be uſed by him to ſupply the room of our idea of light; and whatever we call luminous, he may conceive as glorious (*d*).

His notion of the beams of the ſun ſeems to be compoſed of this (*e*) idea of glory, and that of

(*a*) Where-e'er the nine their tuneful preſence deign,
There ſhall thy glory with unclouded blaze
Command immortal monuments of praiſe;
From clime to clime the circling ſun ſhall view
Its rival ſplendor ſtill his own purſue. p. 143.

(*b*) He calls the moon,
——The ſilver majeſty of night. p. 12. ver. 75.
And the ſtars, "the argent train," of the evening. p. 13. ver. 96.

(*c*) ——Lightning's flaſh—— p. 21. ver. 83.
———The meteor's ſuddain ray.
(Of lightning). p. 35. ver. 156.
——Of the ſtate of the bleſt: ſee paragraph the ſecond, in note *, p. xxii. anteh.——and, of the Deity, note *, p. xxiii.

(*d*) He applies the ſame ideas in ſpeaking of Heaven;
In vivid glory where the fainteſt rays
Out-flaſh the ſplendor of our mid-day ſun. p. 163. ver. 216.

(*e*) Like ſun-beams ſheen her waving locks;
Her een, like ſtars, were bright.
(In his old Scotch Song). p. 15. ver. 17.
Swift as a ſun-beam——— p. 41. ver. 64.

rapidity;

rapidity; and I am a little inclined to ſuſpect, that he may (*a*) poſſibly have admitted that of ſolidity too into it, formerly, as was ſaid before (*b*), in the caſe of darkneſs.

HIS idea of a blaze is certainly this of glory (*c*), if I am right before in ſuppoſing it the chief ingredient in his idea of the ſun; and thoſe of (*d*) flaſhing, gleaming, glowing, and glaring, may be all of the ſame kind, under various characters, and in different degrees.

(*a*) Far as the pointed ſun-beam flies. p. 26. ver. 13.
Could I, like *Uriel*, on ſome pointed ray
To your far diſtant Eden wing my way. p. 174. ver. 5.
When darkneſs rul'd with univerſal ſway;
He ſpoke, and kindled up the blaze of day:
Firſt, faireſt offſpring of th' omnific word;
Which like a garment cloath'd its ſovereign Lord.
p. 9. ver. 5—8.

(*b*) P. xxxvi.

(*c*) Amid the ſun's full blaze—— p. 19. ver. 48.
——The blaze of day. p. 9. ver. 6.
View its full blaze in open proſpect glow.
(Of the Glories of Heaven). p. 132. ver. 66.

(*d*) From world to world, new wonders ſtill I find
And all the Godhead flaſhes on my mind. p. 17. ver. 169.
——The mid-day gleam. p. 117. ver. 49.
——Glowing ſtones—— (Of Diamonds). p. 12. ver. 39.
Tho' fortune nurſe him with a mother's care;
And deck her pageant in a ſhort-liv'd glare. p. 189. ver. 23.

What his idea of this ſort of glory is (*a*), I cannot at all determine: and it would be a very particular pleaſure to me, to have an opportunity of converſing with him on that, and many other doubts, that muſt ariſe in reading his works. Yet I think I could gueſs ſometimes at what turn his anſwers might take; and doubt not but that they might be ſometimes very odd, and entertaining. Thus (to inſtance in a point very lately mentioned), I imagine that if he was aſked the queſtion, he would anſwer; "That a briſk tune was much more "like the rays of the ſun (*b*) than a melancholy "one;" and ſhould not be ſurprized if a perſon that had been blind as early as Mr. *Blacklock*, and had not been ſo well inſtructed in philoſophy as he has been, was to aſk, "Why they had never wove "ſome of them into a robe, for a king to wear "upon the day of his coronation?"

Secondly, our author not only makes uſe of epithets from each of the five principal colours (at

(*a*) On mentioning this particular to Mr. *Blacklock*, ſince the firſt writing of this, he endeavoured to explain his idea of glory, in the following manner: He took out his watch, and carrying his hand gently backward and forward on the caſe of it, he ſaid, that gave him an idea of ſmoothneſs; then doing the ſame on the glaſs, he ſaid, that gave him an idea of much greater ſmoothneſs: Now this, ſays he, we may carry higher and higher in the mind; and the higheſt idea of ſmoothneſs, is my idea of glory.

Our common idea of glory ſeems to be that of light, or brightneſs. Such is the vulgar idea of heaven; and the painters call the brightneſs round the heads of their ſaints by the very name of glory. The ſtrongeſt ſenſations we have ſeem therefore to ſupply us with our ideas of glory: our ſtrongeſt ſenſe being that of ſight; and his ſtrongeſt, that of touch or feeling.

(*b*) This was ſtrongly confirmed afterwards by Mr. *Blacklock*, in my converſation with him.

leaſt,

leaſt, if we may be allowed to ſubſtitute purple in the room of violet), but alſo, from white, or the appearance of all of them when aſſociated together; —from ſome of the intermediate colours:—from various colours in the ſame object;—and from the different degrees of brightneſs and dimneſs of colours, in different objects, or on different occaſions.

I DO not remember that he annexes the word red to any thing but (*a*) lightning.—Yellow, he attributes very properly to (*b*) gold, among metals; and to the (*c*) crocus, among flowers:—green, as properly, to (*d*) trees or arbours, (*e*) graſs-fields, valleys, and plains:—blue, to the (*f*) ſea, (*g*) the heavens, and

(*a*) As, e'er the long-collected ſtorm deſcend,
Red lightnings flaſh.—— p. 120. ver. 123.
Till his red terrors *Jove* again diſplay. p. 137. ver. 75.

(*b*) With toil amaſs a mighty ſtore
Of glowing ſtones, or yellow ore. p. 39. ver. 11.

(*c*) In yellow glory let the crocus ſhine. p. 139. ver. 9.

(*d*) ——Green retreat. p. 127. ver. 249.
Beneath a green ſhade—— p. 81. ver. 1.

(*e*) Here verdant paſtures wide extended lie,
And yield the grazing herd exuberant ſupply. p. 12. ver. 61.
The verdant vale—— p. 155. ver. 41.
And milder breezes fann'd the verdant plain. p. 89. ver. 2.

(*f*) The azure kingdoms of the deep—— p. 14. ver. 111.

(*g*) On liquid air he bade the columns riſe
That prop the ſtarry concave of the ſkies;
Diffus'd the blue expanſe from pole to pole. p. 9. ver. 9.
——Heav'n's blue arch—— p. 15. ver. 124.
The blue ſerene—— p. 54. ver. 81.

the

(*a*) the morning:—and purple to the (*b*) evening, in one place; and to (*c*) grapes, and (*d*) hyacinths, in others.

WHITENESS (if he uſes the word ſilver for white, as he does yellow for gold) is attributed by him to the (*e*) moon, the (*f*) wings of an angel, and to a (*g*) clear tranſparent ſtream. As to the intermediate colours, he uſes ſome of the ſofter degrees of red, for the (*h*) complexion, for the (*i*) morning, for (*k*) ripened fruits, and for (*l*) wine; gold colour, for (*m*) corn; and cheſnut, for the (*n*) hair.

(*a*) Azure dawn———— p. 83. ver. 1.
(*b*) Now purple evening ting'd the blue ſerene. p. 89. ver. 1.
(*c*) Rich ſwells the purple grape. p. 116. ver. 31.
(*d*) Here hyacinths in purple ſweetneſs riſe. p. 111. ver. 139.
(*e*) ——The ſilver majeſty of night. p. 12. ver. 76.
(*f*) Immortal guardians from the ſky
Their ſilver wings diſplay. p. 72. ver. 80.
(*g*) ——By the margin of the ſilver ſtream. p. 117. ver. 51.
And he may mean the ſame by his, cryſtal ſtream. p. 90. ver. 23.
(*h*) The roſe lent bluſhes to her cheek. p. 85. ver. 19.
(*i*) Awake, you nymphs, the bluſhing bride,
T' eclipſe Aurora's roſy pride, p. 56. ver. 15.
——The bluſhing morn. p. 16. ver. 164.
——The roſy wings of morn. p. 20. ver. 51.
(*k*) Autumn's bluſhing gifts—— p. 130. ver. 31.
(*l*) *Hebe*, fill the roſy bowl! p. 37. ver. 40.
(*m*) Plant the fields with golden grain. p. 39. ver. 13.
Here golden grain rewards the peaſant's care. p. 12. ver. 64.
Rich ſwells the purple grape, or waves the golden grain.
p. 116. ver. 31.
(*n*) Unplaited now his cravat hung:
Undreſs'd, his cheſnut hair. p. 87. ver. 35.

HE ſpeaks of various colours, in the ſame object; as in (*a*) flowers; the (*b*) wings of a goldfinch; and the (*c*) rainbow.

HE attributes paleneſs to (*d*) grief, (*e*) fear, and (*f*) ſickneſs: and, on the contrary, gives a brightneſs to his colouring of (*g*) the ſun, (*h*) and the eyes;—a chearfulneſs (*i*) to his green;—a ſhining

(*a*) From each flow'r of varied hue. p. 74. ver. 13.
And tulips, ting'd with beauty's faireſt dyes.
p. 119. ver. 112.

(*b*) That goldfinch, with her painted wings,
Which gaily looks, and ſweetly ſings,
That, and if aught I have more fine,
All, all, my charmer, ſhall be thine.
(In the poem, which he wrote when he was but twelve years old).
p. 75. ver. 5—8.

(*c*) Wide o'er the heav'n's the various bow he bends;
Its tinctures brightens, and its arch extends. p. 11. ver. 53.

(*d*) Theſe pallid cheeks how long ſhall ſorrow ſtain?
p. 95. ver. 64.

(*e*) Pale fear——— p. 30. ver. 47.

(*f*) Quick-panting aſthma, and conſumption pale.
p. 122. ver. 153.

(*g*) But now the ſun declines his radiant head. p. 182, ver. 83.
What tho' the radiant ſun and clement ſky
Alternate warmth and ſhow'rs diſpenſe below:
p. 115. ver. 25.

(*h*) Dim are her radiant eyes, and all her roſes fade.
p. 121. ver. 144.
Mother of all human joys,
Roſy cheeks, and ſparkling eyes.
(Ode to Health). p. 73. ver. 1.

(*i*) ——Smiling verdure—— p. 58. ver. 21.

to (*a*) ſnow, and (*b*) clear ſtreams;—and a glow to his (*c*) diamonds, and (*d*) roſes.

TOWARD accounting in part for the things contained under this head, or at leaſt toward leſſening the wonder that they will be apt to occaſion; it may not be improper to obſerve, in the firſt place, that where-ever our author uſes the words, yellow, green, blue, or any of the other epithets relating to colours, he may poſſibly uſe them (as boys very often do epithets at ſchool) without any determinate ideas, or at leaſt without the proper ones. He may have got the connexion of ſuch and ſuch particular ſounds or words, with ſuch particular things, from converſation, and of others from the works of our poets; and may often apply them properly too, only by the help of a good and faithful memory.

(*a*) ——————Lucid ſnow. p. 11. ver. 41.

(*b*) Lucid ſtreams—————— p. 11. ver. 1.

(*c*) With toil amaſs a mighty ſtore
Of glowing ſtones, or yellow ore. p. 39. ver. 11.

(*d*) ——Roſy luſtre—— p. 4. ver. 62.
The violets languiſh, and the roſes glow. p. 139. ver. 109.

I was at firſt quite at a loſs, to account for Mr. *Blacklock*'s notion of violets being of a languid colour; but fancy I may have ſince hit upon the reaſon for it. As in the ſtudy of natural philoſophy, he has been uſed to hear the principal colours named in one regular order, in which red is always mentioned firſt, and violet laſt of all; he may either thence, or rather from the nature of thoſe colours themſelves, have gotten an idea of red as the ſtrongeſt, and of violet as the weakeſt of all the colours: and it may be partly from hence, that he attributes red to ſuch a violent impetuous thing as lightning; and ſpeaks of violets, as of a weak or languid colour.

A Boy

A BOY that has got the connexion of the words *Purpureus Olor*, or *Purpureum Mare*, either by learning ſome paſſages from *Horace* (*a*) and *Virgil* by rote, or in the uſual method of conſulting his *Gradus* in his diſtreſſes for a word to lengthen out a verſe, may uſe the ſame expreſſions very properly together; though he does not know the meaning of the word *Purpureus*, and has never ſeen either a ſwan or the ſea in his life; nay, even though he ſhould never ſo much as have heard, that a ſwan is of a light, and the ſea of a dark, colour.

BUT, in the ſecond place, our author may have (*b*) affixed a ſet of ideas to the words he uſes in relation to colours; though quite of a different kind, from the ideas which they give us.

THERE have been ſome inſtances of perſons born blind, who have acquired ſuch additional fineneſs in their ſenſe of feeling, and have given ſo much more attention to it, than a man who enjoys the

(*a*) ——Purpureis ales oloribus. HOR. Lib. 4. Od. 1, 10.
In mare purpureum.—— VIRG. G. 4. 373.

(*b*) This was written, at firſt, by gueſs; but an anſwer of Mr. *Blacklock*'s ſince, to one of his friends, ſeems to confirm the conjecture. This friend (on recollecting the account in Mr. *Locke* of a blind man, who ſaid, that ſcarlet was like the ſound of a trumpet) aſked him, Whether he did not ſometimes connect the ideas of ſound to the names of colours? Mr. *Blacklock* ſaid, "That, as he met ſo often, both in books and converſation, "with the terms expreſſing colours; he had formed falſe aſſo-"ciations, which ſupported him when he read, wrote, or talked "of colours: but that theſe aſſociations were moſt commonly "of a moral kind." Thus, for inſtance, he ſuppoſed the illumination of the ſun to be like the preſence of a friend; and ſo of the reſt: See note (*b*), next page.

conſtant

conſtant uſe of his ſight would ever afford, that they (*a*) can diſtinguiſh all the principal colours (in a piece of ſilk for inſtance, or in a picture) merely by their touch: and I have heard that ſome of them have carried this ſo far as to diſtinguiſh ſeveral of the intermediate colours, and even the mixtures of different teints, in parti-coloured ſilks.

THE very ſame variety in the diſpoſition of the parts in the ſurfaces of objects, which makes them reflect different rays of light to the eye, may make them feel as differently to the exquiſite touch of a blind man.

WHEN ſuch a one has a mind to get names for theſe different ſorts of feelings, his readieſt way to learn them is by enquiring of thoſe that ſee, what name relating to colours they give to ſuch an object and then he can annex (*b*), the ſame name to the particular ſenſation it gives him, upon touching it.

(*a*). This Mr. *Blacklock* has never endeavoured to learn; but thought it was practicable, if any body had a mind to take ſo much trouble.

(*b*) On my reading this part to Mr. *Blacklock*, he ſaid, That the connections which he had made to the names of colours, were chiefly of a moral kind; and that he had made them very early. To *red* he had connected the idea of courage; and called it, "a very bold colour."—He gave a mixed character of *yellow*, partly good, and partly bad: And on my ſaying, that there was ſome foundation for that in reality; for that the deeper yellows were often diſagreeable, and the paler much more agreeable; he ſaid, "The latter muſt be ſo, becauſe they partook more of "light."—To *green* he had annexed the ideas of peace and ſerenity.—*Blue*, he ſaid, muſt be pleaſing, becauſe it was the colour of the Heavens; and *purple*, becauſe it was like the dawn of day (theſe two laſt ſeem to me to be got from the epithets ſo frequently uſed by our poets, of azure for the ſky, and purple for the morning).—To *white* (he ſaid) he had annexed the idea of joy; and to *black*, that of melancholy.

Thus

Thus he may make a new ſort of vocabulary to himſelf; in relation to things which give us the ideas of more or leſs pleaſing colours, by the eye; and which give him the ideas of greater ſmoothneſs, or roughneſs, by the touch: and in this caſe, though our ſenſations are of ſuch very different kinds, our names for them (as far as they go) may be the ſame.

OUR own names for colours are infinitely deficient (for I cannot in conſcience uſe (*a*) a leſs extenſive word for it), in compariſon of the real differences, and degrees of them, in things; and his vocabulary, as to this point, may well be ſuppoſed to be yet more deficient than ours: but ſuch a vocabulary, of ſome kind or other, he may make; and ſuch, 'tis very evident from his writings, Mr. *Blacklock* has actually ſtored up in his memory; and makes uſe of as occaſions call upon him for it, and that generally with propriety.

WHERE-EVER Mr. *Blacklock* uſes any words from this ſtock or vocabulary, in his poems, he muſt ſpeak in a metaphorical ſenſe; juſt where we ſhould ſpeak in the proper one. Thus (as has been ſaid before) he uſes the words ſight, view, and eyes; for the mind, perception, or thoughts:—Luminous, or ſhining; for glorious:—Sees or beholds;

(*a*) The different ſhades and degrees under each of the principal colours are innumerable: and as to the moſt common of them, in particular, it has been doubted by ſome, whether any two leaves, even on the ſame tree, are exactly of the ſame green. If this be true, there muſt be numberleſs millions of millions of different greens only: and I ſuppoſe that all our Engliſh names, for all ſorts of colours, if put together, could ſcarce be made to amount to ſo ſmall a number as fifty.

for,

for, perceives:—Green, with him, means ſomething pleaſing or ſmooth; and red, ſomething rough or diſpleaſing: and ſo of the reſt.

'Tis a conſequence of this, that where-ever he ſpeaks (*a*) of God's ſeeing things (as he does in ſeveral places), he muſt be leſs metaphorical than we are, when we uſe the ſame expreſſions.

'Tis impoſſible to ſay how far this vocabulary of his may reach; or how far he may compound and divide, or reaſon upon theſe ſubſidiary ideas, which he makes uſe of in the room of the ideas which we have by the inlet of our ſight. But however unaccountable it may be, 'tis certain he does not only agree with us in the uſage of many ſingle terms and epithets relating to viſible objects; but alſo that he has ſeveral deſcriptions, and ſome of length, which are ſo juſt, and in ſuch unexpected circumſtances; as muſt aſtoniſh, even while they pleaſe us.

As to ſtill life, he has given either pictures or ſketches, or at leaſt ſome pictureſque ſtrokes, on all the following ſubjects: The (*b*) morning, (*c*) ſunſet,

(*a*) P. 8. ver. 54.—16; 155—17; 167, &c.—17; 1 to 12.—20; 1.—23; 12, 13.—31; 53, &c.—141. 155.—156; 69.

(*b*) What tho' her cheeks a living bluſh diſplay,
Pure as the dawn of heav'n's unclouded day.
p. 97. ver. 103.

(*c*) But now the ſun declines his radiant head;
And riſing hills project a length'ning ſhade
p. 102. ver. 83.

and

and (*a*) evening;—the (*b*) ſun, the (*c*) moon, and the (*d*) ſtars;—the (*e*) rainbow;—(*f*) lightning;—(*g*) ſulphur, burning;—(*h*) ſtreams fouled with rain:—a very good (*i*) flower-piece; and two or

(*a*) Mild gleams the purple ev'ning o'er the plain. p. 93. ver. 13.

(*b*) ——Oft while the ſun
Darts boundleſs glory thro' th' expanſe of heav'n,
A gloom of congregated vapours riſe,
Than night more dreadful in her blackeſt ſhroud;
And o'er the face of things incumbent hang,
Portending tempeſt: till the ſource of day
Again aſſerts the empire of the ſky,
And o'er the blotted ſcene of nature throws
A keener ſplendor—— p. 162. ver. 185.
See 116. 39 to 42; and 136, 49 to 53.

(*c*) By the pale glimmer of the conſcious moon. p. 114. ver. 1.
See 12, 75; and 82, 19.

(*d*) —Grateful evening, with her argent train. p. 13. ver. 96.

(*e*) See p. xliii, Note (*c*) ante:

(*f*) —The lightning's ſlanting way. p. 54. ver. 71.

(*g*) ——O'er the burning lake
Of blue ſulphureous gleam—— p. 149. ver. 119.

(*h*) As ſwift deſcending ſhowers of rain
Deform with mud the cleareſt ſtreams. p. 48. ver. 8.

(*i*) Let long-liv'd panſies here their ſcents beſtow:
The violets languiſh, and the roſes glow:
In yellow glory let the crocus ſhine;
Narciſſus here his love-ſick head recline:
Here hyacinths in purple ſweetneſs riſe;
And tulips, ting'd with beauty's faireſt dyes. p. 39. ver. 107.

three landſkips (*a*), or different views of the country.

HIS picture of a (*b*) lion is no bad one; and the colouring in the angry eyes (*c*) of his ſnakes is as ſtrong and bold as any thing in painting can well be.

(*a*) Him bright *Hygeia*, in life's early dawn,
Thro' nature's favourite walks with tranſport led;
Thro' woods umbrageous, or the op'ning lawn,
Or where freſh fountains lave the flow'ry mead:
There ſummer's treaſures to his view diſplay'd
What herbs and flow'rs ſalubrious juice beſtow,
Along the lowly vale, or mountain's arduous brow.
p. 122. ver. 145.

On riſing ground the proſpect to command,
Unting'd with ſmoke where vernal breezes blow,
In rural neatneſs let my cottage ſtand;
Here wave a wood, and there a river flow. p. 129. ver. 13.

Plant the fields with golden grain;
Croud with lowing herds the plain:
Bid the marble domes aſcend,
Bid the pleaſant view extend;
Streams, and groves, and woods appear. p. 39. ver. 13.

(*b*) Here ſtalks the ſhaggy monarch of the wood;
Taught from thy providence to aſk his food:
To thee, O Father! to thy bounteous ſkies,
He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes. p. 13. ver. 84.

(*c*) ———All her ſnakes
Shall rear their ſpeckled creſts aloft in air,
With ceaſeleſs horrid hiſs; ſhall brandiſh quick
Their forky tongues, and roll their kindling eyes
With ſanguine fiery glare.——— p. 149. ver. 101.

HIS

HIS deſcription of a man ſtruggling in the water (*a*), in the agonies of death, is of the ſame kind; and he has another which is as ſoft and pleaſing, as that is ſtrong and terrible. What I mean, is the pretty ſhepherdeſs in his paſtoral ſong; the old language of which agrees very well with his ſubject. As this is the longeſt deſcription of this kind, that he has ever aimed at; I ſhall inſert it here, in ſpite of the old Scotch words that abound in it.

'Twas e'er the ſun exhal'd the dew,
Ae morn of chearful May;
Forth GIRZY walk'd the flow'rs to view,
A flow'r mair ſweet than they!
Like ſun-beans ſheen her waving locks;
Her een like ſtars were bright:
The roſe lent bluſhes to her cheek;
The lily, pureſt white.
Jimp was her waiſt; like ſome tall pine,
That keeps the woods in awe:
Her limbs, like iv'ry columns turn'd;
Her breaſts, like hills of ſnaw.
Her robe, around her looſely thrown,
Gave to the ſhepherd's een,
What fearleſs innocence wou'd ſhow;
The reſt was all unſeen. p. 85. ver. 13—28.

The beauty of the human face is a common ſubject with him; and he not only gives it the ſame colours which he has here (*b*), in the times of joy

(*a*) P. 37. anteh.
(*b*) The cheek, with lilies ting'd and roſy dye. p. 60. ver. 46.

and health: but paints all the different languiſhings of it, in great (*a*) diſtreſs; in (*b*) ſickneſs; and in a (*c*) fainting-fit.

THE eyes, which one ſhould leaſt expect to be a ſubject for his pencil, are attempted by him as frequently as any thing under this head (*d*); and (what is very ſurprizing), with as much ſucceſs.

THE

(*a*) ——————When that cheek
Ting'd with the bluſh of heav'n's unfaded roſe,
Grew pale with pining anguiſh.—— p. 151. ver. 144.

(*b*) When languiſh'd ev'ry tender grace,
Each op'ning bloom that ting'd his face;
And pangs convuls'd his frame.
(Of an Infant). p. 68. ver. 16.

(*c*) From his wan cheek the roſy tincture flies;
The luſtre languiſh'd in his cloſing eyes. p. 92. ver. 47.

(*d*) He ſpeaks of ſparkling eyes, in his ode to health;
Mother of all human joys,
Roſy cheeks, and ſparkling eyes. p. 74. ver. 1.

And of his *Urania:*
With her, the ſhades of night their horrors loſe:
Its deepeſt ſilence charms, if ſhe be by:
Her voice the muſic of the dawn renews;
Its lambent radiance ſparkles in her eye. p. 131. ver. 57.

He ſpeaks of fine eyes, in ſorrow;
Thro' tears behold a ſiſter's eyes
Emit a faded ray. p. 52. ver. 41.

In concern;
While touch'd with all thy tender pain
The muſes breathe a mournful ſtrain,
O lift thy languid eye. p. 67. ver. 1.

In

THE paſſions, and the diſcovery of them, he aſcribes to the eyes, as much as we ſhould do: it is in them chiefly that he paints (*a*) anger, (*b*) love, (*c*) haughtineſs, (*d*) benignity, (*e*) grief, and fear.

THE ſame may be ſaid, in a great meaſure, of thoſe imaginary beings which are chiefly formed on ideas of the paſſions; and all the others, which

In ſickneſs;

——Cou'd no ſong of melting woe
Revoke the keen determin'd blow,
That dimm'd his ſparkling eye? p. 68. ver. 12.

And in death:

Stretch'd on cold earth he lies;
While in his cloſing eyes
No more the heav'n-illumin'd luſtre ſhines. p. 119. ver. 91.

(*a*) Soften, my fair, thoſe angry eyes. p. 75. ver. 11.

(*b*) The ſpeaking glance, the heaving breaſt. p. 60. ver. 45.
Ariſe, *Menalcas*, with the dawn ariſe;
For thee thy *Phœbe* looks with longing eyes. p. 101. ver. 59.

(*c*) ——The ſupercilious eye,
Oft from the noiſe and glare of proſp'rous life,
On my obſcurity diverts its gaze
Exulting; and, with wanton pride inflate,
Felicitates its own ſuperior lot. p. 157. ver. 83—87.

(*d*) ——That eye benign,
The ſeat of mercy, which to each diſtreſs
Ev'n by thy foe ſuſtain'd, the gentle tear
A willing tribute paid; now fruitleſs weeps,
Nor gains that pity it ſo oft beſtow'd. p. 146. ver. 37—41.

(*e*) With fear and grief in every eye. p. 76. ver. 17.

any way belong to what is called the machinery in poetry: ſome of the beſt ſtrokes in his pictures of this kind alſo, referring chiefly to the eyes. As particularly in the benign look of the angel (*a*) before mentioned; in the ſtaring of (*b*) ghoſts: and more than once (*c*), in his deſcriptions of envy.

AFTER putting ſo many paſſages together relating to viſible objects, from our author's works, I am leſs ſurprized than I was in the firſt reading of them, at his ſpeaking ſo frequently (*d*) as if he actually

(*a*) Note (*a*). p. xxvii.

(*b*) While ſhrouded manes palely ſtare;
And beck'ning, wiſh to breathe their care. p. 36. ver. 168.

(*c*) ——Vice and envy flaunt in ſmiles alone.
E'erwhile depreſt in abject duſt they lay;
Nor with their hideous forms affronted day:
While thy great genius, in their tortur'd ſight,
Plac'd truth and virtue cloath'd with heav'nly light.
On the death of Mr. *Pope*, p. 134. ver. 16—20.

Envy, that tortures her own heart
With plagues, and ever-burning ſmart,
Thy charms divine expel:
Aghaſt ſhe ſhuts her livid eyes;
And, wing'd with tenfold fury, flies
To native night and hell.
Hymn to Benevolence, p. 27. ver. 19—24.

(*d*) How deep the breeze! how dim the light!
What ſpectres ſwim before my ſight! p. 29. ver. 21.
——From the realms of endleſs day
A bright immortal wing'd his way:

Swift

actually enjoyed his eye-ſight. The ſtock of ideas which he has ſtored up in his mind, and ſubſtituted in the room of our ideas of things viſible, and with like names affixed to them, are ſo familiar to him, and are uſed by him in ſo uncommon and unaccountable a manner, that they ſeem to ſerve him as a ſubſidiary ſort of ſight; and put one in mind of his own expreſſions of intellectual rays, internal day, and the mental eye; as well as of that paſſage in the pſalmiſt; Κυριος σοφοι τυφλους; or as our tranſlators, (by joining the ſenſe of the original to their own) might have rendered it, "The "LORD giveth [internal] ſight to the blind."

Swift as a ſun-beam down he flew;
And ſtood diſclos'd, effulgent to my view.
p. 41, ver. 62—65.

Then to the winds his radiant plumes he ſpread;
And from my wond'ring eyes, more ſwift than lightning, fled.
p. 42. ver. 81.

Each former object of delight,
Beyond redemption, wings its flight;
And where it ſmil'd, the darling of my ſight,
Proſpects of woe and horrid phantoms riſe.
p. 43. ver. 7—10.

Horace, Book IV. Ode 3. imitated.

To Mr. Blacklock.

THE happy bard, on whom the muſes deign
To ſmile propitious, ſeeks no vulgar praiſe
From following deep-mouth'd beagles on the plain;
Nor hopes, on races won, his fame to raiſe.

The pompous triumph, to the hero due,
Shall ne'er elate his ſoul with haughty joy;
Nor conqu'ring laurels, awful on his brow,
Proclaim him great, and mighty to deſtroy.

The muſic of the groves, the ſilver ſtreams,
The zephyrs whiſp'ring thro' the friendly ſhade,
With gentle murmurs prompt his golden dreams,
While on the riv'let's flow'ry margin laid.

Illuſtrious on the gilded wings of fame,
Hence, to *Edina's* beauteous nymphs, his ſong
Is borne; the fair the poet's praiſe proclaim,
And join their *Blacklock* to th' immortal throng.

O ſov'reign

O ſov'reign miſtreſs of the tuneful lyre!
Who fir'ſt the poet's breaſt with warmth divine;
Who, if thou wilt, canſt graciouſly inſpire
A ſoul as rude, and as unſkill'd as mine;
'Tis thine our *Caledonian* bard to bleſs
With all the glories of a ſpotleſs fame;
From thee, O goddeſs! comes his happineſs,
The power to pleaſe, and an immortal name.

VERSES written by a very near-ſighted Gentleman, and inſcribed to a Lady, whoſe Sight has been much impaired by Sickneſs.

Occaſioned by reading the POEMS of Mr. *Blacklock*, who has wholly loſt his Sight.

O! Thou in whom th'All-forming Power has join'd
A feeble body, with a vig'rous mind;
Whoſe weaken'd ſight, wounded by light's fierce ray,
Flies from the influence of unpractis'd day;
And inwardly retiring to the breaſt,
Beams forth in ſtrong diſtinguiſh'd ſenſe confeſs'd;

With

With me this wond'rous poet's ſong peruſe:
O! liſten to the dictates of his muſe,
Whoſe ſad ſimilitude of grief ſhall cheer
Thy drooping ſoul, and teach thee how to bear
Each threat'ning evil of thy hapleſs ſtate,
And ſoften all the rigour of thy fate.

Behold the youth, in earlieſt age depriv'd
Of life's beſt gift, almoſt e'er yet he liv'd,
To whom coy nature her fair face diſplay'd,
Only to wrap it in eternal ſhade;
Extinct to him creation's works appear,
Each pleaſing product of the circling year,
Each beauteous ſcene with vary'd colours gay,
And the great ſun himſelf, parent of day.

Yet has indulgent heav'n, ſeverely kind,
Pour'd forth its richeſt treaſures on his mind;
And even laviſh in munificence,
Has ſtor'd with images each other ſenſe;
Making for loſs of ſight an ample recompence.

Early the muſe had mark'd him for her own,
And ſhed each grace on this her fav'rite ſon;

With

With true poetic rage his boſom fir'd,
Not warm'd, but wrap'd, not taught him, but inſpir'd;
Hence in ſweet numbers liſp'd his infant tongue,
And ev'n his childhood form'd th' impaſſion'd ſong.

But chilling penury's rude graſp confin'd
The riſing growth of his untutor'd mind;
Check'd his aſpiring wing, nor let it ſoar
To heights which learning only could explore.
At length the gen'rous hand of charity
Loos'd his impriſon'd ſoul, and bade it free
Through all the ſpacious fields of ſcience ſtray,
And to fair learning pointed out its way.

With eager haſte his buſy mind explor'd
All that in ancient volumes had been ſtor'd;
Revolv'd each *Grecian* and each *Roman* page
With curious ſearch; inquir'd from every ſage,
Whate'er of GOD, or nature, had been taught;
What prieſts had utter'd, and what poets wrote.
But chief the muſes virgin train he lov'd;
With them through fair *Edina*'s groves he rov'd,

Smit

Smit with the praiſe of ſong; to them he bore
Each happier thought, and ev'ry fairer flower
Of knowlege ſprung ſpontaneous from his mind,
By nature prompted, or by art refin'd.
Thus form'd by learning, and matur'd with years,
His ripen'd genius in full bloom appears.

Whether the muſe *Horatian* notes inſpire,
To grateful notes he tunes th' *Horatian* lyre.
Pleas'd the firſt tributary lay to bring
To him whoſe bounty gave him firſt to ſing.
Or if ſublimer themes demand his ſong
(Such as of old dwell'd on the hallow'd tongue
Of *Iſrael*'s pſalmiſt), with no vulgar hand
He ſtrikes the ſacred harp; at his command,
In language not their own, the truths divine
Appear, and with unfaded luſtre ſhine.

But not in borrow'd majeſty alone
The bard is ſeen; with graces, all his own,
Adorn'd, fair fancy's richeſt ſtores he drains,
And charms us with the muſic of his ſtrains.

Hark

Hark what melodious ſounds invite the ear,
Whilſt to fair happineſs he bids prepare
The pious ſong, whilſt nobly wild and rude
He hymns the praiſe of gen'rous fortitude.
Ev'n dry philoſophy from him receives
A pleaſing form; and nature gladlier lives
In his deſcriptive verſe; where (ſtrange to tell)
Thoſe objects which our eyes alone reveal,
Eyeleſs he paints, the glorious blaze of day,
The gloom of ev'ning, and the moon's pale ray,
The twinkling ſtars, that in bright order lie
'Midſt the clear azure of the diſtant ſky.
Nor leſs the fruitful earth's productions grace
His wond'rous ſong: The variegated race
Of flow'rs, that on its painted boſom grow,
With colours radiant as the heav'nly bow;
On each a juſt deſcription he beſtows,
From the faint vi'let to the bluſhing roſe.

But O! how ſweetly moving are his ſtrains,
Whilſt of loſt ſight his mournful muſe complains;

And

And all the complicated ills that wait
Ever attendant on that helpleſs ſtate.

Yet, yet, illuſtrious youth, no more repine,
That *Homer*'s, or that *Milton*'s lot is thine;
Since from thoſe tuneful bards the palm you bear,
And more our wonder claim, as more their fate
you ſhare.
If, where the body's light extinct we find,
Such inward rays illuminate the mind,
Who would not wiſh to be for ever blind?

Ev'n he whoſe pious muſe attempts to raiſe
This humble verſe to thy immortal praiſe,
Partakes thy loſs; with cloſe contracted ſight
All things he views, and ſcarce diſcerns aright
Thoſe objects which in mid-day luſtre ſhine,
The ſun's bright orb, or female face divine.
Yet might an equal portion of thy fire,
With notes like thine, his ſwelling breaſt inſpire,
His ſoul with heav'nly viſions bleſt would glow,
And leave to ſeeing mortals all below.

Thou

Thou too, whom by theſe ſtrains I ſtrive to pleaſe,
And give thy pains ſome interval of eaſe,
With me prefer this pray'r: That heav'n may grant
Such large amends for the clear ſight we want;
Pour on our minds this poet's brighter day,
And bleſs us with his intellectual ray:
So ſhall our grief a frequent reſpite know,
And our alternate ſong relieve each other's woe.

Thus ſweeteſt *Philomel*, once ſpotleſs maid,
Till by a brother's brutal luſt betray'd,
Within the covert of the ſhady grove
Sings darkling, and forgets her injur'd love.

POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

HORACE, ODE I. Imitated.

Inſcribed to

Dr. *JOHN STEVENSON*, Phyſician, in *Edinburgh*.

O THOU, whoſe goodneſs unconfin'd
Extends its wiſh to human kind;
By whoſe indulgence I aſpire
To ſtrike the ſweet Horatian lyre:

THERE are who on th' Olympic plain
Delight the chariot's ſpeed to rein;
Involv'd in glorious duſt, to roll;
To turn with glowing wheel the goal;

Who by repeated trophies riſe,
And ſhare with Gods their pomp and ſkies.
This man, if changeful crouds admire,
Fermented ev'n to mad deſire,
Their fool or villain to elate
To all the honours of the ſtate;
That, if his granary ſecures
Whate'er th' autumnal ſun matures,
Pleas'd his paternal field to plow,
Remote from each ambitious view;
Vaſt India's wealth would bribe in vain,
To launch the bark, and cut the main.

THE merchant, while the weſtern breeze
Ferments to rage th' Icarian ſeas,
Urg'd by th' impending hand of fate,
Extolls to heav'n his country-ſeat,
Its ſweet retirement, fearleſs eaſe,
The fields, the air, the ſtreams, the trees;
Yet fits the ſhatter'd bark again,
Reſolv'd to brave the tumid main,
Reſolv'd all hazards to endure,
Nor ſhun a plague, but, to be poor.

ONE

ONE with the free, the gen'rous bowl,
Abſorbs his cares, and warms his ſoul:
Now wrapt in eaſe, ſupinely laid
Beneath the myrtle's am'rous ſhade;
Now where ſome ſacred fountain flows,
Whoſe cadence ſoft invites repoſe;
While half the ſultry ſummer's day
On ſilent pinions ſteals away.

SOME boſoms boaſt a nobler flame,
In fields of death to toil for fame,
In war's grim front to tempt their fate;
Curſt war! which brides and mothers hate:
As in each kindling hero's ſight
Already glows the promis'd fight,
Their hearts with more than tranſport bound,
While drums and trumpets mix their ſound.

UNMINDFUL of his tender wife,
And ev'ry home-felt bliſs of life,
The huntſman, in th' unſhelter'd plains,
Heav'n's whole inclemency ſuſtains;
Now ſcales the ſteepy mountain's ſide,
Now tempts the torrent's headlong tide;

Whether his faithful hounds in view,
With ſpeed ſome timid prey purſue;
Or ſome fell monſter of the wood
At once his hopes and ſnares elude.

GOOD to beſtow, like Heav'n, is thine,
Concurring in one great deſign;
To cool the fever's burning rage,
To knit the feeble nerves of age,
To bid young health, with pleaſure crown'd,
In roſy luſtre ſmile around.

MY humbler function ſhall I name;
My ſole delight, my higheſt aim;
Inſpir'd thro' breezy ſhades to ſtray,
Where choral nymphs and graces play:
Above th' unthinking herd to ſoar,
Who ſink forgot, and are no more;
To ſnatch from fate an honeſt fame,
Is all I hope, and all I claim;
If to my vows EUTERPE deign
The Doric reed's mellifluent ſtrain,
Nor POLYHYMNIA, darling Muſe!
To tune the Leſbian harp refuſe.

But,

But, if you rank me with the choir,
Who touch with happy hand the lyre;
Exulting to the ſtarry frame,
Suſtain'd by all the wings of fame,
With bays adorn'd I then ſhall ſoar,
Obſcure, depreſs'd, and ſcorn'd no more;
While envy, vainly merit's foe,
With ſable wings ſhall flag below;
And, doom'd to breathe a groſſer air,
To reach my glorious height deſpair.

PSALM I. Imitated.

HOW bleſt the man, how more than bleſt!
Whoſe heart no guilty thoughts employ;
God's endleſs ſunſhine fills his breaſt,
And ſmiling conſcience whiſpers peace and joy.

Fair Rectitude's unerring way
His heav'n-conducted ſteps purſue;
While crouds in guilt and error ſtray,
Unſtain'd his ſoul, and undeceiv'd his view.

While with unmeaning laughter gay,
Scorn, on her throne erected high,
Emits a falſe deluſive ray,
To catch th' aſtoniſh'd gaze of Folly's eye;

Deep in herſelf his ſoul retir'd,
Unmov'd beholds the meteor blaze,
And, with all-perfect Beauty fir'd,
Nature, and nature's GOD, intent ſurveys.

Him from high heav'n, her native ſeat,
Eternal Wiſdom's ſelf inſpires;
While he, with purpoſe fix'd as fate,
Purſues her dictates, and her charms admires.

In ſunſhine mild, and temp'rate air,
Where ſome refreſhing fountain flows,
So nurs'd by nature's tend'reſt care,
A lofty tree with autumn's treaſure glows.

Around

Around its boughs the ſummer gale
With pleaſure waves the genial wing;
There no unfriendly colds prevail,
To chill the vigour of its endleſs ſpring.

Amid its hoſpitable ſhade,
Heav'n's ſweeteſt warblers tune the lay;
Nor ſhall its honours ever fade,
Nor immature its plenteous fruit decay.

By GOD's almighty arm ſuſtain'd,
Thus Virtue ſoon or late ſhall riſe;
Enjoy her conqueſt nobly gain'd,
And ſhare immortal triumph in the ſkies.

But fools, to ſacred wiſdom blind,
Who Vice's tempting call obey,
A diff'rent fate ſhall quickly find,
To every roaring ſtorm an eaſy prey.

Thus when the warring winds ariſe,
With all their lawleſs fury driv'n,
Light chaff or duſt inceſſant flies,
Whirl'd in ſwift eddies thro' the vault of heav'n.

When in tremendous pomp array'd,
  Deſcending from the op'ning ſky,
With full omnipotence diſplay'd,
  Her God ſhall call on nature to reply:

Then Vice, with ſhame and grief depreſs'd,
  Transfix'd with horror and deſpair,
Shall feel hell kindling in her breaſt,
  Nor to her Judge prefer her trembling pray'r:

For, with a father's fond regard,
  To bliſs he views fair Virtue tend;
While Vice obtains her juſt reward,
  And all her paths in deep perdition end.

An HYMN to the SUPREME BEING.

In Imitation of the CIVth Pſalm.

Quid prius dicam ſolitis parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare et terras, variiſque mundum
Temperat horis? HOR.

ARISE, my ſoul! on wings ſeraphic riſe,
And praiſe th' almighty Sov'reign of the ſkies;
In whom alone eſſential glory ſhines,
Which not the heav'n of heav'ns, nor boundleſs ſpace confines.
WHEN darkneſs rul'd with univerſal ſway,
He ſpoke, and kindled up the blaze of day;
Firſt, faireſt offspring of th' omnific word!
Which like a garment cloath'd its ſov'reign Lord.
On liquid air he bade the columns riſe,
That prop the ſtarry concave of the ſkies;
Diffus'd the blue expanſe from pole to pole,
And ſpread circumfluent æther round the whole.

SOON

Soon as he bids impetuous tempeſts fly,
To wing his ſounding chariot thro' the ſky;
Impetuous Tempeſts the Command obey,
Suſtain his flight, and ſweep th' aerial way.
Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on high,
Unnumber'd hoſts of radiant heralds fly
From orb to orb, with progreſs unconfin'd,
As lightning ſwift, reſiſtleſs as the wind.

In ambient air this pond'rous ball he hung,
And bade its center reſt for ever ſtrong;
Heav'n, air, and ſea, with all their ſtorms, in vain
Aſſault the baſis of the firm machine.

At thy almighty voice old Ocean raves,
Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves;
Nature lies mantled in a wat'ry robe,
And ſhoreleſs billows revel round the globe;
O'er higheſt hills the higher ſurges riſe,
Mix with the clouds, and meet the fluid ſkies.
But when in thunder the rebuke was giv'n,
That ſhook th' eternal firmament of heav'n;
The grand rebuke th' affrighted waves obey,
And in confuſion ſcour their uncouth way;

And

And poſting rapid to the place decreed,
Wind down the hills, and ſweep the humble mead.
Reluctant in their bounds the waves ſubſide,
The bounds, impervious to the laſhing tide,
Reſtrain its rage; whilſt, with inceſſant roar,
It ſhakes the caverns, and aſſaults the ſhore,

BY him, from mountains cloath'd in lucid ſnow,
Through fertile vales the mazy rivers flow,
HERE the wild horſe, unconſcious of the rein,
That revels boundleſs o'er the wide campaign,
Imbibes the ſilver ſurge, with heat oppreſt,
To cool the fever of his glowing breaſt.

HERE riſing boughs, adorn'd with ſummer's pride,
Project their waving umbrage o'er the tide;
While, gently perching on the leafy ſpray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay:
And, while thy praiſe they ſymphonize around,
Creation echoes to the grateful ſound.
Wide o'er the heav'ns the various bow he bends,
Its tinctures brighten, and its arch extends:
At the glad ſign the airy conduits flow,
Soften the hills, and chear the meads below:

By genial fervour, and prolific rain,
Swift vegetation cloathes the ſmiling plain:
Nature, profuſely good, with bliſs o'erflows,
And ſtill is pregnant, tho' ſhe ſtill beſtows.
HERE verdant paſtures wide extended lie,
And yield the grazing herd exuberant ſupply.
Luxuriant waving in the wanton air,
Here golden grain rewards the peaſant's care:
Here vines mature with freſh carnation glow,
And heav'n above diffuſes heav'n below.
Erect and tall here mountain cedars riſe,
Wave in the ſtarry vault, and emulate the ſkies.
Here the wing'd croud, that ſkim the yielding air
With artful toil their little domes prepare;
Here hatch their tender young, and nurſe the riſing care.
Up the ſteep hill aſcends the nimble doe,
While timid conies ſcour the plains below,
Or in the pendant rock elude the ſcenting foe.
HE bade the ſilver Majeſty of night
Revolve her circles, and encreaſe her light;
Aſſign'd a province to each rolling ſphere,
And taught the ſun to regulate the year.

At his command, wide hov'ring o'er the plain,
Primaeval night reſumes her gloomy reign:
Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
The ſavage monſters bend their ſpeedy way,
Howl thro' the ſpacious waſte, and chaſe their frighted prey.
Here ſtalks the ſhaggy monarch of the wood,
Taught from thy providence to aſk his food,
To thee, O Father, to thy bounteous ſkies,
He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes;
He roars; the deſart trembles wide around,
And repercuſſive hills repeat the ſound.
Now orient gems the eaſtern ſkies adorn,
And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn:
The rovers, conſcious of approaching day,
Fly to their ſhelters, and forget their prey.
Laborious man with mod'rate ſlumber bleſt,
Springs chearful to his toil from downy reſt;
Till grateful evening, with her argent train,
Bid labour ceaſe, and eaſe the weary ſwain.
"HAIL! ſov'reign goodneſs, all-productive mind!
On all thy works thyſelf inſcrib'd we find:

How

How various all, how variouſly endow'd,
How great their number, and each part how good!
How perfect then muſt the great Parent ſhine,
Who, with one act of energy divine,
Laid the vaſt plan, and finiſh'd the deſign!"

WHERE-E'ER the pleaſing ſearch my thoughts purſue,
Unbounded goodneſs riſes to my view;
Nor does our world alone its influence ſhare;
Exhauſtleſs bounty, and unwearied care,
Extends thro' all th' infinitude of ſpace,
And circles nature with a kind embrace.

THE azure kingdoms of the deep below,
Thy pow'r, thy wiſdom, and thy goodneſs ſhow:
Here multitudes of various beings ſtray,
Croud the profound, or on the ſurface play:
Tall navies here their doubtful way explore,
And ev'ry product waft from ſhore to ſhore;
Hence meagre want expell'd, and ſanguine ſtrife,
For the mild charms of cultivated life;
Hence ſocial union ſpreads from ſoul to ſoul,
And India joins in friendſhip with the pole.

Here

Here the huge potent of the ſcaly train
Enormous ſails incumbent o'er the main,
An animated iſle, and in his way,
Daſhes to heav'n's blue arch the foamy ſea:
When ſkies and ocean mingle ſtorm and flame,
Portending inſtant wreck to nature's frame,
Pleas'd in the ſcene, he mocks, with conſcious pride,
The volley'd lightning, and the ſurging tide;
And, while the wrathful elements engage,
Foments with horrid ſport the tempeſt's rage.
All theſe thy watchful providence ſupplies,
To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes;
For them thou op'neſt thy exhauſtleſs ſtore,
Till the capacious wiſh can graſp no more.
But, if one moment thou thy face ſhould'ſt hide,
Thy glory clouded, or thy ſmiles deny'd,
Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,
And vents her grief in univerſal cries:
Then gloomy death, with all his meagre train,
Wide o'er the nations ſpreads his diſmal reign;
Sea, earth, and air the boundleſs ravage mourn,
And all their hoſts to native duſt return.

But when again thy glory is diſplay'd,
Reviv'd creation lifts her chearful head;
New riſing forms thy potent ſmiles obey,
And life rekindles at the genial ray:
United thanks repleniſh'd nature pays,
And heav'n and earth reſound their Maker's praiſe.

When time ſhall in eternity be loſt,
And hoary nature languiſh into duſt;
For ever young thy glory ſhall remain,
Vaſt as thy being, endleſs as thy reign.
Thou, from the regions of eternal day,
View'ſt all thy works at one immenſe ſurvey:
Pleas'd, thou behold'ſt the whole propenſely tend
To perfect happineſs, its glorious end.

If thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,
Her baſis trembles, and her offspring dies:
Thou ſmit'ſt the hills, and, at th' Almighty blow,
Their ſummits kindle, and their inwards glow.

While this immortal ſpark of heav'nly flame
Diſtends my breaſt, and animates my frame;
To thee my ardent praiſes ſhall be borne
On the firſt breeze that wakes the bluſhing morn:

The

The lateſt ſtar ſhall hear the pleaſing ſound,
And nature in full choir ſhall join around.
When full of thee my ſoul excurſive flies
Thro' earth, air, ocean, or thy regal ſkies;
From world to world, new wonders ſtill I find,
And all the Godhead flaſhes on my mind.
When, wing'd with whirlwhinds, vice ſhall take its flight
To the deep boſom of eternal night,
To thee my ſoul ſhall endleſs praiſes pay:
Join, men and angels, join th' exalted lay!

PSALM CXXXIX. Imitated.

ME, O my God! thy piercing eye,
In motion, or at reſt, ſurveys;
If to the lonely couch I fly,
Or travel through frequented ways:
Where-e'er I move, thy boundleſs reign,
Thy mighty preſence, circles all the ſcene.

Where ſhall my thoughts from thee retire,
Whoſe view pervades my inmoſt heart!
The latent, kindling, young deſire,
The word, ere from my lips it part,
To thee their various forms diſplay,
And ſhine reveal'd in thy unclouded day.

Behind me if I turn my eyes,
Or forward bend my wand'ring ſight,
Whatever objects round me riſe
Through the wide fields of air and light;
With thee impreſs'd, each various frame
The forming, moving, preſent God proclaim.

Father of all, omniſcient mind,
Thy wiſdom who can comprehend?
Its higheſt point what eye can find,
Or to its loweſt depths deſcend?
That wiſdom, which, ere things began,
Saw full expreſt th' all-comprehending plan!

What cavern deep, what hill ſublime,
Beyond thy reach, ſhall I purſue?
What dark receſs, what diſtant clime,
Shall hide me from thy boundleſs view?

Where

Where from thy ſpirit ſhall I fly,
Diffuſive, vital, felt thro' earth and ſky?

If up to heav'n's aetherial height,
Thy proſpect to elude, I riſe;
In ſplendor there, ſeverely bright,
Thy preſence ſhall my ſight ſurprife:
There, beaming from their ſource divine,
In full meridian, light and beauty ſhine.

Beneath the pendant globe if laid,
If plung'd in hell's abyſs profound,
I call on night's impervious ſhade
To ſpread eſſential blackneſs round;
Conſpicuous to thy wide ſurvey,
Ev'n hell's grim horrors kindle into day.

Thee, mighty God! my wond'ring ſoul,
Thee, all her conſcious pow'rs adore;
Whoſe being circumſcribes the whole,
Whoſe eyes its utmoſt bounds explore:
Alike illum'd by native light,
Amid the ſun's full blaze, or gloom of night.

If through the fields of aether borne,
The living winds my flight ſuſtain;
If on the roſy wings of morn,
I ſeek the diſtant weſtern main;
There, O my God! thou ſtill art found,
Thy pow'r upholds me, and thy arms ſurround.
Thy eſſence fills this breathing frame,
It glows in ev'ry conſcious part;
Lights up my ſoul with livelier flame,
And feeds with life my beating heart:
Unfelt along my veins it glides,
And through their mazes rolls the purple tides.
While in the ſilent womb inclos'd,
A growing embryo yet I lay,
Thy hand my various parts diſpos'd,
Thy breath infus'd life's genial ray;
Till finiſh'd by thy wond'rous plan,
I roſe the dread majeſtic form of man.
To thee, from whom my being came,
Whoſe ſmile is all the heav'n I know,
Replete with all my wond'rous theme,
To thee my votive ſtrains ſhall flow:

Great ARCHETYPE! who firſt deſign'd,
Expreſſive of thy glory, humankind.

Who can the ſtars of heav'n explore,
The flow'rs that deck the verdant plain,
Th' unnumber'd ſands that form the ſhore,
The drops that ſwell the ſpacious main?
Let him thy wonders publiſh round,
Till earth and heav'n's eternal throne reſound.

As ſubterraneous flames confin'd,
From earth's dark womb impetuous riſe,
The conflagration, fann'd by wind,
Wraps realms, and blazes to the ſkies:
In lightning's flaſh, and thunder's roar,
Thus vice ſhall feel the tempeſt of thy pow'r.

Fly then, as far as pole from pole,
Ye ſons of ſlaughter, quick retire;
At whoſe approach my kindling ſoul
Awakes to unextinguiſh'd ire:
Fly; nor provoke the thunder's aim,
You, who in ſcorn pronounce th' Almighty's name.

The wretch, who dares thy pow'r defy,
And on thy vengeance loudly call,
On him not pity's melting eye,
Nor partial favour, e'er ſhall fall:
Still ſhall thy foes be mine, ſtill ſhare
Unpity'd torture, and unmixt deſpair.

Behold, O God! behold me ſtand,
And to thy ſtrict regard diſcloſe
Whate'er was acted by my hand,
Whate'er my inmoſt thoughts propoſe:
If vice indulg'd their candour ſtain,
Be all my portion bitterneſs and pain.

But, O! if nature, weak and frail,
To ſtrong temptations oft give way;
If doubt, or paſſion, oft prevail
O'er wand'ring reaſon's feeble ray:
Let not thy frowns my fault reprove,
But guide thy CREATURE with a FATHER's love.

An

An HYMN to DIVINE LOVE.

In Imitation of SPENCER.

I.

NO more of lower flames, whoſe pleaſing rage
With ſighs and ſoft complaints I weakly fed;
At whoſe unworthy ſhrine, my budding age,
And willing Muſe, their firſt devotion paid,
Fly, nurſe of madneſs, to eternal ſhade;
Far from my ſoul abjur'd and baniſh'd fly,
And yield to nobler fires, that lift the ſoul more high.

II.

O LOVE! coeval with thy parent God,
To thee I kneel, thy preſent aid implore;
At whoſe celeſtial voice and pow'rful nod,
Old diſcord fled, and chaos ceas'd to roar,
Light ſmil'd, and order roſe, unſeen before.
But in the plan of the eternal Mind,
When God deſign'd the work, and lov'd the work deſign'd.

III.

Thou fill'd'ſt the waſte of ocean, earth, and air,
With multitudes that ſwim, or walk, or fly:
From rolling worlds deſcends thy gen'rous care,
To inſect crouds that 'ſcape the niceſt eye:
For each a ſphere was circumſcrib'd by thee.
To bleſs, and to be bleſs'd, their nobleſt end;
To which, with ſpeedy courſe, they all unerring tend.

IV.

Conſcious of thee, with nobler pow'rs endu'd,
Next man, thy darling, into being roſe,
Immortal, form'd for high beatitude,
Which neither end nor interruption knows,
Till evil couch'd in fraud began his woes:
Then to thy aid was boundleſs wiſdom join'd,
And for apoſtate man redemption thus deſign'd.

V.

By thee, his glories veil'd in mortal ſhroud,
God's darling offspring left his ſeat on high;
And heav'n and earth, amaz'd and trembling, view'd
Their wounded Sov'reign groan, and bleed, and die.
By thee, in triumph to his native ſky, On

On angels wings, the victor God aſpir'd,
Relenting juſtice ſmil'd, and frowning wrath
retir'd.

VI.

To thee, munific, ever-flaming LOVE!
One endleſs hymn united nature ſings:
To thee the bright inhabitants above
Tune the glad voice, and ſweep the warbling ſtrings.
From pole to pole, on ever-waving wings,
Winds waft thy praiſe, by rolling planets tun'd;
Aid then, O LOVE! my voice to emulate the ſound.

VII.

It comes! it comes! I feel internal day;
Transfuſive warmth through all my boſom glows;
My ſoul expanding gives the torrent way;
Thro' all my veins it kindles as it flows.
Thus, raviſh'd from the ſcene of night and woes,
Oh! ſnatch me, bear me to thy happy reign;
There teach my tongue thy praiſe in more exalted ſtrain.

An HYMN to BENEVOLENCE.

HAIL! ſource of tranſport ever new;
Whilſt thy kind dictates I purſue,
I taſte a joy ſincere;
Too vaſt for little minds to know,
Who on themſelves alone beſtow
Their wiſhes and their care.

Daughter of God! delight of man!
From thee felicity began;
Which ſtill thy hand ſuſtains:
By thee ſweet Peace her empire ſpread,
Fair Science rais'd her laurel'd head,
And Diſcord gnaſh'd in chains.

Far as the pointed ſun-beam flies,
Through peopled earth and ſtarry ſkies,
All nature owns thy nod:
We ſee thy energy prevail
Through Being's ever-riſing ſcale,
From nothing ev'n to God.

Envy,

Envy, that tortures her own heart
With plagues and ever-burning ſmart,
  Thy charms divine expel:
Aghaſt ſhe ſhuts her livid eyes,
And, wing'd with tenfold fury, flies
  To native night and hell.

By thee inſpir'd, the gen'rous breaſt,
In bleſſing others only bleſt,
  With goodneſs large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to ſtay,
To teach the blind their ſmootheſt way,
  And aid the feeble knee.

O come! and o'er my boſom reign,
Expand my heart, inflame each vein,
  Thro' ev'ry action ſhine;
Each low, each ſelfiſh wiſh controul,
With all thy eſſence warm my ſoul,
  And make me wholly thine.

Nor let fair Virtue's mortal bane,
The ſoul-contracting thirſt of gain,

My

My fainteſt wiſhes ſway;
By her poſſeſs'd, ere hearts refine,
In hell's dark depth ſhall mercy ſhine,
And kindle endleſs day.

If from thy ſacred paths I turn,
Nor feel their griefs, while others mourn,
Nor with their pleaſures glow:
Baniſh'd from God, from bliſs, and thee,
My own tormentor let me be,
And groan in hopeleſs woe.

An HYMN to FORTITUDE.

NIGHT, brooding o'er her mute domain,
In awful ſilence wraps her reign;
Clouds preſs on clouds, and, as they riſe,
Condenſe to ſolid gloom the ſkies.
PORTENTOUS, through the foggy air,
To wake the Daemon of deſpair,
The raven hoarſe, and boding owl,
To HECATE curſt anthems howl.

INTENT

INTENT with execrable art,
To burn the veins, and tear the heart,
The witch, unhallow'd bones to raiſe,
Through fun'ral vaults and charnels ſtrays;
Calls the damn'd ſhade from ev'ry cell,
And adds new labours to their hell.

AND, ſhield me heav'n! what hollow ſound,
Like fate's dread knell, runs echoing round?
The bell ſtrikes one, that magic hour,
When riſing fiends exert their pow'r.
And now, ſure now, ſome cauſe unbleſt
Breathes more than horror thro' my breaſt:
How deep the breeze! how dim the light!
What ſpectres ſwim before my ſight!
My frozen limbs pale terror chains,
And in wild eddies wheel my brains:
My icy blood forgets to roll,
And death ev'n ſeems to ſeize my ſoul.
What ſacred pow'r, what healing art,
Shall bid my ſoul herſelf aſſert;
Shall rouze th' immortal active flame,
And teach her whence her being came?

O FOR-

O FORTITUDE! divinely bright,
O Virtue's child, and man's delight!
Deſcend, an amicable gueſt,
And with thy firmneſs ſteel my breaſt:
Deſcend, propitious to my lays,
And, while my lyre reſounds thy praiſe,
With energy divinely ſtrong,
Exalt my ſoul, and warm my ſong.

WHEN raving in eternal pains,
And loaded with ten thouſand chains,
Vice, deep in PHLEGETON, yet lay,
Nor with her viſage blaſted day;
No fear to guiltleſs man was known,
For God and Virtue reign'd alone.
But, when from native flames and night,
The curſed monſter wing'd her flight,
Pale Fear, among her hideous train,
Chas'd ſweet Contentment from her reign;
Plac'd death and hell before each eye,
And wrapt in miſt the golden ſky;
Baniſh'd from day each dear delight,
And ſhook with conſcious ſtarts the night.

WHEN,

WHEN, from th' imperial ſeats on high,
The Lord of nature turn'd his eye,
To view the ſtate of things below;
Still bleſt to make his creatures ſo:
From earth he ſaw ASTREA fly,
And ſeek her manſions in the ſky;
Peace, crown'd with olives, left her throne,
And white-rob'd Innocence was gone:
While Vice, reveal'd in open day,
Sole tyrant, rul'd with iron ſway;
And Virtue veil'd her weeping charms,
And fled for refuge to his arms,
Her altars ſcorn'd, her ſhrines defac'd—
Whom thus th' eſſential Good addreſs'd.

"THOU, whom my ſoul adores alone,
Effulgent ſharer of my throne,
Fair empreſs of eternity!
Who uncreated reign'ſt like me;
Whom I, whoſe ſole and boundleſs ſway,
With pleaſure infinite obey;
To yon diurnal ſcenes below,
Who feel their folly in their woe,

Again

Again propitious turn thy flight,
Again oppoſe yon tyrant's might;
To earth thy cloudleſs charms diſcloſe,
Revive thy friends, and blaſt thy foes:
Thy triumphs man ſhall raptur'd ſee,
Act, ſuffer, live, and die for thee.
But ſince all crimes their hell contain,
Since all muſt feel who merit pain,
Let FORTITUDE thy ſteps attend,
And be, like thee, to man a friend;
To urge him on the arduous road,
That leads to virtue, bliſs, and God;
To blunt the ſting of ev'ry grief,
And be to all a near relief."

HE ſaid; and ſhe, with ſmiles divine,
Which made all heav'n more brightly ſhine,
To earth return'd with all her train,
And brought the golden age again.
Since erring mortals, unconſtrain'd,
The God, that warms their breaſt, profan'd,
She, guardian of their joys no more,
Could only leave them, and deplore:

They,

They, now the eaſy prey of pain,
Curſt in their wiſh, their choice obtain;
Till arm'd with heav'n and fate, ſhe came
Her deſtin'd honours to reclaim.
Vice and her ſlaves beheld her flight,
And fled like birds obſcene from light,
Back to th' abode of plagues return,
To ſin and ſmart, blaſpheme and burn.
THOU, Goddeſs! ſince, with ſacred aid,
Haſt ev'ry grief and pain allay'd,
To joy converted ev'ry ſmart,
And plac'd a heav'n in ev'ry heart:
By thee we act, by thee ſuſtain,
Thou ſacred antidote of pain!
At thy great nod the *ALPS ſubſide,
Reluctant rivers turn their tide;
With all thy force ALCIDES warm'd,
His hand againſt oppreſſion arm'd:
By thee his mighty nerves were ſtrung,
By thee his ſtrength for ever young;

* Alluding to the Hiſtory of HANNIBAL.

And whilſt on brutal force he preſs'd,
His vigour with his foes increas'd.
By thee, like JOVE's almighty hand,
Ambition's havock to withſtand,
*TIMOLEON roſe, the ſcourge of fate,
And hurl'd a tyrant from his ſtate;
The brother in his ſoul ſubdu'd,
And warm'd the poniard in his blood;
A ſoul by ſo much virtue fir'd,
Not GREECE alone, but Heav'n admir'd.

BUT in theſe dregs of human kind,
Theſe days to guilt and fear reſign'd,
How rare ſuch views the heart elate!
To brave the laſt extremes of Fate;
Like heav'n's almighty pow'r, ſerene,
With fix'd regard to view the ſcene,
When nature quakes beneath the ſtorm,
And horror wears its direſt form.
Though future worlds are now deſcry'd,
Though PAUL has writ, and JESUS dy'd,

* TIMOLEON, having long in vain importun'd his brother to reſign the deſpotiſm of CORINTH, at laſt reſtored the liberty of the people, by ſtabbing him. *Vide* PLUT.

Diſpell'd

Diſpell'd the dark infernal ſhade,
And all the heav'n of heav'ns diſplay'd;
Curſt with unnumber'd groundleſs fears,
How pale yon ſhiv'ring wretch appears!
For him the day-light ſhines in vain,
For him the fields no joys contain;
Nature's whole charms to him are loſt,
No more the woods their muſic boaſt;
No more the meads their vernal bloom,
No more the gales their rich perfume:
Impending miſts deform the ſky,
And beauty withers in his eye.
In hopes his terror to elude,
By day he mingles with the croud;
Yet finds his ſoul to fears a prey,
In buſy crouds, and open day.
If night his lonely walk ſurpriſe,
What horrid viſions round him riſe!
That blaſted oak, which meets his way,
Shown by the meteor's ſudden ray,
The midnight murd'rer's known retreat,
Felt heav'n's avengeful bolt of late;

The claſhing chain, the groan profound,
Loud from yon ruin'd tow'r reſound;
And now the ſpot he ſeems to tread,
Where ſome ſelf-ſlaughter'd corſe was laid:
He feels fixt earth beneath him bend,
Deep murmurs from her caves aſcend;
Till all his ſoul, by fancy ſway'd,
Sees lurid phantoms croud the ſhade;
While ſhrouded *manes* palely ſtare,
And beck'ning wiſh to breathe their care:
Thus real woes from falſe he bears,
And feels the death, the hell he fears.

O thou! whoſe ſpirit warms my ſong,
With energy divinely ſtrong,
Erect his ſoul, confirm his breaſt,
And let him know the ſweets of reſt;
Till ev'ry human pain and care,
All that may be, and all that are,
But falſe imagin'd ills appear
Beneath our hope, our grief, or fear.
And, if I right invoke thy aid,
By thee be all my woes allay'd;

With

With ſcorn inſtruct me to defy
Impoſing fear, and lawleſs joy;
To ſtruggle thro' this ſcene of ſtrife,
The pains of death, the pangs of life,
With conſtant brow to meet my fate,
And meet ſtill more, EUANTHE's hate.
And, when ſome ſwain her charms ſhall claim,
Who feels not half my gen'rous flame,
Whoſe cares her angel-voice beguiles,
On whom ſhe bends her heav'nly ſmiles;
For whom ſhe weeps, for whom ſhe glows,
On whom her treaſur'd ſoul beſtows;
When perfect mutual joy they ſhare,
Ah! joy enhanc'd by my deſpair!
Mix beings in each flaming kiſs,
And bleſt, ſtill riſe to higher bliſs:
Then, then, exert thy utmoſt pow'r,
And teach me Being to endure;
Leſt reaſon from the helm ſhould ſtart,
And lawleſs fury rule my heart;
Leſt madneſs all my ſoul ſubdue,
To aſk her Maker, What doſt thou?

Yet, couldſt thou in that dreadful hour,
On my rack'd ſoul all LETHE pour,
Or fan me with the gelid breeze,
That chains in ice th' indignant ſeas;
Or wrap my heart in tenfold ſteel,
I ſtill am man, and ſtill muſt feel.

The WISH SATISFIED.

An IRREGULAR ODE.

I.

TOO long, my ſoul! thou'rt toſt below,
From hope to hope, from fear to fear:
How great, how laſting ev'ry woe!
Each joy how ſhort, how inſincere!

II.

Turn around thy ſearching eyes
Thro' all the bright varieties;

And, with exacteſt care,
Select from all the ſhining croud,
Some laſting joy, ſome ſov'reign good,
And fix thy wiſhes there.

III.

With toil amaſs a mighty ſtore
Of glowing ſtones, or yellow ore;
Plant the fields with golden grain,
Croud with lowing herds the plain,
Bid the marble domes aſcend,
Bid the pleaſant view extend,
Streams and groves and woods appear,
And ſpring and autumn fill the year:
Sure, theſe are joys, full, permanent, ſincere;
Sure, now each boundleſs wiſh can aſk no more.

IV.

On roſes now reclin'd,
I languiſh into reſt;
No vacuum in my mind,
No craving wiſh unbleſt:
But ah! in vain,
Some abſent joy ſtill gives me pain,
By toys elated, or by toys depreſt.

V.

What melting joy can ſooth my grief?
What balmy pleaſure yield my ſoul relief?
'Tis found; the bliſs already warms,
Sunk in love's perſuaſive arms,
Enjoying and enjoy'd:
To taſte variety of charms
Be ev'ry happy hour employ'd.

VI.

As the ſpeedy moments roll,
Let ſome new joy conſpire;
HEBE, fill the roſy bowl;
ORPHEUS, tune the lyre;
To new-born rapture wake the ſoul,
And kindle young deſire:
While, a beauteous choir around,
Tuneful virgins join the ſound,
Panting boſoms, ſpeaking eyes,
Yielding ſmiles, and trembling ſighs;
Thro' melting error let their voices rove,
And trace th' inchanting maze of harmony and love.

VII. Still,

VII.

Still, ſtill inſatiate of delight
My wiſhes open, as my joys increaſe:
What now ſhall ſtop their reſtleſs flight,
And yield them kind redreſs?
For ſomething ſtill unknown I ſigh,
Beyond what ſtrikes the touch, the ear, or eye:
Whence ſhall I ſeek, or how purſue
The phantom, that eludes my view,
And cheats my fond embrace?

VIII.

Thus, while her wanton toils fond pleaſure ſpread,
By ſenſe and paſſion blindly led,
I chas'd the Syren thro' the flow'ry maze,
And courted death ten thouſand ways:
Kind heav'n beheld, with pitying eyes,
My reſtleſs toil, my fruitleſs ſighs;
And, from the realms of endleſs day,
A bright Immortal wing'd his way;
Swift as a ſun-beam down he flew,
And ſtood diſclos'd, effulgent to my view.

IX.

Fond man, he cry'd, thy fruitleſs ſearch forbear;
Nor vainly hope, within this narrow ſphere,
A certain happineſs to find,
Unbounded as thy wiſh, eternal as thy mind:
In God, in perfect good alone,
The anxious ſoul can find repoſe;
Nor to a bliſs beneath his throne,
One hour of full enjoyment owes:
He, only he, can fill each wide deſire,
Who to each wiſh its being gave;
Not all the charms which mortal wiſhes fire,
Not all which angels in the ſkies admire,
But God's paternal ſmile, can bide it ceaſe to crave.
Him then purſue, without delay;
He is thy prize, and virtue is thy way.
Then to the winds his radiant plumes he ſpread,
And from my wond'ring eyes, more ſwift than lightning, fled.

To HAPPINESS: An ODE.

I.

THE morning dawns, the ev'ning ſhades
Fair Nature's various face diſguiſe;
No ſcene to reſt my heart perſuades,
No moment frees from tears my eyes:
Whate'er once charm'd the laughing hour,
Now boaſts no more its pleaſing pow'r;
Each former object of delight,
Beyond redemption wings its flight;
And, where it ſmil'd the darling of my ſight,
Proſpects of woe and horrid phantoms riſe.

II.

O HAPPINESS! immortal Fair,
Where does thy ſubtil eſſence dwell?
Doſt thou relax the Hermit's care,
Companion in the lonely cell?
Or, doſt thou on the ſunny plain
Inſpire the reed, and chear the ſwain?

Or,

Or, ſcornful of each low retreat,
On fortune's favour doſt thou wait;
And, in the gilded chambers of the great,
Protract the revel, and the pleaſure ſwell?

III.

Ah me! the Hermit's cell explore;
Thy abſence he, like me, complains;
While murm'ring ſtreams along the ſhore,
Echo the love-ſick ſhepherd's ſtrains;
Nor, where gilded domes aſpire,
Deign'ſt thou, O Goddeſs! to retire:
Though there the loves and graces play,
Though wine and muſic court thy ſtay;
Thou fly'ſt, alas! and who can trace thy way?
Or ſay what place thy heav'nly form contains?

IV.

If to mankind I turn my view,
Flatter'd with hopes of ſocial joy;
Rapine and blood * mankind purſue,
As God had form'd them to deſtroy.

* This Ode was written in the year 1745.

Diſcord,

Diſcord, at whoſe tremendous view
Hell quakes with horror ever new,
No more by endleſs night depreſt,
Pours all her venom thro' each breaſt;
And, while deep groans and carnage is increas'd,
Smiles grim, the riſing miſchief to enjoy.

V.

Hence, hence, indignant turn thine eyes,
To my dejected ſoul I ſaid;
See, to the ſhade EUANTHE flies,
Go, find EUANTHE in the ſhade:
Her angel-form thy ſight ſhall charm,
Thy heart her angel-goodneſs warm;
There, ſhall no wants thy ſteps purſue,
No wakeful care contract thy brow;
Muſic each ſound, and beauty ev'ry view,
Shall ev'ry ſenſe with full delight invade.

VI.

Exulting in the charming thought,
Thither with haſty ſteps I preſs;
And while th' inchanting maid I ſought,
Thank'd heav'n for all my paſt diſtreſs:

In-

Increaſing hopes my journey chear'd,
And now in reach the bliſs appear'd;
Grant this ſole boon, O fate! I cry'd;
Be all thy other gifts deny'd,
In this ſhall all my wiſhes be ſupply'd;
And ſure a love like mine deſerves no leſs.

VII.

In vain, alas! in vain my pray'r,
Fate mix'd the accents with the wind;
Th' illuſive form diſſolv'd in air,
And left my ſoul to grief reſign'd:
As far from all my hopes ſhe flies,
As deepeſt ſeas from loftieſt ſkies:
Yet, ſtill, on fancy deep impreſt,
The ſad, the dear ideas reſt;
Yet ſtill the recent ſorrows heave my breaſt,
Hangs black o'er life, and preys upon my mind.

VIII.

Ah! Goddeſs, ſcarce to mortals known,
Who with thy ſhadow madly ſtray,
At length from heav'n, thy ſacred throne,
Dart through my ſoul one chearful ray:
Ah!

Ah! with ſome ſacred lenient art,
Allay the anguiſh of my heart;
Ah! teach me, patient to ſuſtain
Life's various ſtores of grief and pain;
Or, if I thus prefer my pray'r in vain,
Soon let me find thee in eternal day.

On EUANTHE's ABSENCE.

An ODE.

I.

BLEST heav'n! and thou fair world below!
Is there no cure to ſooth my ſmart?
No balm to heal a lover's woe,
That bids his eyes for ever flow,
Conſumes his ſoul, and pines his heart?
And will no friendly arm above
Relieve my tortur'd ſoul from love?

II. As

II.

As ſwift-deſcending ſhow'rs of rain,
Deform with mud the cleareſt ſtreams;
As riſing miſts heav'n's azure ſtain,
Ting'd with Aurora's bluſh in vain;
As fades the flow'r in mid-day beams:
On life thus tender ſorrows prey,
And wrap in gloom its promis'd day.

III.

Ye plains, where dear EUANTHE ſtrays,
Ye various objects of her view,
Bedeck'd in beauty's brighteſt blaze;
Let all its forms, and all its rays,
Where-e'er ſhe turns, her eyes purſue:
All fair as ſhe, let nature ſhine:
Ah! then, how lovely! how divine!

IV.

Where-e'er the thymy vales deſcend,
And breathe ambroſial fragrance round,
Proportion juſt, thy line extend,
And teach the proſpect where to end;
While woods or mountains mark the bound:

That

That each fair ſcene which ſtrikes her eye,
May charm with ſweet variety.

V.

Ye ſtreams, that, in perpetual flow,
Still warble on your mazy way,
Murmur EUANTHE, as you go;
Murmur a love-ſick Poet's woe:
Ye feather'd warblers join the lay;
Sing how I ſuffer, how complain;
Yet name not him who feels the pain.

VI.

And thou, eternal ruling Pow'r!
If ſpotleſs virtue claims thy care,
Around unheard of bleſſings ſhow'r;
Let ſome new pleaſure crown each hour,
And make her bleſt, as good and fair:
Of all thy works, to mortals known,
The beſt and faireſt ſhe alone.

To a YOUNG GENTLEMAN bound for *Guinea*:

An ODE.

I.

ATTEND the muſe, whoſe numbers flow
Faithful to ſacred friendſhip's woe;
And let the *Scotian* lyre
Obtain thy pity and thy care:
While thy lov'd walks, and native air,
The ſolemn ſounds inſpire.

II.

That native air, theſe walks, no more
Bleſt with their fav'rite, now deplore,
And join the plaintive ſtrain:
While, urg'd by winds and waves, he flies,
Where unknown ſtars, thro' unknown ſkies,
Their trackleſs courſe maintain.

III.

Yet think: by ev'ry keener ſmart,
That thrills a friend or brother's heart;
By all the griefs that riſe,
And with dumb anguiſh heave thy breaſt,
When abſence robs thy ſoul of reſt,
And ſwells with tears the eyes:

IV.

By all our ſorrows ever new,
Think whom you fly, and what purſue;
And judge by your's our pain;
From friendſhip's dear tenacious arms,
You fly, perhaps, to war's alarms,
To angry ſkies and main.

V.

The ſmiling plain, the ſolemn ſhade,
With all the various charms diſplay'd,
That ſummer's face adorn;
Summer, with all that's gay or ſweet,
With tranſport longs thy ſenſe to meet,
And courts thy dear return.

VI.

The gentle ſun, the fanning gale,
The vocal wood, the fragrant vale,
Thy preſence all implore:
Can then a waſte of ſea and ſky,
That knows no limits, charm thine eye,
Thine ear the tempeſt's roar?

VII.

But why ſuch weak attractions name,
While ev'ry warmer ſocial claim
Demands the mournful lay?
Ah! hear a brother's moving ſighs,
Thro' tears, behold a ſiſter's eyes
Emit a faded ray.

VIII.

Thy young allies, by nature taught,
To feel the tender pang of thought,
Which friends in abſence claim;
To thee, with ſorrow all-ſincere,
Oft pay the tributary tear,
Oft liſp with joy thy name.

IX.

Nor theſe thy abſence mourn alone,
O dearly lov'd! tho' faintly known;
One yet unſung remains:
Nature, when ſcarce fair light he knew,
Snatch'd heav'n, earth, beauty, from his view,
And darkneſs round him reigns.

X.

The muſe with pity view'd his doom;
And, darting thro' th' eternal gloom
An intellectual ray,
Bad him with muſic's voice inſpire
The plaintive flute, the ſprightly lyre,
And tune th' impaſſion'd lay.

XI.

Thus, tho' deſpairing of relief,
With ev'ry mark of heart-felt grief,
The abſence we complain:
While now, perhaps, th' auſpicious gale
Invites to ſpread the flying ſail,
And all our tears are vain.

XII.

Protect him, heav'n: but hence each fear;
Since endleſs goodneſs, endleſs care,
This mighty fabric guides;
Commands the tempeſt where to ſtray,
Directs the lightning's ſlanting way,
And rules the refluent tides.

XIII.

See, from th' effulgence of his reign,
With pleas'd ſurvey, OMNISCIENCE deign
Thy wondrous worth to view:
See, from the realms of endleſs day,
Immortal guardians wing their way,
And all thy ſteps purſue.

XIV.

If ſable clouds, whoſe wombs contain
The murm'ring bolt, or daſhing rain,
The blue ſerene deform;
Myriads from heav'n's etherial height,
Shall clear the gloom, reſtore the light,
And chace th' impending ſtorm.

An IRREGULAR ODE.

Sent to a LADY on her Marriage-Day.

I.

WITH all your wings, ye moments fly,
And drive the tardy ſun along;
Till that glad morn ſhall paint the ſky,
Which wakes the muſe, and claims the raptur'd ſong.

II.

See nature with our wiſhes join,
To aid the dear, the bleſt deſign;
See Time precipitate his way,
To bring th' expected happy day;
See, the wiſh'd-for dawn appears,
A more than wonted glow ſhe wears:
Hark! Hymeneals ſound;
Each muſe awakes her ſofteſt lyre;
Each airy warbler ſwells the choir;
'Tis muſic all around.

III.

Awake, ye nymphs, the bluſhing bride,
T' eclipſe Aurora's roſy pride;
While virgin ſhame retards her way,
And Love, half-angry, chides her ſtay:
While hopes and fears alternate reign,
Intermingling bliſs and pain;
O'er all her charms diffuſe peculiar grace,
Pant in her ſhiv'ring heart, and vary in her face.

IV.

At length conſent, reluctant fair,
To bleſs thy long-expecting lover's eyes!
Too long his ſighs are loſt in air,
At length reſign the bliſs for which he dies.
The muſes, preſcient of your future joys,
Dilate my ſoul, and prompt the chearful lay:
While they, thro' coming times, with glad ſurprize,
The long ſucceſſive brightning ſcenes ſurvey.

V.

Lo! to your ſight a blooming offspring riſe,
And add new ardour to the nuptial ties;

While

While in each form you both united ſhine;
Freſh honours wait your temples to adorn:
For you glad CERES fills the flowing horn,
And heav'n and fate to bleſs your days combine.

VI.

While life gives pleaſure, life ſhall ſtill remain,
Till Death, with gentle hand, ſhall ſhut the pleaſing ſcene:
Safe, ſable guide to that celeſtial ſhore,
Where pleaſure knows no end, and change is fear'd no more!

To a COQUET. An ODE.

I.

AT length, vain, airy flutt'rer, fly;
Nor vex the public ear and eye
With all this noiſe and glare:
Thy wiſer kindred gnats behold,
All ſhrouded in their parent mould,
Forſake the chilling air.

Of

Of conqueſt there they ſafely dream;
Nor gentle breeze, nor tranſient gleam,
  Allures them forth to play:
But thou, alike in froſt and flame,
Inſatiate of the cruel game,
  Still on mankind would'ſt prey.

Thy conſcious charms, thy practis'd arts,
  Thoſe adventitious beams that round thee ſhine,
Reſerve for unexperienc'd hearts:
  Superior ſpells deſpair to conquer mine.

II.

Go, bid the ſunſhine of thine eyes
Melt rigid winter, warm the ſkies,
  And ſet the rivers free;
O'er fields, immers'd in froſt and ſnow,
Bid flow'rs with ſmiling verdure grow;
  Then hope to ſoften me.

No, heav'n and freedom witneſs bear,
This heart no ſecond frown ſhall fear,

No ſecond yoke ſuſtain:
Enough of female ſcorn I know;
Scarce ceaſe my recent ſtripes to glow,
Scarce fate could break my chain.

Ye hours, conſum'd in hopeleſs pain,
Ye trees, inſcrib'd with many a flaming vow,
Ye echoes, oft invok'd in vain,
Ye moon-light walks, ye tinkling rills, adieu!

III.

Your paint that idle hearts controuls;
Your fairy nets for feeble ſouls,
By partial fancy wrought;
Your Syren voice, your tempting air,
Your borrow'd viſage falſely fair,
With me avail you nought.

Let ev'ry charm that wakes deſire,
Let each inſnaring art conſpire;
Not all can hurt my reſt:
Touch'd by *ITHURIEL's potent ſpear,
At once unmaſk'd the fiends appear,
In native blackneſs dreſt.

* See PARADISE LOST, Book IV. verſ. 810.

The

The ſpeaking glance, the heaving breaſt,
The cheek with lilies ting'd and roſy dye;
Falſe joys, which ruin all who taſte,
How ſwift they fade in reaſon's piercing eye!

IV.

Seeſt thou yon taper's vivid ray,
Which emulates the blaze of day,
Diffuſing far its light?
Tho' it from blaſts ſhall ſtand ſecure,
Time urges on the deſtin'd hour,
And, lo! it ſinks in night.

Such is thy glory, ſuch its date,
Wav'd by the ſportive hand of fate,
A while to catch our view:
Now bright to heav'n the blaze aſpires,
Then ſudden from our gaze retires,
And yields to wonders new.

Like this poor torch, thy haughty airs,
Thy ſhort-liv'd ſplendor on a puff depends;
And, ſoon as fate the ſtroke prepares,
The flaſh in duſt and nauſeous vapours ends.

On

On the REFINEMENTS in *Metaphyſical Philoſophy.*

An ODE.

I.

FALSE wiſdom, fly, with all thy *owls;
The duſt and cobwebs of the ſchools
For me have charms no more:
Tho groſs MINERVA of our days,
In mighty bulk my learn'd †Eſſays
Reads joyful o'er and o'er.

Led by her hand a length of time,
Thro' ſenſe and nonſenſe, proſe and rhyme,

* Formerly the bird of MINERVA, but by the moderns aſcribed to DULNESS.

† The Author, like others of greater name, had formerly attempted to demonſtrate matters of fact *à priori*.

I beat

I beat my painful way;
Long, long, revolv'd the myſtic page
Of many a *Dutch* and *German* Sage,
And hop'd at laſt for day.

III.

But, as the mole, hid under ground,
Still works more dark as more profound,
So all my toils were vain:
For truth and ſenſe indignant fly,
As far as ocean from the ſky,
From all the formal train.

IV.

The *STAGYRITE, whoſe fruitful quill
O'er free-born nature lords it ſtill,
Suſtain'd by form and phraſe
Of dire portent and ſolemn ſound,
Where meaning ſeldom can be found,
From me ſhall gain no praiſe,

V.

But you, who would be truly wiſe,
To nature's light unveil your eyes,

* ARISTOTLE, inventor of Syllogiſms, and as ſuch only, mentioned here.

Her

Her gentle call obey:
She leads by no falſe wand'ring glare,
No voice ambiguous ſtrikes your ear,
To bid you vainly ſtray.

VI.

Not in the gloomy cell recluſe,
For noble deeds or gen'rous views,
She bids us watch the night;
Fair virtue ſhines, to all diſplay'd,
Nor aſks the tardy *Schoolman*'s aid,
To teach us what is right.

VII.

Pleaſure and pain ſhe ſets in view,
And which to ſhun, and which purſue,
Inſtructs her pupil's heart:
Then, *letter'd Pride*, ſay, what they gain,
To maſk, with ſo much fruitleſs pain,
Thy ignorance with art?

VIII.

Thy ſtiff grimace and awful tone
An idiot's wonder move alone;

And,

And, ſpite of all thy rules,
The wiſe in ev'ry age conclude
Thy faireſt proſpects, rightly view'd,
The Paradiſe of Fools.

IX.

The gameſter's hope when doom'd to loſe,
The joys of wine, the wanton's vows,
The faithleſs calm at ſea,
The courtier's word, the croud's applauſe,
The Jeſuit's faith, the ſenſe of laws,
Are not more falſe than thee.

X.

Bleſt he! who ſees, without ſurprize,
The various ſyſtems fall and riſe,
And ſhifts the fickle gale;
While all their utmoſt force exert,
To wound the foe's unguarded part,
And all alike prevail.

XI.

Thus (ſacred *Bards of yore have ſung)
High heav'n with martial clamours rung,

* See HOMER,

And

And deeds of mortal wrath;
When cranes and pygmies glory ſought,
And in the fields of æther fought,
With mutual wounds and death.

XII.

Let Logic's ſons, mechanic throng!
Their *ſyllogiſtic war* prolong,
And reaſon's empire boaſt:
Inſhrin'd in deep congenial gloom,
Eternal wrangling be their doom,
To truth and nature loſt!

XIII.

Amus'd by fancy's fleeting fire,
Let *MALEBRANCHE ſtill for *Truth* inquire,
And rack his aching ſight:
While the coy goddeſs wings her way,
To ſcenes of uncreated day,
Abſorb'd in dazzling light.

* He thought the medium, by which ſenſible perceptions were conveyed to us, was God; in whoſe eſſence truth was ſeen, as in a mirror.

XIV.

With firmer ſtep and graver guiſe,
Whilſt *Locke in conſcious triumph tries
Her dwelling to explore;
Swift ſhe eludes his ardent chace,
A ſhadow courts his fond embrace,
Which †Hobbes careſs'd before.

XV.

Let ‡Dodwell with the *Fathers* join,
To ſtrip of energy divine
The heav'n-deſcended ſoul;
The *teſt of ſenſe* let ‖Berkley ſcorn,
And both on borrow'd pinions borne,
Annihilate the whole.

XVI.

In Academic vales retir'd,
With Plato's *love* and *beauty* fir'd,

* His account of virtue differs not much from that of the *Leviathan*.

† Author of the laſt-mentioned piece; who denied the diſtinction between vice and virtue, and affirmed power and right to be the ſame.

‡ He attempted to prove the Natural Mortality of the Soul, and quoted the Fathers in favour of his opinion.

‖ Author of Dialogues on the Non-exiſtence of Matter.

My

My ſteps let candour guide;
By tenets vain unprepoſſeſt,
Thoſe lawleſs tyrants of the breaſt,
Offspring of zeal and pride!

XVII.

Or, while thro' nature's walks I ſtray,
Would Truth's bright ſource emit one ray,
And all my ſoul inflame;
Creation, and her bounteous laws,
Her order fix'd, her glorious cauſe,
Should be my fav'rite theme.

To Mrs. *R*——

On the Death of a promiſing INFANT.

An ODE.

I.

WHILE, touch'd with all thy tender pain,
The muſes breathe a mournful ſtrain,

O! lift thy languid eye!
O! deign a calm auſpicious ear;
The muſe ſhall yield thee tear for tear,
And mingle ſigh with ſigh.

II.

Not for the *Thracian* bard, whoſe lyre
Could rocks and woods with ſoul inſpire,
By jealous fury ſlain,
While murm'ring on his trembling tongue
EURYDICE imperfect hung,
The nine could more complain.

III.

Ah! ſay, harmonious ſiſters, ſay;
When ſwift, to pierce the lovely prey,
Fate took its cruel aim;
When languiſh'd ev'ry tender grace,
Each op'ning bloom that ting'd his face,
And pangs convuls'd his frame:

IV.

Say, could no ſong of melting woe,
Revoke the keen determin'd blow,

That clos'd his ſparkling eye?
Thus roſes oft, by early doom,
Robb'd of their bluſh and ſweet perfume,
Grow pale, recline, and die.

V.

Pale, pale and cold the beauteous frame!
Nor ſalient pulſe, nor vital flame,
A mother's hopes reſtore:
In vain keen anguiſh tears her breaſt,
By ev'ry tender mark expreſt,
He lives, he ſmiles no more!

VI.

Such is the fate of human kind;
The faireſt form, the brighteſt mind,
Can no exemption know:
The mighty mandate of the ſky,
"That man when born begins to die,"
Extends to all below.

VII.

In vain a mother's pray'rs aſcend,
Should nature to her ſorrows lend

The native voice of ſmart;
In vain would plaints their force eſſay
To hold precarious life one day,
Or fate's dread hand avert.

VIII.

Fix'd as the rock that braves the main,
Fix'd as the poles that all ſuſtain,
Its purpoſe ſtands ſecure:
The humbled Hynd who toils for bread,
The ſceptred hand, the laurel'd head,
Alike confeſs its pow'r.

IX.

Since time began, the ſtream of woes
Along its rapid current flows;
Still ſwells the groan profound:
While age, re-echoing ſtill to age,
Tranſmits the annals of its rage,
And points the recent wound.

X.

When human hopes ſublimeſt tow'r,
Then, wanton in th' exceſs of pow'r,

The

The tyrant throws them down;
The orphan early robb'd of aid,
The widow'd wife, the plighted maid,
His ſable triumph crown.

XI.

At length to life and joy return;
Man was not deſtin'd ſtill to mourn,
A prey to endleſs pain:
Heav'n's various hand, the heart to form,
With bliſs and anguiſh, calm and ſtorm,
Diverſifies the ſcene:

XII.

But hides with care from human eyes,
What bliſs beyond this proſpect lies!
Leſt we, with life oppreſt,
Should grieve its burden to endure,
And, with excurſion premature,
Purſue eternal reſt.

XIII.

From diſappointment, grief, and care,
From ev'ry pang of ſharp deſpair,

Thy charmer wings his way;
And, while new ſcenes his boſom fire,
He learns to ſtrike the golden lyre,
And heav'n reſounds his lay.

XIV.

Lo! where his ſacred reliques lie,
Immortal guardians from the ſky
Their ſilver wings diſplay;
Till, bright emerging from the tomb,
They riſe to heav'n, their deſtin'd home,
And hail eternal day.

An ODE.

Written when Sick.

O Prime of life! O taſte of joy!
Whither ſo early do you fly?
Scarce half your tranſient ſweetneſs known,
Why are you vaniſh'd ere full-blown?

THE beauteous progeny of ſpring,
That tinge the zephyr's fragrant wing,
Each tender bloom, each ſhort-liv'd flow'r,
Still flouriſh till their deſtin'd hour:
Your winter too, too ſoon will come,
And chill in death your vernal bloom.

ON my wan cheek the colour dies,
Suffus'd and languid roll mine eyes;
Cold horrors thrill each ſick'ning vein;
Deed broken ſighs my boſom ſtrain;
The ſalient pulſe of health gives o'er,
And life and pleaſure are no more.

TO HEALTH,

An ODE.

MOTHER of all human joys,
Roſy cheeks, and ſparkling eyes;
In whoſe train, for ever gay,
Smiling Loves and Graces play;

If complaints thy ſoul can move,
Or muſic charm, the voice of love!
Hither, Goddeſs, ere too late,
Turn, and ſtop impending fate.

Over earth, and ſea, and ſky,
Bid thy airy heralds fly;
With each balm which nature yields,
From the gardens, groves, and fields,
From each flow'r of varied hue,
From each herb that ſips the dew,
From each tree of fragrant bloom,
Bid the gales their wings perfume;
And, around fair Celia's head,
All the mingled incenſe ſhed:
Till each living ſweetneſs riſe,
Paint her cheeks, and arm her eyes,
Mild as ev'ning's humid ray,
Yet awful as the blaze of day.

Celia if the fates reſtore,
Love and beauty weep no more:
But if they ſnatch the lovely prize,
All that's fair in Celia dies.

To a little GIRL whom I had offended;

An ODE.

Written at Twelve Years of Age.

HOW long ſhall I attempt in vain
Thy ſmiles, my angel, to regain?
I'll kiſs your hand, I'll weep, I'll kneel:
Will nought, fair tyrant, reconcile?

THAT goldfinch, with her painted wings,
Which gayly looks, and ſweetly ſings;
That, and if aught I have more fine,
All, all, my charmer, ſhall be thine.

WHEN next Mamma ſhall prove ſevere,
I'll interpoſe, and ſave my dear.
Soften, my fair, thoſe angry eyes,
Nor tear thy heart with broken ſighs:
Think, while that tender breaſt they ſtrain,
For thee what anguiſh I ſuſtain.

Should but thy fair companions view,
How ill that frown becomes thy brow;
With fear and grief in ev'ry eye,
Each would to each, aſtoniſh'd, cry,
Heav'ns! where is all her ſweetneſs flown!
How ſtrange a figure now ſhe's grown!
Run, Nancy, let us run, leſt we
Grow pettiſh aukward things, as ſhe.

'Tis done, 'tis done; my cherub ſmiles,
My griefs ſuſpends, my fears beguiles:
How the quick pleaſure heaves my breaſt!
Ah! ſtill be kind, and I'll be bleſt!

To LESBIA.

Tranſlated from Catullus.

THO' ſour loquacious age reprove,
Let us, my Lesbia, live for love:
For, when the ſhort-liv'd ſuns decline,
They but retire more bright to ſhine:

But

But we, when when fleeting life is o'er,
And light and love can bleſs no more;
Are raviſh'd from each dear delight,
To ſleep one long eternal night.
GIVE me of kiſſes balmy ſtore,
Ten thouſand, and ten thouſand more;
Still add ten thouſand, doubly ſweet;
The dear, dear number ſtill repeat:
And, when the ſum ſo high ſhall ſwell,
Scarce thought can reach, or tongue can tell;
Let us on kiſſes kiſſes croud,
Till number ſink in multitude;
Leſt our full bliſs ſhould limits know,
And others, numb'ring, envious grow.

A TRANS-

A TRANSLATION of An Old SCOTTISH SONG.

SINCE robb'd of all that charm'd my view,
Of all my ſoul e'er fancied fair,
Ye ſmiling native ſcenes, adieu!
With each delightful object there.

Ye vales, which to the raptur'd eye
Diſclos'd the flow'ry pride of May;
Ye circling hills, whoſe ſummits high
Bluſh'd with the morning's earlieſt ray:

Where, heedleſs oft how far I ſtray'd,
And pleas'd my ruin to purſue;
I ſung my dear, my cruel maid:
Adieu for ever! ah! adieu!

Ye

Ye dear aſſociates of my breaſt,
Whoſe hearts with ſpeechleſs ſorrow ſwell;
And thou with hoary age oppreſt,
Dear author of my life, farewel!

For me, alas! thy fruitleſs tears,
Far, far remote from friends and home,
Shall blaſt thy venerable years,
And bend thee pining to the tomb.

Sharp are the pangs by nature felt,
From dear relations torn away,
Yet ſharper pangs my vitals melt,
To hopeleſs love a deſtin'd preys:

While ſhe, as angry heav'n and main
Deaf to the helpleſs ſailor's pray'r,
Enjoys my ſoul-conſuming pain,
And wantons with my deep deſpair.

From curſed gold what ills ariſe!
What horrors life's fair proſpect ſtain!
Friends blaſt their friends with angry eyes,
And brothers bleed by brothers ſlain.

From

From curſed gold I trace my woe;
Could I this ſplendid miſchief boaſt,
Nor would my tears unpitied flow,
Nor would my ſighs in air be loſt.

Ah! when a mother's cruel care
Nurs'd me an infant on the breaſt,
Had early fate ſurpris'd me there,
And wrapt me in eternal reſt:

Then had this breaſt ne'er learn'd to beat,
And tremble with unpitied pain;
Nor had a maid's relentleſs hate,
Been, ev'n in death, deplor'd in vain.

Oft, in the pleaſing toils of love,
With ev'ry winning art I try'd
To catch the coyly flutt'ring dove,
With killing eyes, and plumy pride:

But, far on nimble pinions borne
From love's warm gales and flow'ry plains,
She ſought the northern climes of ſcorn,
Where ever-freezing winter reigns.

Ah

Ah me! had heav'n and ſhe prov'd kind,
Then full of age, and free from care,
How bleſt had I my life reſign'd,
Where firſt I breath'd this vital air!
But, ſince no flatt'ring hope remains,
Let me my wretched lot purſue:
Adieu, dear friends, and native ſcenes,
To all, but grief and love, adieu!

SONG:

To the Tune of the *Braes of Ballandyne*.

I.

BENEATH a green ſhade, a lovely young ſwain
One ev'ning reclin'd, to diſcover his pain;
So ſad, yet ſo ſweetly, he warbled his woe,
The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow:
Rude winds, with compaſſion, could hear him complain;
Yet CHLOE, leſs gentle, was deaf to his ſtrain.

II.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew!
Ere CHLOE's bright charms firſt flaſh'd in my view:
Theſe eyes then with pleaſure the dawn could ſurvey;
Nor ſmil'd the fair morning more chearful than they:
Now ſcenes of diſtreſs pleaſe only my ſight;
I'm tortur'd in pleaſure, and languiſh in light,

III.

Through changes in vain relief I purſue;
All, all but conſpire my griefs to renew:
From ſunſhine to zephyrs and ſhades we repair;
To ſunſhine we fly from too piercing an air:
But love's ardent fever burns always the ſame;
No winter can cool it, no ſummer inflame.

IV.

But ſee! the pale moon all clouded retires;
The breezes grow cool, not STREPHON's deſires:
I fly from the dangers of tempeſt and wind,
Yet nouriſh the madneſs that preys on my mind.
Ah wretch! how can life thus merit thy care,
Since length'ning its moments, but lengthens deſpair?

The

The RAVISH'D SHEPHERD.

A SONG.

I.

AZURE dawn, whoſe chearful ray
Bids all nature's beauties riſe,
Were thy glories doubly gay,
What art thou to CHLOE's eyes?
Boaſt no more thy roſy light,
If CHLOE ſmile thee into night.

II.

Gentle Spring, whoſe kind return
Spreads diffuſive pleaſure round,
Bids each breaſt enamour'd burn,
And each flame with bliſs be crown'd;
Should my CHLOE leave the plain,
Fell winter ſoon would blaſt thy reign.

III.

Ev'ry charm, whoſe high delight
  Senſe enjoys, or ſoul admires;
All that ardour can excite,
  All-excited love requires,
All that heav'n or earth call fair,
View CHLOE's face, and read it there.

A PASTORAL SONG.

SANDY, the gay, the blooming ſwain,
  Had lang frae love been free;
Lang made ilk heart that fill'd the plain
  Dance quick with harmleſs glee.

As blythſome lambs that ſcour the green,
  His mind was unconſtrain'd;
Nae face could ever fix his een,
  Nae ſang his ear detain'd.

Ah!

Ah! luckleſs youth! a ſhort-liv'd joy
Thy cruel fates decree;
Fell tods ſhall on thy lambkins prey,
And love mair fell on thee.

'Twas e'er the ſun exhal'd the dew,
Ae morn of chearful May,
Forth GIRZY walk'd, the flow'rs to view,
A flow'r mair ſweet than they!

Like ſun-beams ſheen her waving locks;
Her een like ſtars were bright;
The roſe lent bluſhes to her cheek;
The lily pureſt white.

Jimp was her waſte, like ſome tall pine
That keeps the woods in awe;
Her limbs like iv'ry columns turn'd,
Her breaſts like hills of ſnaw.

Her robe around her looſely thrown,
Gave to the ſhepherd's een,
What fearleſs innocence would ſhow;
The reſt was all unſeen.

He fix'd his look, he ſigh'd, he quak'd,
His colour went and came;
Dark grew his een, his ears reſound,
His breaſt was all on flame.

Nae mair yon glen repeats his ſang,
He jokes, and ſmiles nae mair;
Unplaited now his cravat hung,
Undreſt his cheſhut hair.

To him how lang the ſhorteſt night!
How dark the brighteſt day!
Till, with the ſlow conſuming fire,
His life was worn away.

Far, far frae ſhepherds and their flocks,
Oppreſt with care, he lean'd;
And, in a mirky, beachen ſhade,
To hills and dales thus plean'd:

At length, my wayward heart, return,
Too far, alas! aſtray:
Say, whence you caught that bitter ſmart,
Which works me ſuch decay.

Ay me! 'twas Love, 'twas GIRZY's charms,
That firſt began my woes;
Could he ſae ſaft, or ſhe ſae fair,
Prove ſuch relentleſs foes?

Fierce winter nips the ſweeteſt flower;
Keen lightning rives the tree;
Bleak mildew taints the faireſt crop,
And love has blaſted me.

Sagacious hounds the foxes chace;
The tender lambkins they;
Lambs follow cloſe their mother ewes,
And ewes the blooms of May.

Sith a' that live, with a' their might,
Some dear delight purſue;
Ceaſe, ruthleſs maid! to ſcorn the heart
That only pants for you.

Alas! for griefs, to her unken'd,
What pity can I gain?
And ſhould ſhe ken, yet love refuſe,
Could that redreſs my pain?

Come, death, my wan, my frozen bride,
Ah! cloſe theſe wearied eyes:
But death the happy ſtill purſues,
Still from the wretched flies.

Could wealth avail; what wealth is mine
Her high-born mind to bend?
Her's are thoſe wide delightful plains,
And her's the flocks I tend.

What tho', whene'er I tun'd my pipe,
Glad fairies heard the ſound,
And, clad in freſheſt April green,
Aft tript the circle round:

Break, landward clown, thy dinſome reed,
And brag thy ſkill nae mair:
Can aught that gies na GIRZY joy,
Be worth thy lighteſt care?

Adieu! ye harmleſs ſportive flocks!
Who now your lives ſhall guard?
Adieu! my faithful dog, who oft
The pleaſing vigil ſhar'd;

Adieu,

Adieu, ye plains, and light, anes ſweet,
Now painful to my view:
Adieu to life; and thou, mair dear,
Who caus'd my death; adieu!

On the DEATH of *STELLA:*
A PASTORAL.

Inſcrib'd to her Siſter.

See on thoſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Thoſe cheeks now faded at the blaſt of death:
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world before;
And thoſe love-darting eyes ſhall roll no more, POPE.

NOW purple ev'ning ting'd the blue ſerene,
And milder breezes fann'd the verdant plain;
Beneath a blaſted oak's portentous ſhade,
To ſpeak his grief, a penſive ſwain was laid:
Birds ceas'd to warble at the mournful ſound;
The laughing landſkip ſadden'd all around:

For

For STELLA's fate he breath'd his tuneful moan,
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone;
O thou! by ſtronger ties than blood ally'd,
Who dy'd to pleaſure, when a *ſiſter dy'd;
Thou living image of thoſe charms we loſt,
Charms which exulting nature once might boaſt!
Indulge the plaintive muſe, whoſe ſimple ſtrain
Repeats the heart-felt anguiſh of the ſwain:
For STELLA's fate thus flow'd his tuneful moan,
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

ARE happineſs and joy for ever fled,
Nor haunt the twilight grove, nor ſunny glade?
Ah! fled for ever from my longing eye;
With STELLA born, with STELLA too they die:
Die, or with me your brighteſt image moan;
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

SWEET to the thirſty tongue the chryſtal ſtream,
To nightly wand'rers ſweet the morning beam;
Sweet to the wither'd graſs the gentle ſhow'r;
To the fond lover ſweet the nuptial hour;

* Mrs. M'CULLOCH, a Lady diſtinguiſhed for every perſonal grace and qualification of mind, which could adorn her ſex and nature.

Sweet

Sweet fragrant gardens to the lab'ring bee,
And lovely STELLA once was heav'n to me:
That heav'n is faded, and thoſe joys are flown,
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

AH! where is now that form which charm'd my ſight?
Ah! where that wiſdom, ſparkling heav'nly bright?
Ah! where that ſweetneſs like the lays of ſpring,
When breathe its flow'rs, and all its warblers ſing?
Now fade, ye flow'rs, ye warblers, join my moan;
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

AH me! tho' winter deſolate the field,
Again ſhall flow'rs their blended odours yield;
Again ſhall birds the vernal ſeaſon hail,
And beauty paint, and muſic charm the vale:
But ſhe no more to bleſs me ſhall appear;
No more her angel voice enchant my ear;
No more her angel ſmile relieve my moan:
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

HE ceas'd; for mighty grief his voice ſuppreſt,
Chill'd all his veins, and ſtruggled in his breaſt;

From

From his wan cheek the roſy tincture flies;
The luſtre languiſh'd in his cloſing eyes:
Too ſoon ſhall life return, unhappy ſwain!
If, with returning ſenſe, returns thy pain.
Hills, woods, and ſtreams, reſound the ſhepherd's moan;
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

A PASTORAL.

Inſcribed to EUANTHE.

WHILST I rehearſe unhappy DAMON's lays,
At which his fleecy charge forgot to graze,
With drooping heads and griev'd attention, ſtood,
Nor friſk'd the green, nor ſought the neighb'ring flood;
Eſſential Sweetneſs! deign with me to ſtray,
Where yon cloſe ſhades exclude the heat of day;
Or where yon fountain murmurs ſoft along,
Mixt with his tears, and vocal to his ſong;
There hear the ſad relation of his fate,
And pity all the pains thy charms create.

CLOSE

CLOSE in th' adjacent ſhade, conceal'd from view,
I ſtaid, and heard him thus his griefs purſue.

AWAKE, my muſe! the ſoft *Sicilian* ſtrain;
Mild gleams the purple ev'ning o'er the plain;
Mild fan the breezes, mild the waters flow,
And heav'n and earth an equal quiet know;
With eaſe the ſhepherds and their flocks are bleſt,
And ev'ry grief, but mine, conſents to reſt.

AWAKE, my muſe, the ſoft *Sicilian* ſtrain;
Sicilian numbers may delude my pain:
The thirſty field, with ſcorching heat devours,
Is ne'er ſupply'd, tho' heav'n deſcend in ſhow'rs:
From flow'r to flow'r the bee ſtill plies her wing,
Of ſweets inſatiate, tho' ſhe drain the ſpring:
Still from thoſe eyes love calls their liquid ſtore,
And, when their currents fail, ſtill thirſts for more.

AWAKE, my muſe! the ſoft *Sicilian* ſtrain:
Yet why to ruthleſs ſtorms ſhould I complain?
Deaf ſtorms and death itſelf complaints may move,
But groans are muſic to the tyrant Love.

O Love!

O Love! thy genius and thy force I know,
Thy burning torch, and peſtilential bow:
From ſome fermented tempeſt of the main,
At once commenc'd thy being, and thy reign;
Nurs'd by fell harpies in ſome howling wood,
Inur'd to ſlaughter, and regal'd with blood:
Relentleſs miſchief! at whoſe dire command,
A mother ſtain'd with filial blood her hand:
Curſt boy! curſt mother! which moſt impious, ſay,
She who could wound, or he who could betray?

AWAKE, my muſe! the ſoft *Sicilian* ſtrain:
From love thoſe ſighs I breathe, thoſe plagues ſuſtain.
Why did I firſt EUANTHE's charms admire,
Bleſs the ſoft ſmart, and fan the growing fire?
Why, happy ſtill my danger to conceal,
Could I no ruin fear, till ſure to feel?
So ſeeks the ſwain by night his doubtful way,
Led by th' inſidious meteor's fleeting ray;
Still on, attracted by th' illuſive beam,
He tempts the faithleſs marſh, or fatal ſtream:
Away with ſcorn the laughing Daemon flies,
While ſhades eternal ſeal the wretch's eyes.

AWAKE,

AWAKE, my muſe! the ſoft *Sicilian* ſtrain;
Ah! can no laſt, no darling hope remain,
Round which my ſoul with all her ſtrength may twine,
And, tho' but flatter'd, call the treaſure mine?
Wretch! to the charmer's ſphere canſt thou aſcend,
Or dar'ſt thou fancy ſhe to thine will bend?
Say, ſhall the chirping graſhopper aſſume
The varied accent, and the ſoaring plume;
Or ſhall that oak, the talleſt of his race,
Stoop to his root, and meet yon ſhrub's embrace?
AWAKE, my muſe! the ſoft *Sicilian* ſtrain;
Thoſe pallid cheeks how long ſhall ſorrow ſtain?
Well I remember, O my ſoul! too well,
When, in the ſnare of fate I thoughtleſs fell:
Languid and ſick, ſhe ſought the diſtant ſhade,
Where, led by love or deſtiny, I ſtray'd:
There, from the nymphs retir'd, depreſs'd ſhe lay,
To unremitting pain a ſmiling prey:
Ev'n then I ſaw her, as an angel, bright;
I ſaw, I lov'd, I periſh'd at the ſight;
I ſigh'd, I bluſh'd, I gaz'd with fix'd ſurpriſe,
And all my ſoul hung raptur'd in my eyes.

FOR-

FORBEAR, my muſe! the ſoft *Sicilian* ſtrain;
Which heav'n beſtows, and art refines, in vain:
What tho' the heav'n-born muſe my temples ſhade
With wreaths of fame, and bays that never fade?
What tho' the Sylvan pow'rs, while I complain,
Attend my flocks, and patronize my ſtrain?
On me my ſtars, not gifts, but ills beſtow,
And all the change I feel, is change of woe.

BUT ſee yon rock projected o'er the main,
Whoſe giddy proſpect turns the gazer's brain:
Object is loſt beneath its vaſt profound,
And deep and hoarſe below the ſurges ſound:
Oft, while th' unthinking world is loſt in ſleep,
My ſable genius tempts me to the ſteep;
In fancy's view bids endleſs horrors move,
A barren fortune, and a hopeleſs love.
Life has no charms for me; why longer ſtay?
I hear the gloomy mandate, and obey.
What! fall the victim of a mean deſpair,
And crown the triumph of the cruel fair?
No, let me once ſome conſcious merit ſhow,
And tell the world, I can ſurvive my woe.

FOR-

FORBEAR, my muſe! the ſoft *Sicilian* ſtrain:
Fool! wretched fool! what frenzy fires thy brain?
See, choak'd with weeds, thy languid flow'rs recline,
Thy ſheep unguarded, and unprop'd thy vine.
At length recall'd, to toil thy hands inure,
Or weave the baſket, or the fold ſecure.

WHAT tho' her cheeks a living bluſh diſplay,
Pure as the dawn of heav'n's unclouded day;
Tho' love from ev'ry glance an arrow wings,
And all the muſes warble, when ſhe ſings?
Forbear, my muſe! the ſoft *Sicilian* ſtrain;
Some nymph, as fair, a ſprightlier note may gain:
There are who know to prize more genuine charms,
Which genius brightens, and which virtue warms:
Forbear, my muſe! the ſoft *Sicilian* ſtrain;
Some nymph, as fair, may ſmile, tho' ſhe diſdain.

The PLAINTIVE SHEPHERD.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

Eheu! quid volui miſero mihi? floribus auſtrum
Perditus, et liquidis immiſi fontibus apros. VIRG.

COLIN, whoſe lays the ſhepherds all admire,
For PHOEBE long conſum'd with hopeleſs fire;
Nor durſt his tongue the hidden ſmart convey,
Nor tears the torment of his ſoul betray:
But to the wildneſs of the woods he flies,
And vents his grief in unregarded ſighs:
Ye conſcious woods, who ſtill the ſound retain,
Repeat the tuneful ſorrows of the ſwain.

AND muſt I periſh then, ah cruel maid!
To early fate, by love of thee, betray'd?
And can no tender art thy ſoul ſubdue,
Me, dying me, with milder eyes to view?

The

The flow'r that withers in its op'ning bloom,
Robb'd of its charming dyes, and ſweet perfume;
The tender lamb that prematurely pines,
And life's untaſted joys at once reſigns;
For theſe thy tears in copious tributes flow,
For theſe thy boſom heaves with tender woe?
And canſt thou then with tears their fate ſurvey,
While, blaſted by thy coldneſs, I decay?

AND now the ſwains each to their cots are fled,
And not a warble echoes thro' the mead;
Now to their folds the panting flocks retreat,
Scorch'd with the ſummer noon's relentleſs heat:
From ſummer's heat the ſhades a refuge prove;
But what can ſhield my heart from fiercer love?
All-bounteous nature taught the fertile field,
For all our other ills a balm to yield;
But love the ſharpeſt pang the ſoul ſuſtains,
Still cruel love incurable remains.

YET, dear deſtroyer! yet my ſuff'rings hear:
By love's kind look, and pity's ſacred tear,

By the ſtrong griefs that in my boſom roll,
By all the native goodneſs of thy ſoul,
Regard my bloom declining to the grave,
And, like eternal Mercy, ſmile and ſave.

What tho' no ſounding names my race adorn,
Suſtain'd by labour, and obſcurely born;
With faireſt flow'rs the humble vales are ſpread,
Whilſt endleſs tempeſts beat the mountain's head.
What tho' by fate no riches are my ſhare;
Riches are parents of eternal care;
While, in the lowly hut and ſilent grove,
Content plays ſmiling with her ſiſter love.
What tho' no native charms my perſon grace,
Nor beauty moulds my form, nor paints my face;
The ſweeteſt fruit may often pall the taſte,
While ſloes and brambles yield a ſafe repaſt.

Ah! prompt to hope, forbear thy fruitleſs ſtrain;
Thy hopes are frantic, and thy lays are vain.
Say, can thy ſong appeaſe the ſtormy deep,
Or lull th' impetuous hurricane aſleep?
Thy numbers then her ſtedfaſt ſoul may move,
And change the purpoſe of determin'd love.

Die,

DIE, COLIN, die, nor groan with life oppreſt;
Another image triumphs in her breaſt;
Another ſoon ſhall call the fair his own,
And heav'n and fate ſeem pleas'd their vows to crown.

ARISE, MENALCAS, with the dawn ariſe:
For thee thy PHOEBE looks with longing eyes;
For thee the ſhepherds, a delighted throng,
Wake the ſoft reed, and hymeneal ſong;
For thee the haſty virgins rob the ſpring,
And, wrought with care, the nuptial garland bring.

ARISE, MENALCAS, with the dawn ariſe;
Ev'n time for thee with double ſwiftneſs flies:
Hours urging hours, with all their ſpeed retire,
To give thy ſoul whate'er it can deſire.

YET, when the prieſt prepares the rites divine,
And when her trembling hand is claſp'd in thine,
Let not thy heart too ſoon indulge its joys;
But think on him whom thy delight deſtroys!
Thee too he lov'd; to thee his ſimple heart,
With eaſy faith and fondneſs breath'd its ſmart:

So fools their flocks to ſanguine wolves reſign,
So truſt the cunning fox to prune the vine.
Think thou behold'ſt him from ſome gaping wound
Effuſe his ſoul, and ſtain with blood the ground:
Think, while to earth his pale remains they bear,
His friends with ſhrieking ſorrow pierce thine ear:
Or, to ſome torrent's headlong rage a prey,
Think thou behold'ſt him floating to the ſea.

But now the ſun declines his radiant head,
And riſing hills project a length'ning ſhade:
Again to browze the green the flocks return,
Again the ſwains to ſport, and I to mourn:
I homeward too muſt bend my painful way,
Leſt old Damoetas ſternly chide my ſtay.

DESIDERIUM LUTETIÆ:

From BUCHANNAN,

An *Allegorical* PASTORAL,

In which he regrets his Abſence from *Paris*,

IMITATED.

WHILE far remote, thy ſwain, dear CHLOE! ſighs,
Depriv'd the vital ſunſhine of thine eyes;
Seven ſummer heats already warm the plains;
In ſtorms and ſnow the ſeventh bleak winter reigns:
Yet not ſeven years revolving ſad and ſlow,
Nor ſummer's heats, nor winter's ſtorms and ſnow,
Can to my ſoul the ſmalleſt eaſe procure
Or free from Love and Care one tedious hour.

THEE, when from heav'n deſcend the dews of morn,
To crop the verdant mead when flocks return;

Thee, when the ſun has compaſs'd half his way,
And darts around unſufferable day;
Thee, when the ev'ning, o'er the world diſplay'd,
From riſing hills projects a length'ning ſhade;
Thee ſtill I ſing, unweary'd of my theme,
Source of my ſong, and object of my flame!
Ev'n night, in whoſe dark boſom nature laid,
Appears one blank, one undiſtinguiſh'd ſhade,
Ev'n night in vain, with all her horrors, tries
To blot thy lovely form from fancy's eyes,

When ſhort-liv'd ſlumbers, long invok'd, deſcend,
To ſooth each care, and ev'ry ſenſe ſuſpend,
Full to my ſight once more thy charms appear;
Once more my ardent vows ſalute thine ear;
Once more my anxious ſoul, awake to bliſs,
Feels, hears, detains thee in her cloſe embrace:
In flutt'ring, thrilling glowing tranſport toſt,
Till ſenſe itſelf in keen delight is loſt.

From ſleep I wake; but oh! how chang'd the ſcene!
The charms illuſive, and the pleaſure vain!
The day returns; but ah! returning day,
When ev'ry grief but mine admits allay,

On

On theſe ſad eyes its glory darts in vain;
Its light reſtor'd, reſtores my ſoul to pain.

THE houſe I fly, impell'd by wild deſpair,
As if my griefs could only find me there.
Loſt to the world, thro' lonely fields I rove;
Vain wiſh! to fly from deſtiny and love!

BY wayward frenzy's reſtleſs impulſe led,
Through devious wilds, with heedleſs courſe, I tread:
The cave remote, the duſky wood explore,
Where human ſtep was ne'er impreſt before:
And, with the native accents of deſpair,
Fatigue the conſcious rocks, and deſart air.
Kind Echo, faithful to my plaints alone,
Sighs all my ſighs, and groans to ev'ry groan.
The ſtreams, familiar to the voice of woe,
Each mournful found remurmur as they flow.

OFT on ſome rock diſtracted I complain,
Which hangs projected o'er the ruffled main:
Oft view the azure ſurges as they roll,
And to deaf ſtorms effuſe my frantic ſoul.

" Attend my ſorrows, O caerulean tide!
" Ye blue-ey'd nymphs that thro' the billows glide,
" Oh! waft me gently o'er your rough domain;
" Let me at length my darling coaſt attain:
" Or, if my wiſhes thus too much implore,
" Shipwreck'd and gaſping let me reach the ſhore.
" While waſh'd along the floods I hold my way,
" To ev'ry wind and ev'ry wave a prey,
" Dear hope and love ſhall bear my ſtruggling frame,
" And unextinguiſh'd keep the vital flame."

Oft to the haſt'ning zephyrs have I ſaid:
" You, happy gales! ſhall fan my lovely maid.
" So may no pointed rocks your wings deform;
" So may your ſpeedy journey meet no ſtorm.
" As ſoft you whiſper round my heav'nly fair,
" Play on her breaſt, or wanton with her hair;
" Faithful to love, the tender meſſage bear,
" And breathe my endleſs ſorrows in her ear."

How oft rough *Eurus* have I aſk'd in vain!
As with ſwift wings he bruſh'd the foamy main:

" Bleſt

" Bleſt wind! who late my diſtant charmer view'd,
" Say, has her ſoul no other wiſh purſu'd?
" With mutual fire, ſay, does her boſom glow;
" Feels ſhe my wound, and pities ſhe my woe?"

HEEDLESS of all my tears, and all I ſay,
The winds, with bluſt'ring fury, wing their way.
A freezing horror, and a chilling pain,
Shoots thro' my heart, and ſtagnates ev'ry vein.
No rural pleaſures yield my ſoul relief;
No melting ſhepherd's pipe conſoles my grief:
The choral nymphs, that dancing chear the plain,
And Fauns, tho' ſweet their ſong, yet ſing in vain.
Deaf to the voice of joy, my tortur'd mind
Can only room for love and anguiſh find:
By theſe my ſoul and all its wiſhes caught,
Can to no other object yield a thought.

LYCISCA, ſkilful with her lyre to move
Each tender wiſh, and melt the ſoul to love:
MELAENIS too, with ev'ry ſweetneſs crown'd,
By nature form'd with ev'ry glance to wound:
With emulation both my love purſue,
And both, with winning arts, my paſſion woo.

The

The freſheſt bloom of youth their cheeks diſplay;
Their eyes are arm'd with beauty's keeneſt ray;
Av'rice itſelf might count their fleecy ſtore,
(A prize beyond its wiſh!) and pant no more.

Me oft their dow'rs each gen'rous ſire has told,
An hundred playful younglings from the fold,
Each with its dam; their mother's promiſe more,
And oft, and long, with ſecret gifts, implore.
Me nor an hundred playful younglings move,
Each with its dam; nor wealth can bribe my love;
Nor all the griefs th' imploring mothers ſhow;
Nor all the ſecret gifts they would beſtow;
Nor all the tender things the nymphs can ſay;
Nor all the ſoft deſires the nymphs betray.

As winter to the ſpring in beauty yields,
Languor to health, and rocks to verdant fields;
As the fair virgin's cheek, with roſy dye
Bluſhing delight, with lightning arm'd her eye,
Beyond her mother's faded form appears,
Mark'd with the wrinkles and the ſnow of years;

As

As beauteous Tweed, and wealth-importing Thames,
Flow each the envy of their country's ſtreams:
So, loveliеſt of her ſex, my heav'nly maid
Appears, and all their fainter glories fade.

MELAENIS, whom love's ſoft inchantments arm,
Replete with charms, and conſcious of each charm,
Oft on the glaſſy ſtream, with raptur'd eyes,
Surveys her form in mimic ſweetneſs riſe;
Oft, as the waters pleas'd reflect her face,
Adjuſts her locks, and heightens ev'ry grace:
Oft thus ſhe tries, with all her tuneful art,
To reach the ſoft acceſſes of my heart.
" Unhappy ſwain, whoſe wiſhes fondly ſtray,
" To ſlow-conſuming fruitleſs fires a prey!
" Say, will thoſe ſighs and tears for ever flow
" In hopeleſs torment, and determin'd woe?
" Our fields, by nature's bounty bleſt, as thine
" The mellow apple yield, and purple vine;
" Thoſe too thou lov'ſt; their free enjoyment ſhare,
" Nor plant vain tedious hopes, and reap deſpair."

Me oft *Lyciſca*, in the feſtive train,
Views, as ſhe lightly bounds along the plain:
Straight, with diſſembled ſcorn, away ſhe flies;
Yet ſtill on me obliquely turns her eyes:
While, to the muſic of her trembling ſtrings,
Amidſt the dance ſweet warbling, thus ſhe ſings:
" No tears the juſt revenge of heav'n can move;
" Heav'n's juſt revenge will puniſh ſlighted love.
" I've ſeen a huntſman, active as the morn,
" Salute her earlieſt bluſh with ſounding horn;
" Purſue the bounding ſtag with op'ning cries,
" And ſlight the timid hare, his eaſy prize:
" Then, with the ſetting ſun, his hounds reſtrain;
" Nor bounding ſtag, nor timid hare, obtain.
" I've ſeen the ſportſman latent nets diſplay,
" To catch the feather'd warblers of the ſpray;
" Deſpiſe the finch that flutter'd round in air,
" And court the ſweeter linnet to his ſnare:
" Yet weary, cold, ſucceſsleſs, leave the plain;
" Nor painted finch, nor ſweeter linnet, gain.

" I've

"I've ſeen a youth the poliſh'd pipe admire,
"And ſcorn the ſimple reed the ſwains inſpire;
"The ſimple reed yet chears each tuneful ſwain;
"While ſtill unbleſt the ſcorner pipes in vain.
"Thus righteous heav'n chaſtiſes wanton pride,
"And bids intemp'rate inſolence ſubſide."

THUS breathe the am'rous nymphs their fruitleſs pain,
In ears impervious to the ſofteſt ſtrain.
But firſt with trembling lambs the wolf ſhall graze;
Firſt hawks with linnets join in ſocial lays;
Firſt ſhall the tiger's ſanguine thirſt expire,
And tim'rous fawns the lion fierce admire;
Ere, with her lute *Lyciſca* taught to charm,
This deſtin'd heart ere ſoft MELAENIS warm.
Firſt ſhall the finny nation leave the flood,
Shadows the hills, and birds the vocal wood;
The winds ſhall ceaſe to breathe, the ſtreams to flow;
Ere my deſires another object know.
This infant boſom, yet in love untaught,
From CHLOE firſt the pleaſing ardor caught:

CHLOE

CHLOE ſhall ſtill its faithful empire claim,
Its firſt ambition, and its lateſt aim!
Till ev'ry wiſh, and ev'ry hope be o'er,
And life and love inſpire my frame no more.

PHILAN-

PHILANTHES:

A

MONODY,

Inſcribed to Miſs D-----Y H-------Y;

Occaſioned by a ſeries of intereſting events which happened at *Dumfries* on *Friday, June* 12, 1752, particularly that of her Father's death.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
Cantus MELPOMENE, *cui liquidam pater*
Vocem cum cithara dedit. HORAT.

ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Addreſs to Miſs H—Y. *General reflexions inſpir'd by the ſubject, and previous to it. The ſcene opens with a proſpect of Mrs.* M—N's *funeral ſolemnity: and changes to the untimely fate of a beautiful youth, ſon to Mr.* J—S H—LL, *whoſe early genius, quick progreſs in learning, and gentle diſpoſitions, inſpired his friends with the higheſt expectations of his riper attainments. Tranſition to the death of Dr.* J—S H—Y *Phyſician: his character as ſuch: the general ſorrow occaſioned by his fate: his character as a friend, as particularly qualified to ſooth diſtreſs; as a Gentleman; as an huſband; as a father: his loſs conſidered in all theſe relations, particularly as ſuſtained by Miſs* H—Y: *her tender care of him during his ſickneſs deſcribed. The piece concludes with an apotheoſis, in imitation of* VIRGIL'S DAPHNIS.

I.

A SWAIN, whoſe ſoul the tuneful nine inflame,
As to his weſtern goal the ſun declin'd,
Sung to the liſt'ning ſhades no common theme;
While the hoarſe breathings of the hollow wind,
And deep reſounding ſurge in concert join'd.
Deep was the ſurge, and deep the plaintive ſong,
While all the ſolemn ſcene in mute attention hung.

NOR

NOR thou, fair victim of ſo juſt a woe!
Tho' ſtill the pangs of nature ſwell thy heart,
Diſdain the faithful muſe; whoſe numbers flow
Sacred, alas! to ſympathetic ſmart:
For in thy griefs the muſes claim a part;
'Tis all they can, in ſocial tears to mourn,
And deck with cypreſs wreaths thy dear paternal urn.

The ſwain began, while conſcious echoes round
Protract to ſadder length his doleful lay.
Roll on, ye ſtreams, in cadence more profound:
Ye humid vapours, veil the face of day:
O'er all the mournful plain
Let night and ſorrow reign:
For * Pan indignant from his fields retires,
Once haunts of gay delight;
Now every ſenſe they fright,
Reſound with ſhrieks of woe, and blaze with fun'ral fires.

II.

What tho' the radiant ſun and clement ſky
Alternate warmth and ſhow'rs diſpenſe below;

* God of ARCADIA, who peculiarly preſides over rural life.

Tho' ſpring preſages to the careful eye,
That autumn copious with her fruits ſhall glow?
For us in vain her choiceſt bleſſings flow:
To eaſe the bleeding heart, alas! in vain
Rich ſwells the purple grape, or waves the golden grain.

What ſummer-breeze, on ſwifteſt pinions borne,
From fate's relentleſs hand its prey can ſave?
What ſun in death's dark regions wake the morn,
Or warm the cold receſſes of the grave?
Ah wretched man! whoſe breaſt ſcarce learns to heave
With kindling life; when, ere thy bud is blown,
Eternal winter breathes, and all its ſweets are gone.

Thou all-enliv'ning flame, intenſely bright!
Whoſe ſacred beams illume each wand'ring ſphere,
That thro' high heav'n reflects thy trembling light,
Conducting round this globe the varied year;
As thou purſu'ſt thy way,
Let this revolving day,
Deep-ting'd with conſcious gloom, roll ſlow along:
In ſable pomp array'd,
Let night diffuſe her ſhade,
Nor ſport the chearleſs hind, nor chant the vocal throng.

III.

SCARCE, from the ardor of the mid-day gleam,
Had languid nature in the cool reſpir'd;
Scarce, by the margin of the ſilver ſtream,
Faint ſung the birds in verdant ſhades retir'd;
Scarce, o'er the thirſty field with ſun-ſhine fir'd,
Had ev'ning gales the ſportive wing eſſay'd,
When ſounds of hopeleſs woe the ſilent ſcene invade.

SOPHRONIA, long for ev'ry virtue dear
That grac'd the wife, the mother, or the friend,
Depriv'd of life, now preſs'd the mournful bier,
In ſad proceſſion to the tomb ſuſtain'd.
Ah me! in vain to heav'n and earth complain'd
With tender cries her num'rous orphan train;
The tears of wedded love profuſe were ſhed in vain.

FOR her, was grief on ev'ry face impreſs'd;
For her, each boſom heav'd with tender ſighs:
An huſband late with all her virtues bleſs'd,
And weeping race in ſad ideas riſe:
For her depreſs'd and pale,
Your charms, ye Graces, veil,

Whom to adorn was once your chief delight:
Ye virtues all deplore
Your image, now no more,
And * HYMEN quench thy torch in tears and endleſs night.

IV.

NOR yet theſe diſmal proſpects diſappear,
When o'er the weeping plain new horrors riſe,
And louder accents pierce each frighted ear,
Accents of grief imbitter'd by ſurprize!
Frantic with woe, at once the tumult flies,
To ſnatch ADONIS waſh'd along the ſtream,
And all th' extended bank re-echoes to his name.

RANG'D on the brink the weeping matrons ſtand,
The lovely wreck of fortune to ſurvey,
While o'er the flood he wav'd his beauteous hand,
Or in convulſive anguiſh ſtruggling lay.
By ſlow degrees they view'd his force decay,
In fruitleſs efforts to regain the ſhore:
They view'd and mourn'd his fate: O heav'n!
they could no more.

* God of marriage.

Ye

Ye *NAIADS, guardians of the fatal flood,
Was beauty, ſweetneſs, youth, no more your care?
For beauty, ſweetneſs, youth, your pity woo'd,
Pow'rful to charm, if fate could learn to ſpare.
Stretch'd on cold earth he lies;
While, in his cloſing eyes,
No more the heav'n-illumin'd luſtre ſhines;
His cheek, once nature's pride,
With blooming roſes dy'd,
To unrelenting fate its op'ning bluſh reſigns.

V.

DEAR hapleſs youth! what felt thy mother's heart,
When in her view thy lifeleſs form was laid?
Such anguiſh when the ſoul and body part,
Such agonizing pangs the frame invade.
Was there no hand, ſhe cry'd, my child to aid?
Could heav'n and earth unmov'd his fall ſurvey,
Nor from th' inſatiate waves redeem their lovely prey?

* River goddeſſes.

Did I for this my tend'reſt cares employ,
To nouriſh and improve thy early bloom?
Are all my riſing hopes, my promis'd joy,
Extinct in death's inexorable gloom?
No more ſhall life thoſe faded charms relume,
Dear rip'ning ſweetneſs! ſunk no more to riſe!
Thee nature mourns, like me, with fond maternal eyes.

Fortune and life, your gifts how inſecure!
How fair you promiſe! but how ill perform!
Like tender fruit, they periſh premature,
Scorch'd by the beam, or whelm'd beneath the ſtorm.
For thee a fate more kind,
Thy mother's hopes aſſign'd,
Than thus to ſink in early youth deplor'd;
But late thou fled'ſt my ſight,
Thy parent's dear delight!
And art thou to my arms, ah! art thou thus reſtor'd?

IV.

Severe theſe ills; yet heavier ſtill impend,
That wound with livelier grief the ſmarting ſoul:
As, ere the long-collected ſtorm deſcend,
Red lightnings flaſh, and thunder ſhakes the pole;

Porten-

Portentous, ſolemn, loud its murmurs roll:
While from the ſubject field the trembling hind
View inſtant ruin threat the labours of mankind.

FOR ſcarce the bitter ſigh and deep'ning groan
In fainter cadence dy'd away in air,
When, lo! by fate a deadlier ſhaft was thrown,
Which open'd ev'ry ſource of deep deſpair:
As yet our ſouls thoſe recent ſorrows ſhare,
Swift from th' adjacent field MENALCAS flies,
While grief impels his ſteps, and tears bedew his eyes.

WEEP on, he cry'd, let tears no meaſure know;
Hence from thoſe fields let pleaſure wing her way:
Ye ſhades be hallow'd from this hour to woe:
No more with ſummer's pride, ye meads be gay.
Ah! why, with ſweetneſs crown'd,
Should ſummer ſmile around?
PHILANTHES now is number'd with the dead:
Young health, all drown'd in tears,
A livid paleneſs wears;
Dim are her radiant eyes, and all her roſes fade.

VII.

HIM bright * HYGEIA, in life's early dawn,
Thro' nature's fav'rite walks with tranſport led,
Thro' woods umbrageous, or the op'ning lawn,
Or where freſh fountains lave the flow'ry mead:
There ſummer's treaſures to his view diſplay'd,
What herbs and flow'rs ſalubrious juice beſtow,
Along the lowly vale, or mountain's arduous brow.

THE paralytic nerve his art confeſs'd,
Quick-panting aſthma, and conſumption pale:
Corroſive pain he ſoften'd into reſt,
And bade the fever's rage no more prevail.
Unhappy art! decreed at laſt to fail,
Why linger'd then thy ſalutary pow'r,
Nor from a life ſo dear repell'd the deſtin'd hour?

YOUR griefs, O love and friendſhip, how ſevere!
When high to heav'n his ſoul purſu'd her flight;
Your moving plaints ſtill vibrate on my ear,
Still the ſad viſion ſwims before my ſight.

* Daughter of ÆSCULAPIUS, and goddeſs of health.

O'er all the mournful ſcene,
Inconſolable pain,
In ev'ry various form, appear'd expreſs'd:
The tear-diſtilling eye,
The long, deep, broken ſigh,
Diſſolv'd each tender ſoul, and heav'd in ev'ry breaſt.

VIII.

SUCH were their woes, and oh! how juſt, how due!
What tears could equal ſuch immenſe diſtreſs?
Time, cure of lighter ills, muſt ours renew,
And years the ſenſe of what we loſe increaſe.
From whom ſhall now the wretched hope redreſs?
Religion where a nobler ſubject find,
So favour'd of the ſkies, ſo dear to human kind?

FAIR friendſhip, ſmiling on his natal hour,
The babe ſelected in her ſacred train;
She bade him round diffuſive bleſſings ſhow'r,
And in his boſom fix'd her fav'rite fane,
In glory thence how long, yet how ſerene,
Her vital influence ſpreads its chearing rays!
Worth felt the genial beam, and ripen'd in the blaze.

As

As lucid ſtreams refreſh the ſmiling plain,
Op'ning the flow'rs that on their borders grow;
As grateful to the herb, deſcending rain,
That ſhrunk and wither'd in the ſolar glow:
So, when his voice was heard,
Affliction diſappear'd;
Pleaſure with raviſh'd ears imbib'd the ſound;
Grief with its ſweetneſs ſooth'd,
Each cloudy feature ſmooth'd,
And ever-waking care forgot th' eternal wound.

IX.

Such elegance of taſte, ſuch graceful eaſe,
Infus'd by heav'n, thro' all his manners ſhone;
In him it ſeem'd to join whate'er could pleaſe,
And plan the full perfection from its own:
He other fields and other ſwains had known,
Gentle as thoſe of old by * Phœbus taught,
When poliſh'd with his lute, like him they ſpoke and thought.

* He was ſaid to poliſh the ſwains, when, in revenge for forging the bolt which killed his ſon, he ſlew the Cyclops, and was doom'd to keep the flocks of Admetus.

THUS form'd alike to bleſs, and to be bleſs'd,
Such heav'nly graces kindred graces found;
Her gentle turn the ſame, the ſame her taſte,
With equal worth and equal candour crown'd:
Long may ſhe ſearch creation's ample round,
The joys of ſuch a friendſhip to explore;
But, once in him expir'd, to joy ſhe lives no more.

As nature to her works ſupremely kind,
His tender ſoul with all the parent glow'd;
On all his race, his goodneſs unconfin'd,
One full exhauſtleſs ſtream of fondneſs flow'd;
Pleas'd as each genius roſe
New proſpects to diſcloſe,
To form the mind, and raiſe its gen'rous aim;
His thoughts with virtue warm'd,
At once inſpir'd and charm'd;
His looks, his words, his ſmiles transfus'd the ſacred flame.

X.

SAY ye, whoſe minds for long revolving years
The joys of ſweet ſociety have known,
Whoſe mutual fondneſs ev'ry hour endears,

Whoſe

Whoſe pains, whoſe pleaſures, and whoſe ſouls, are one;

O! ſay, for you can judge, and you alone,
What anguiſh pierc'd his widow'd conſort's heart,
When from her dearer ſelf for ever doom'd to part.

His children to the ſcene of death repair,
While more than filial ſorrow bathes their eyes;
His ſmiles indulgent, his paternal care,
In ſadly-pleaſing recollection riſe;
But young DORINDA, with diſtinguiſh'd ſighs,
Effuſing all her ſoul in ſoft regret,
Seems, while ſhe mourns his loſs, to ſhare a father's fate.

WHETHER the day its wonted courſe renew'd,
Or midnight vigils wrapt the world in ſhade,
Her tender taſk aſſiduous ſhe purſu'd,
To ſooth his anguiſh, or his wants to aid;
To ſoften ev'ry pain,
The meaning look explain,
And ſcan the forming wiſh ere yet expreſs'd:
The dying father ſmil'd
With fondneſs on his child,
And, when his tongue was mute, his eyes her goodneſs bleſs'd.

AT

XI.

AT length, fair mourner! ceaſe thy riſing woe;
Its object ſtill ſurviving ſeeks the ſkies,
Where brighter ſuns in happier climates glow,
And ampler ſcenes with height'ning charms ſurpriſe;
There perfect life thy much-lov'd ſire enjoys,
The life of gods, exempt from grief and pain,
Where in immortal breaſts immortal tranſports reign,

YE mourning ſwains, your loud complaints forbear;
Still he, the Genius of our green retreat,
Shall with benignant care our labours chear,
And baniſh far each ſhock of adverſe fate;
Mild ſuns and gentle ſhow'rs on ſpring ſhall wait,
His hand with ev'ry fruit ſhall autumn ſtore:
In heav'n your patron reigns, ye ſhepherds, weep no more.

HENCEFORTH his pow'r ſhall with your * LARES join,
To bid your cots with peace and pleaſure ſmile;
To bid diſeaſe and languor ceaſe to pine,
And fair abundance crown each rural toil:
While birds their lays reſume,
And ſpring her annual bloom,

* Domeſtic gods.

Let

Let verdant wreaths his ſacred tomb adorn;
To him each riſing day
Devout libations pay:
In heav'n your patron reigns, no more, ye ſhepherds, mourn.

The WISH:

An ELEGY.

To *URANIA*.

Felices ter, et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulſus querimoniis
Suprema citius ſolvet amor die. HOR.

LET others travel, with inceſſant pain,
The wealth of earth and ocean to ſecure,
Then, with fond hopes, careſs the precious bane;
In grandeur abject, and in affluence poor.

But

But ſoon, too ſoon, in fancy's timid eyes,
Wild waves ſhall roll, and conflagrations ſpread;
While bright in arms, and of gigantic ſize,
The fear-form'd robber haunts the thorny bed.

Let me, in dreadleſs poverty retir'd,
The real joys of life, unenvied, ſhare:
Favour'd by love, and by the muſe inſpir'd,
I'll yield to wealth its jealouſy and care.

On riſing ground, the proſpect to command,
Unting'd with ſmoak, where vernal breezes blow,
In rural neatneſs let my cottage ſtand;
Here wave a wood, and there a river flow.

Oft from the neighb'ring hills and paſtures round,
Let ſheep with tender bleat ſalute my ear;
Nor fox inſidious haunt the guiltleſs ground,
Nor man purſue the trade of murder near:

Far hence, kind heav'n! expel the ſavage train,
Inur'd to blood, and eager to deſtroy;
Who pointed ſteel with recent ſlaughter ſtain,
And place in groans and death their cruel joy.

Ye pow'rs of ſocial life and tender ſong!
To you devoted ſhall my fields remain;
Here undiſturb'd the peaceful day prolong,
Nor own a ſmart but love's delightful pain.

For you, my trees ſhall wave their leafy ſhade;
For you, my gardens tinge the lenient air;
For you, be autumn's bluſhing gifts diſplay'd,
And all that nature yields of ſweet or fair.

But, O! if plaints, which love and grief inſpire,
In heav'nly breaſts could e'er compaſſion find,
Grant me, ah! grant my heart's ſupreme deſire,
And teach my dear URANIA to be kind.

For her, black ſadneſs clouds my brighteſt day;
For her, in tears the midnight vigils roll;
For her, cold horrors melt my pow'rs away,
And chill the living vigour of my ſoul.

Beneath her ſcorn each youthful ardor dies,
Its joys, its wiſhes, and its hopes, expire;
In vain the fields of ſcience tempt my eyes;
In vain for me the muſes ſtring the lyre.

O! let

O! let her oft my humble dwelling grace,
Humble no more, if there ſhe deign to ſhine;
For heav'n, unlimited by time or place,
Stills waits on god-like worth and charms divine.

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn,
How ſweet with her thro' lonely fields to ſtray!
Her charms the lovelieſt landſkip ſhall adorn,
And add new glories to the riſing day.

With her, all nature ſhines in heighten'd bloom;
The ſilver ſtream in ſweeter muſic flows;
Odours more rich the fanning gales perfume;
And deeper tinctures paint the ſpreading roſe.

With her, the ſhades of night their horrors loſe,
Its deepeſt ſilence charms if ſhe be by;
Her voice the muſic of the dawn renews,
Its lambent radiance ſparkles in her eye.

How ſweet, with her, in wiſdom's calm receſs,
To brighten ſoft deſire with wit refin'd!
Kind nature's laws with ſacred ASHLEY trace,
And view the faireſt features of the mind!

Or borne on MILTON's flight, as heav'n ſublime,
View its full blaze in open proſpect glow;
Bleſs the firſt pair in *Eden*'s happy clime,
Or drop the human tear for endleſs woe.

And when, in virtue and in peace grown old,
No arts the languid lamp of life reſtore;
Her let me graſp with hands convuls'd and cold,
Till ev'ry nerve relax'd can hold no more:

Long, long on her my dying eyes ſuſpend,
Till the laſt beam ſhall vibrate on my ſight;
Then ſoar where only greater joys attend,
And bear her image to eternal light.

Fond man, ah! whither would thy fancy rove?
'Tis thine to languiſh in unpitied ſmart;
Tis thine, alas! eternal ſcorn to prove,
Nor feel one gleam of comfort warm thy heart.

But, if my fair this cruel law impoſe,
Pleas'd, to her will I all my ſoul reſign;
To walk beneath the burden of my woes,
Or ſink in death, nor at my fate repine.

Yet

Yet when, with woes unmingled and ſincere,
To earth's cold womb in ſilence I deſcend;
Let her, to grace my obſequies, appear,
And with the weeping throng her ſorrows blend.
Ah! no; be all her hours with pleaſure crown'd,
And all her ſoul from ev'ry anguiſh free:
Should my ſad fate that gentle boſom wound,
The joys of heav'n would be no joys to me.

On the DEATH of Mr. *POPE*:

An ELEGY.

Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung;
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue:
Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays,
POPE's Unfortunate Lady.

WHILE yet I ſcarce awake from dumb ſurprize,
And tepid ſtreams profuſely bathe my eyes;
While ſoul-diſſolving ſighs my boſom ſtrain,
And all my being ſinks oppreſs'd with pain;

Deign you, whoſe ſouls, like mine, are form'd to know
The nice poetic ſenſe of bliſs and woe;
To theſe ſad accents deign a pitying ear:
Strong be our ſorrow, as the cauſe ſevere.

O Pope, what tears thy obſequies attend!
Britain a bard deplores, mankind a friend:
For thee, their darling, weep th' *Aonian* choir,
Mute the ſoft voice, unſtrung the tuneful lyre:
For thee, the virtuous and the ſage ſhall mourn,
And virgin ſorrows bathe thy ſacred urn;
One veil of grief o'er heav'n and earth be thrown,
And vice and envy flaunt in ſmiles alone.
Erewhile depreſs'd in abject duſt they lay,
Nor with their hideous forms affronted day;
While thy great genius, in their tortur'd ſight,
Plac'd truth and virtue cloath'd with heav'nly light;
Now pleas'd, to open ſunſhine they return,
And o'er the fate exult which others mourn.

Ah me! far other thoughts my ſoul inſpire;
Far other accents breathes the plaintive lyre:
Thee, tho' the muſes bleſs'd with all their art,
And pour'd their ſacred raptures on thy heart;

Tho'

Tho' thy lov'd virtue, with a mother's pain,
Deplores thy fate, alas! deplores in vain:
Silent and pale thy tuneful frame remains;
Death ſeals thy ſight, and freezes in thy veins:
" Cold is that breaſt, which warm'd the world before,
" And that heav'n-prompted tongue ſhall charm no more."

WHOM next ſhall heav'n to ſhare thy honours chuſe;
Whom conſecrate to virtue and the muſe?
The muſe, by fate's eternal plan deſign'd
To light, exalt, and humanize the mind;
To bid kind pity melt, juſt anger glow;
To kindle joy, or prompt the ſighs of woe;
To ſhake with horror, rack with tender ſmart,
And touch the fineſt ſprings that move the heart.

* CURST he! who, without extaſy ſincere,
The poet's ſoul effus'd in ſong can hear:
His aid in vain ſhall indigence require;
Unmov'd he views his deareſt friends expire:

* What we call poetical genius, depends entirely on the quickneſs of moral feeling: he, therefore, who cannot feel poetry, muſt either have his affections and internal ſenſes depraved by vice, or be naturally inſenſible of the pleaſures reſulting from the exerciſe of them. But this natural inſenſibility is almoſt never ſo great in any heart, as entirely to hinder the impreſſion of well-painted paſſion, or natural images connected with it,

Nature and nature's God that wretch deteſt;
Unſought his friendſhip, and his days unbleſt:
Hell's mazy frauds deep in his boſom roll,
And all her gloom hangs heavy on his ſoul.

As when the ſun begins his eaſtern way,
To bleſs the nations with returning day,
Crown'd with unfading ſplendor, on he flies;
Reveals the world, and kindles all the ſkies;
The proſtrate Eaſt the radiant God adore;
So, POPE, we view'd thee, but muſt view no more.
Thee angels late beheld, with mute ſurprize,
Glow with their themes, and to their accents riſe;
They view'd with wonder thy unbounded aim,
To trace the mazes of th' eternal ſcheme:
But heav'n thoſe ſcenes to human view denies,
Thoſe ſcenes impervious to celeſtial eyes;
Whoe'er attempts the path, ſhall loſe his way,
And, wrapt in night, thro' endleſs error ſtray.

IN thee what talent ſhall we moſt admire;
The critic's judgment, or the poet's fire?
Alike, in both, to glory is thy claim;
Thine ARISTOTLE's taſte, and HOMER's flame.

ARM'D

ARM'D with impartial ſatire, when thy muſe
Triumphant vice with all her rage purſues;
To hell's dread gloom the monſter ſcours away,
Far from the haunts of men, and ſcenes of day:
There, curſt and curſing, rack'd with raging woe,
Shakes with inceſſant howls the realms below.
But ſoon, too ſoon, the fiend to light ſhall riſe;
Her ſteps the earth ſcarce bound, her head the ſkies;
Till his red terrors JOVE again diſplay,
Aſſert his laws, and vindicate his ſway.

WHEN OVID's ſong bewails the *Leſbian* Fair,
Her ſlighted paſſion, and intenſe deſpair;
By thee improv'd, in each ſoul-moving line,
Not OVID's wit, but SAPPHO's ſorrows ſhine.
When ELOISA mourns her hapleſs fate,
What heart can ceaſe with all her pangs to beat!

WHILE pointed wit, with flowing numbers grac'd,
Excites the laugh, ev'n in the guilty breaſt;
The gaudy coxcomb, and the fickle fair,
Shall dread the ſatire of thy *raviſh'd hair*.

NOT

Not the * *Sicilian* breath'd a ſweeter ſong,
While ARETHUSA, charm'd and liſt'ning, hung;
For whom each muſe, from her dear ſeat retir'd,
His flocks protected, and himſelf inſpir'd:
Nor he † who ſung, while ſorrow fill'd the plain,
How CYTHEREA mourn'd ADONIS ſlain;
Nor ‡ TITYRUS, who, in immortal lays,
Taught *Mantua*'s echoes GALATEA's praiſe.
No more let *Mantua* boaſt unrival'd fame;
Thy *Windſor* now ſhall equal honours claim;
Eternal fragrance ſhall each breeze perfume,
And in each grove eternal verdure bloom.

YE tuneful ſhepherds, and ye beauteous maids,
From fair *Ladona*'s banks, and *Windſor*'s ſhades,
Whoſe ſouls in tranſport melted at his ſong,
Soft as his ſighs, and as your wiſhes ſtrong;
O come! your copious annual tribute bring,
The full luxuriance of the rifled ſpring;
Strip various nature of each faireſt flow'r,
And on his tomb the gay profuſion ſhow'r.

* THEOCRITUS. † BION. ‡ VIRGIL.

Let

Let long-liv'd panſies here their ſcents beſtow,
The violets languiſh, and the roſes glow;
In yellow glory let the crocus ſhine,
Narciſſus here his love-ſick head recline;
Here hyacinths in purple ſweetneſs riſe,
And tulips ting'd with beauty's faireſt dyes.

WHO ſhall ſucceed thy worth, O darling ſwain!
Attempt thy reeds, or emulate thy ſtrain?
Each painted warbler of the vocal grove
Laments thy fate, unmindful of his love:
Thee, thee the breezes, thee the fountains mourn,
And ſolemn moans reſponſive rocks return;
Shepherds and flocks protract the doleful ſound,
And nought is heard but mingled plaints around.

WHEN firſt CALLIOPE thy fall ſurvey'd,
Immortal tears her eyes profuſely ſhed;
Her pow'rleſs hand the tuneful harp reſign'd;
The conſcious harp her griefs, low-murm'ring, join'd;
Her voice in trembling cadence dy'd away,
And, loſt in anguiſh, all the goddeſs lay.

Such

Such pangs ſhe felt, when, from the realms of light,
The fates, in HOMER, raviſh'd her delight:
To thee her ſacred hand conſign'd his lyre,
And in thy boſom kindled all his fire:
Hence, in our tongue, his glorious labours dreſt,
Breathe all the god that warm'd their author's breaſt.

WHEN horrid war informs the ſacred page,
And men and gods with mutual wrath engage,
The claſh of arms, the trumpet's awful ſound,
And groans and clamours ſhake the mountains round;
The nations rock, earth's ſolid baſes groan,
And quake heav'n's arches to th' eternal throne.

WHEN EOLUS dilates the lawleſs wind,
O'er nature's face to revel unconfin'd,
Bend heav'n's blue concave, ſweep the fruitful plain,
Tear up the foreſt, and enrage the main;
In horrid native pomp the tempeſts ſhine,
Ferment, and roar, and aeſtuate in each line.

WHEN SISYPHUS, with many a weary groan,
Rolls up the hill the ſtill-revolving ſtone;

The

The loaded line, like it, ſeems to recoil,
Strains his bent nerves, and heaves with his full toil:
But, when reſulting rapid from its height,
Precipitate the numbers emulate the flight.

As when creative Energy, employ'd,
With various beings fill'd the boundleſs void;
With deep ſurvey th' omniſcient Parent view'd
The mighty fabric, and confeſs'd it good;
He view'd, exulting with immenſe delight,
The lovely tranſcript, as th' idea, bright:
So ſwell'd the * bard with ecſtaſy divine,
When full and finiſh'd roſe his bright deſign;
So, from th' Elyſian bow'rs, he joy'd to ſee
All his immortal ſelf reviv'd in thee.
While fame enjoys thy conſecrated fane,
Firſt of th' inſpir'd, with him for ever reign;
With his, each diſtant age ſhall rank thy name,
And ev'n reluctant envy hiſs acclaim.

But, ah! blind fate will no diſtinction know;
Swift down the torrent all alike muſt flow:

* HOMER.

Wit,

Wit, virtue, learning, are alike its prey;
All, all muſt tread th' irremeable way.

No more fond wiſhes in my breaſt ſhall roll,
Diſtend my heart, and kindle all my ſoul,
To breathe my honeſt raptures in thy ear,
And feel thy kindneſs in returns ſincere;
Thy art, I hop'd, ſhould teach the muſe to ſing,
Direct her flight, and prune her infant wing;
Now, muſe, be dumb; or let thy ſong deplore
Thy pleaſures blaſted, and thy hopes no more.

Tremendous pow'rs! who rule th' eternal ſtate,
Whoſe voice is thunder, and whoſe nod is fate?
Did I for empire, ſecond to your own,
Cling round the ſhrine, and importune the throne?
Pray'd I, that fame ſhould bear my name on high,
Through nation'd earth, or all-involving ſky?
Woo'd I for me the ſun to toil and ſhine,
The gem to brighten, or mature the mine?
Tho' deep involv'd in adamantine night,
Aſk'd I again to view heav'n's chearful light?

POPE's love I ſought; that only boon deny'd,
O life! what pleaſure canſt thou boaſt beſide,
Worth my regard, or equal to my pride?

THUS mourns a tim'rous muſe, unknown to fame,
Thus ſheds her ſweeteſt incenſe on thy name;
Whilſt on her lips imperfect accents die,
Tear following tear, and ſigh ſucceeding ſigh:
She mourns, nor ſhe alone, with fond regret,
A world, a feeling world, muſt weep thy fate.

WHERE poliſh'd arts and ſacred ſcience reign,
Where-e'er the Nine their tuneful preſence deign;
There ſhall thy glory, with unclouded blaze,
Command immortal monuments of praiſe:
From clime to clime the circling ſun ſhall view
Its rival ſplendor ſtill his own purſue.
While the ſwift torrent from its ſource deſcends;
While round this globe heav'n's ample concave bends;
Whilſt all its living lamps their courſe maintain,
And lead the beauteous year's revolving train;
So long ſhall men thy heav'nly ſong admire,
And nature's charms and thine at once expire.

ELEGY:

ELEGY:

To the MEMORY of

CONSTANTIA.

His ſaltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere. ——— VIRG.

BY the pale glimmer of the conſcious moon,
When ſlumber, on the humid eyes of woe,
Sheds its kind lenitive; what mournful voice
So ſadly ſweet, on my attentive ear
Its moving plaint effuſes: like the ſong
Of PHILOMEL, when thro' the vocal air,
Impell'd by deep inconſolable grief,
She breathes her ſoft, her melancholy ſtrain;
And nature with religious ſilence hears?
'Tis ſhe; my wand'ring ſenſes recognize
The well-known charm, and all my liſt'ning ſoul
Is expectation. Oh! 'tis that dear voice,
Whoſe

Whoſe gentle accents charm'd my happier days;
Ere ſharp affliction's iron hand had preſt
Her vernal youth, and ſunk her with the blow.

TELL me, thou heav'nly excellence! whoſe form
Still riſes to my view, whoſe melting ſong
For ever echoes on my trembling ear,
Delightful ev'n in miſery; O ſay!
What bright diſtinguiſh'd manſion in the ſky
Receives thy ſuff'ring virtue from the ſtorm,
That on thy tender bloſſom pour'd its rage?
Early, alas! too early didſt thou feel
Its moſt tempeſtuous fury. From the calm,
The ſoft ſerenity of life; how led
An unſuſpecting victim! Ev'ry blaſt
Pierc'd to thy inmoſt ſoul, amid the waſte
Of cruel fortune left to ſeek thy way
Unſhelter'd and alone; while to thy groans
No gen'rous ear reclin'd, no friendly roof,
With hoſpitable umbrage, entertain'd
Thy drooping ſweetneſs, uninur'd to pain.
That lib'ral hand, which, to the tortur'd ſenſe
Of anguiſh, comfort's healing balm apply'd,

To heav'n and earth extended, vainly now
Implores the conſolation once it gave,
Nor ſuppliant meets redreſs. That eye benign,
The ſeat of mercy, which to each diſtreſs,
Ev'n by thy foe ſuſtain'd, the gentle tear,
A willing tribute, paid, now fruitleſs weeps,
Nor gains that pity it ſo oft beſtow'd.

Thou lovelieſt ſacrifice that ever fell
To perfidy and unrelenting hate!
How in the hour of confidence and hope,
When love and expectation to thy heart
Spoke peace, and plac'd felicity in view;
How fled the bright illuſion, and at once
Forſook thee plung'd in exquiſite deſpair!
Thy friends; the inſects of a ſummer-gale
That ſport and flutter in the mid-day beam
Of gay proſperity, or from the flow'rs,
That in her ſunſhine bloom, with ardor ſuck
Sweetneſs unearn'd; thy temporary friends,
Or blind with headlong fury, or abus'd
By ev'ry groſs impoſture, or ſupine,

Lull'd

Lull'd by the ſongs of eaſe and pleaſure, ſaw
Thy bitter deſtiny with cool regard.
Thy wrongs ev'n nature's voice proclaim'd in vain;
Deaf to her tender importuning call,
And all the father in his ſoul extinct,
Thy parent ſat; while on thy guiltleſs head
Each various torment, that imbitters life,
Exhauſted all their force: and, to inſure
Their execrable conqueſt, black and fell,
Ev'n as her native region, Slander join'd;
And o'er thy virtue, ſpotleſs as the wiſh
Of infant ſouls, inexorably breath'd
Her peſtilential vapour. Hence fair Truth,
Perſuaſive as the tongue of ſeraphs, urg'd
Unheard the cauſe of Innocence; the bluſh
Of fickle friendſhip hence forgot to glow.

MEANWHILE from theſe retreats with hapleſs ſpeed,
By ev'ry hope and ev'ry wiſh impell'd,
Thy ſteps explor'd protection. Whence explor'd?
Ah me! from whom, and to what curſed arms
Wert thou betray'd! unfeeling as the rock
Which ſplits the veſſel; while its helpleſs crew,

With ſhrieks of horror, deprecate their fate?
O earth! O righteous heav'n! could'ſt thou behold;
While yet thy patient hand the thunder graſp'd,
Nor hurl'd the flaming vengeance; could'ſt thou ſee
The violated vow, the marriage rite
Profan'd, and all the ſacred ties, which bind
Or God or man, abandon'd to the ſcorn
Of vice by long impunity confirm'd?

But thou, perfidious! tremble.----If on high
The hand of juſtice with impartial ſcale
Each word, each action poiſes, and exacts
Severe atonement from th' offending heart;
Oh! what haſt thou to dread? what endleſs pangs,
What deep damnation muſt thy ſoul endure?
On earth 'twas thine to perpetrate a crime,
From whoſe grim viſage guilt of ſhameleſs brow,
Ev'n in its wild career, might ſhrink appall'd:
'Tis thine to fear hereafter, if not feel,
Plagues that in hell no precedent can boaſt.
Ev'n in the ſilent ſafe domeſtic hour,
Ev'n in the ſcene of tenderneſs and peace,
Remorſe, more fierce than all the fiends below,

In

In fancy's ears, ſhall, with a thouſand tongues,
Thunder deſpair and ruin: all her ſnakes
Shall rear their ſpeckled creſts aloft in air,
With ceaſeleſs horrid hiſs; ſhall brandiſh quick
Their forky tongues, or roll their kindling eyes
With ſanguine fiery glare. Ev'n while each ſenſe
Glows with the rapture of tumultuous joy,
The tears of injur'd beauty, the complaints
Of truth immaculate, by thee expos'd
To wrongs unnumber'd, ſhall diſturb thy bliſs;
Shall freeze thy blood with fear, and to thy ſight
Anticipate th' impending wrath of heav'n.
In ſleep, kind pauſe of being! when the nerve
Of toil unbends, when, from the heart of care,
Retires the fated vultur, when diſeaſe
And diſappointment quaff *Lethean* draughts
Of ſweet oblivion; from his charge unbleſt,
Shall ſpeed thy better angel: to thy dreams
Th' infernal gulph ſhall open, and diſcloſe
Its latent horrors. O'er the burning lake
Of blue ſulphureous gleam, the piercing ſhriek,
The ſcourge inceſſant, and the clanking chain,

Shall ſcare thee ev'n to frenzy. On thy mind
Its fierceſt flames ſhall prey; while from its depth
Some gnaſhing fury beckons thy approach,
And, thirſty of perdition, waits to plunge
Thy naked ſoul, ten thouſand fathom down,
Amidſt the boiling ſurges. Such their fate,
Whoſe hearts, indocile, to the ſacred lore
Of wiſdom, truth, and virtue, baniſh far
The cry of ſoft compaſſion; nor can taſte
Beatitude ſupreme in giving joy!
Thy race, the product of a lawleſs flame,
Ev'n while thy fond imagination plans
Their future grandeur, in thy mock'd embrace
Shall prematurely periſh; or ſurvive
To feel their father's infamy, and curſe
The tainted origin from which they ſprung.
For, Oh! thy ſoul no ſoft compunction knew,
When that fair form, where all the Graces liv'd,
Perfection's brighteſt triumph, from thy breaſt
The ſport of milder winds and ſeas was thrown,
To glow or ſhiver in the keen extremes
Of ev'ry various climate: when that cheek,

Ting'd

Ting'd with the bluſh of heav'n's unfading roſe,
Grew pale with pining anguiſh; when that voice,
By angels tun'd to harmony and love,
Trembled with agony; and, in thine ear,
Utter'd the laſt extremity of woe.

FROM foreign bounty ſhe obtain'd that aid
Which friendſhip, love, humanity, at home,
Deny'd her blaſted worth. From foreign hands
Her glowing lips receiv'd the cooling draught,
To ſooth the fever's rage. From foreign eyes
The tear, by nature, love and friendſhip due,
Flow'd copious o'er the wreck, whoſe charms, in death
Still blooming, at the hand of ruin ſmil'd.
Deſtin'd, alas! in foreign climes to leave
Her pale remains unhonour'd; while the herſe
Of wealthy guilt emblazon'd boaſts the pride
Of painted heraldry, and ſculptur'd ſtone
Protects or flatters its deteſted fame.
Vain trappings of mortality! When theſe
Shall crumble, like the worthleſs duſt they hide;
Then thou, dear ſpirit! in immortal joy,
Crown'd with intrinſic honours, ſhalt appear;

And God himſelf, to liſt'ning worlds, proclaim
Thy injur'd tenderneſs, thy faith unſtain'd,
Thy mildneſs long inſulted, and thy worth
Severely try'd, and found at laſt ſincere.

But where, Oh! where ſhall art or nature find,
For ſmarting ſorrow's ever-recent wound,
Some bleſt reſtorative; whoſe pow'rful charm
May ſooth thy friend's regret, within his breaſt
Suſpend the ſigh ſpontaneous, bid the tear,
By ſad reflexion prompted, ceaſe to fall?
Theſe, ſtill as moments, days and years revolve,
A conſecrated off'ring, ſhall attend
Thy dear idea uneffac'd by time:
Till the pale night of deſtiny obſcure
Life's waſting taper; till each torpid ſenſe
Feel death's chill hand, and grief complain no more.

A SOLI-

A SOLILOQUY.

Occaſioned by the Author's eſcape from falling into a deep well, where he muſt have been irrecoverably loſt, if a favourite lap-dog had not, by the ſound of its feet upon the board with which the well was covered, warned him of his danger.

Quid quiſque nunquam homini ſatis
Cautum eſt in horas.——— HORAT.

WHERE am I!—O Eternal Pow'r of heav'n!
Relieve me; or, amid the ſilent gloom,
Can danger's cry approach no gen'rous ear
Prompt to redreſs th'unhappy? O my heart!
What ſhall I do, or whither ſhall I turn?
Will no kind hand, benevolent as heav'n,
Save me involv'd in peril and in night?

ERECT with horror ſtands my briſtling hair;
My tongue forgets its motion; ſtrength forſakes
My trembling limbs; my voice, impell'd in vain,
No paſſage finds; cold, cold as death, my blood,

Keen

Keen as the breath of winter, chills each vein.
For on the verge, the awful verge of fate
Scarce fix'd I ſtand; and one progreſſive ſtep
Had plung'd me down, unfathomably deep,
To gulphs impervious to the chearful ſun
And fragrant breeze; to that abhorr'd abode,
Where Silence and Oblivion, ſiſters drear!
With cruel Death confed'rate empire hold,
In deſolation and primæval gloom.

HA! what unmans me thus? what, more than horror,
Relaxes ev'ry nerve, untunes my frame,
And chills my inmoſt ſoul?—Be ſtill, my heart!
Nor, flutt'ring thus, in vain attempt to burſt
The barrier firm, by which thou art confin'd.
Reſume your functions, limbs! reſtrain thoſe knees
From ſmiting thus each other. Rouſe, my ſoul!
Aſſert thy native dignity, and dare
To brave this king of terrors; to confront
His cloudy brow, and unrelenting frown,
With ſteady ſcorn, in conſcious triumph bold.
Reaſon, that beam of uncreated day,
That ray of Deity, by God's own breath

Infus'd

Infus'd and kindled, reaſon will diſpel
Thoſe fancy'd terrors: reaſon will inſtruct thee,
That death is heav'n's kind interpoſing hand,
To ſnatch thee timely from impending woe;
From aggregated miſery, whoſe pangs
Can find no other period but the grave.

FOR oh!—while others gaze on nature's face,
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and ſtreams;
Or, with delight ineffable, ſurvey
The ſun, bright image of his parent God;
The ſeaſons, in majeſtic order, round
This vary'd globe revolving; young-ey'd ſpring,
Profuſe of life and joy; ſummer, adorn'd
With keen effulgence, bright'ning heav'n and earth;
Autumn, replete with nature's various boon,
To bleſs the toiling hind; and winter, grand
With rapid ſtorms, convulſing nature's frame:
Whilſt others view heav'n's all-involving arch,
Bright with unnumber'd worlds; and, loſt in joy,
Fair order and utility behold:
Or, unfatigu'd, th' amazing chain purſue,
Which, in one vaſt all-comprehending whole,

Unites

Unites th' immenſe ſtupendous works of God,
Conjoining part with part, and, thro' the frame,
Diffuſing ſacred harmony and joy:
To me thoſe fair viciſſitudes are loſt,
And grace and beauty blotted from my view.
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and ſtreams,
One horrid blank appear; the young-ey'd ſpring,
Effulgent ſummer, autumn deck'd in wealth
To bleſs the toiling hind, and winter grand
With rapid ſtorms, revolve in vain for me:
Nor the bright ſun, nor all-embracing arch
Of heav'n, ſhall e'er theſe wretched orbs behold.

O Beauty, Harmony! ye ſiſter train
Of Graces; you, who in th' admiring eye
Of God your charms diſplay'd, ere yet, tranſcrib'd
On nature's form, your heav'nly features ſhone:
Why are you ſnatch'd for ever from my ſight,
Whilſt, in your ſtead, a boundleſs waſte expanſe
Of undiſtinguiſh'd horror covers all?
Wide o'er my proſpect rueful darkneſs breathes
Her inauſpicious vapour; in whoſe ſhade,
Fear, grief, and anguiſh, natives of her reign,

In

In ſocial ſadneſs, gloomy vigils keep:
With them I walk, with them ſtill doom'd to ſhare
Eternal blackneſs, without hopes of dawn.

HENCE oft the hand of ignorance and ſcorn,
To barb'rous mirth abandon'd, points me out
With idiot grin: the ſupercilious eye
Oft, from the noiſe and glare of proſp'rous life,
On my obſcurity diverts its gaze
Exulting; and, with wanton pride elate,
Felicitates its own ſuperior lot:
Inhuman triumph! Hence the piercing taunt
Of titled inſolence inflicted deep.
Hence the warm bluſh that paints ingenuous ſhame,
By conſcious want inſpir'd; th' unpitied pang
Of love and friendſhip ſlighted. Hence the tear
Of impotent compaſſion, when the voice
Of pain, by others felt, quick ſmites my heart,
And rouſes all its tenderneſs in vain.
All theſe, and more, on this devoted head,
Have with collected bitterneſs been pour'd.

NOR end my ſorrows here. The ſacred fane
Of knowlege, ſcarce acceſſible to me,

With

With heart-conſuming anguiſh I behold;
Knowlege, for which my ſoul inſatiate burns
With ardent thirſt. Nor can theſe uſeleſs hands,
Untutor'd in each life-ſuſtaining art,
Nouriſh this wretched being, and ſupply
Frail nature's wants, that ſhort ceſſation know.

WHERE* now, ah! where is that ſupporting arm
Which to my weak unequal infant ſteps
Its kind aſſiſtance lent? Ah! where that love,
That ſtrong aſſiduous tenderneſs, which watch'd
My wiſhes yet ſcarce form'd; and, to my view,
Unimportun'd, like all-indulging heav'n,
Their objects brought? Ah! where that gentle voice
Which, with inſtruction, ſoft as ſummer dews
Or fleecy ſnows, deſcending on my ſoul,
Diſtinguiſh'd ev'ry hour with new delight?
Ah! where that virtue, which, amid the ſtorms,
The mingled horrors of tumultuous life,
Untainted, unſubdu'd, the ſhock ſuſtain'd?
So firm the oak which, in eternal night,

* The character here drawn is that of the author's father, whoſe unforeſeen fate had juſt before happened.

As

As deep its root extends, as high to heav'n
Its top majeſtic riſes: ſuch the ſmile
Of ſome benignant angel, from the throne
Of God diſpatch'd, ambaſſador of peace;
Who on his look impreſt his meſſage bears,
And pleas'd, from earth averts impending ill.
Alas! no wife thy parting kiſſes ſhar'd:
From thy expiring lips no child receiv'd
Thy laſt dear bleſſing and thy laſt advice.
Friend, father, benefactor, all at once,
In thee forſook me, an unguarded prey
For ev'ry ſtorm, whoſe lawleſs fury roars
Beneath the azure concave of the ſky,
To toſs, and on my head exhauſt its rage.

DEJECTING proſpect! ſoon the hapleſs hour
May come; perhaps this moment it impends,
Which drives me forth to penury and cold,
Naked, and beat by all the ſtorms of heav'n,
Friendleſs and guideleſs to explore my way;
Till, on cold earth this poor unſhelter'd head
Reclining, vainly from the ruthleſs blaſt
Reſpite I beg, and in the ſhock expire.

Me miſerable! wherefore, O my ſoul!
Was, on ſuch hard conditions, life deſir'd?
One ſtep, one friendly ſtep, without thy guilt,
Had plac'd me ſafe in that profound receſs,
Where, undiſturb'd, eternal quiet reigns,
And ſweet forgetfulneſs of grief and care.
Why, then, my coward ſoul! didſt thou recoil?
Why ſhun the final exit of thy woe?
Why ſhiver at approaching diſſolution?

Say why, by nature's unreſiſted force,
Is ev'ry being, where volition reigns
And active choice, impell'd to ſhun their fate,
And dread deſtruction, as the worſt of ills?
Say, why they ſhrink, why fly, why fight, why riſk
Precarious life, to lengthen out its date,
Which, lengthen'd, is, at beſt, protracted pain?
Say, by what myſtic charms, can life allure
Unnumber'd beings, who, beneath me far
Plac'd in th' extenſive ſcale of nature, want
Thoſe bleſſings heav'n accumulates on me?
Bleſſings ſuperior; tho' the blaze of day
Pours on their ſight its ſoul-refreſhing ſtream,

To

To me extinct in everlaſting ſhades:
Yet heav'n-taught muſic, at whoſe powerful voice,
Corroſive care and anguiſh, charm'd to peace,
Forſake the heart, and yield it all to joy,
Ne'er ſooths their pangs. To their inſenſate view
Knowlege in vain her faireſt treaſure ſpreads.
To them the nobleſt gift of bounteous heav'n,
Sweet converſation, whoſe enliv'ning force
Elates, diſtends, and, with unfading ſtrength,
Inſpires the ſoul, remains for ever loſt.
The ſacred ſympathy of ſocial hearts;
Benevolence, ſupreme delight of heav'n;
Th' extenſive wiſh, which, in one wide embrace,
All beings circles, when the ſwelling ſoul
Partakes the joys of God; ne'er warms their breaſts.

As yet my ſoul ne'er felt the oppreſſive weight
Of indigence unaided: ſwift redreſs,
Beyond the daring flight of hope, approach'd,
And ev'ry wiſh of nature amply bleſt.
Tho', o'er the future ſeries of my fate,
Ill omens ſeem to brood, and ſtars malign

To blend their baleful fire: oft, while the ſun
Darts boundleſs glory thro' th' expanſe of heav'n,
A gloom of congregated vapours riſe,
Than night more dreadful in her blackeſt ſhroud,
And o'er the face of things incumbent hang,
Portending tempeſt; till the ſource of day
Again aſſerts the empire of the ſky,
And, o'er the blotted ſcene of nature, throws
A keener ſplendor. So, perhaps, that care,
Thro' all creation felt, but moſt by man,
Which hears with kind regard the tender ſigh
Of modeſt want, may diſſipate my fears,
And bid my hours a happier flight aſſume.
Perhaps, enliv'ning hope! perhaps my ſoul
May drink at wiſdom's fountain, and allay
Her unextinguiſh'd ardor in the ſtream:
Wiſdom, the conſtant magnet, where each wiſh,
Set by the hand of nature, ever points,
Reſtleſs and faithful, as th' attractive force
By which all bodies to the centre tend.

WHAT then! becauſe th'indulgent Sire of all
Has, in the plan of things, preſcrib'd my ſphere;

Becauſe

Becauſe conſummate Wiſdom thought not fit,
In affluence and pomp, to bid me ſhine;
Shall I regret my deſtiny, and curſe
That ſtate, by heav'n's paternal care, deſign'd
To train me up for ſcenes, with which compar'd,
Theſe ages, meaſur'd by the orbs of heav'n,
In blank annihilation fade away?
For ſcenes, where, finiſh'd by th' Almighty art,
Beauty and order open to the ſight
In vivid glory; where the fainteſt rays
Out-flaſh the ſplendor of our mid-day ſun?
Say, ſhall the Source of all, who firſt aſſign'd
To each conſtituent of this wond'rous frame
Its proper pow'rs, its place and action due,
With due degrees of weakneſs, whence reſults
Concord ineffable; ſhall he reverſe,
Or diſconcert the univerſal ſcheme,
The gen'ral good, to flatter ſelfiſh pride
And blind deſire?---Before th' Almighty voice
From non-exiſtence call'd me into life,
What claim had I to being? what to ſhine
In this high rank of creatures, form'd to climb

The ſteep aſcent of virtue unrelax'd,
Till infinite perfection crown their toil?
Who, conſcious of their origin divine,
Eternal order, beauty, truth and good,
Perceive, like their great Parent, and admire.

Hush! then, my heart, with pious cares ſuppreſs
This tumid pride and impotence of ſoul:
Learn now, why all thoſe multitudes, which croud
This ſpacious theatre, and gaze on heav'n,
Invincibly averſe to meet their fate,
Avoid each danger: know this ſacred truth,
All-perfect Wiſdom on each living ſoul,
Engav'd this mandate, "to preſerve their frame,
And hold intire the gen'ral orb of being."
Then, with becoming rev'rence let each pow'r,
In deep attention, hear the voice of God;
That awful voice, which, ſpeaking to the ſoul,
Commands its reſignation to his law!

For this, has heav'n to virtue's glorious ſtage
Call'd me, and plac'd the garland in my view,
The wreath of conqueſt; baſely to deſert

The

The part aſſign'd me, and, with daſtard fear,
From preſent pain, the cauſe of future bliſs,
To ſhrink into the boſom of the grave?
How, then, is gratitude's vaſt debt repaid?
Where all the tender offices of love
Due to fraternal man, in which the heart,
Each bleſſing it communicates, enjoys?
How then ſhall I obey the firſt great law
Of nature's Legiſlator, deep impreſt
With double ſanction; reſtleſs fear of death,
And fondneſs ſtill to breathe this vital air?
Nor is th' injunction hard: who would not ſink
A while in tears and ſorrow; then emerge
With tenfold luſtre; triumph o'er his pain;
And, with unfading glory, ſhine in heav'n?

COME then, my little guardian Genius! cloath'd
In that familiar form; my PHYLAX, come!
Let me careſs thee, hug thee to my heart,
Which beats with joy of life preſerv'd by thee.
Had not thy interpoſing fondneſs ſtaid
My blind precipitation, now, ev'n now,
My ſoul, by nature's ſharpeſt pangs expell'd,

Had left this frame; had paſs'd the dreadful bound,
Which life from death divides; divides this ſcene
From vaſt eternity, whoſe deep'ning ſhades,
Impervious to the ſharpeſt mortal ſight,
Elude our keeneſt ſearch.---But ſtill I err.
Howe'er thy grateful undeſigning heart,
In ills foreſeen, with promptitude might aid;
Yet this, beyond thy utmoſt reach of thought,
Not ev'n remotely diſtant could'ſt thou view.
Secure thy ſteps the fragile board could preſs,
Nor feel the leaſt alarm where I had ſunk:
Nor could'ſt thou judge the awful depth below,
Which, from its watry bottom, to receive
My fall, tremendous yawn'd. Thy utmoſt ſkill,
Thy deepeſt penetration here had ſtopt
Short of its aim; and, in the ſtrong embrace
Of ruin ſtruggling, left me to expire.
No---heav'n's high Sov'reign, provident of all,
Thy paſſive organs moving, taught thee firſt
To check my heedleſs courſe; and hence I live.

ETERNAL Providence! whoſe equal ſway
Weighs each event; whoſe ever-waking care,

Con-

Connecting high with low, minute with great,
Attunes the wondrous whole, and bids each part
In one unbroken harmony conſpire:
Hail! ſacred Source of happineſs and life!
Subſtantial Good, bright intellectual Sun!
To whom my ſoul, by ſympathy innate,
Unweary'd tends; and finds, in thee alone,
Security, enjoyment, and repoſe.

By thee, O God! by thy paternal arm,
Through ev'ry period of my infant ſtate,
Suſtain'd I live to yield thee praiſes due.
O! could my lays, with heav'nly raptures warm,
High as thy throne, re-echo to the ſongs
Of angels, thence, O! could my pray'r obtain
One beam of inſpiration, to inflame
And animate my numbers: heav'n's full choir,
In loftier ſtrains, th' inſpiring God might ſing;
Yet not more ardent, more ſincere, than mine.
But tho' my voice, beneath the ſeraph's note,
Muſt check its feeble accents, low depreſt
By dull mortality; to thee, great Soul
Of heav'n and earth! to thee my hallow'd ſtrain
Of gratitude and praiſe ſhall ſtill aſcend.

Miſs —— to the AUTHOR.

WHILE friendſhip's gentle pow'rs my boſom fire,
Damon accept the lays which you inſpire:
My long-neglected muſe thy worth revives;
And gen'rous ardour from thy flame receives.
Domeſtic troubles long my mind oppreſs'd,
And made the muſe a ſtranger to my breaſt;
Not friendſhip's ſofteſt charms could rouſe my ſong,
Till wak'd to life by thy perſuaſive tongue.
O *Damon*, could I boaſt thy wond'rous ſkill,
Were but my genius equal to my will,
Thy praiſes I unwearied would proclaim;
And place thee with the brighteſt ſons of fame.
Sure, *Damon*, 'tis ſome god thy breaſt inſpires;
And fills thy ſoul with thoſe celeſtial fires:
Thy thoughts ſo juſt, ſo noble, ſo refin'd;
That elegant, that virtuous turn of mind,
May juſtly claim the praiſe of all mankind.

WHY am I call'd to leave my native plains,
To range on barren hills with ruſtick ſwains?
Far from my fellow nymphs, a ſprightly throng;
And far, too far, from thy harmonious tongue!
Yet ſtill thy praiſe ſhall be my fav'rite theme;
Each echo ſhall reſound with *Damon*'s fame:
And ev'ry tree ſhall bear his much-lov'd name.

O! could I bear thee to *Acaſto*'s ſeat,
To *Phœbus* and his ſons a known retreat;
Acaſto, whoſe great mind and honeſt ſoul
No hopes can bias, and no fears controul.
He virtue's Patron long has firmly ſtood;
And, in a vicious age, been greatly good.
Oft has *Acaſto* in ſome fragrant bower
Invok'd *Urania*, and confeſs'd her power;
As oft the tuneful maid has own'd his lays,
And bleſs'd his ſong with well-deſerved praiſe.
Were *Damon* there, to join the tuneful choir,
With all the beauties of his verſe and lyre;
His wit would civilize our ſavage plains;
Poliſh our country nymphs, and rural ſwains.

But

But tho' hard fate deny my fond requeſt,
It cannot tear thy mem'ry from my breaſt;
No--- while life's blood runs warm in ev'ry vein,
For thee a laſting friendſhip I'll maintain:
And when this buſy ſcene of life is o'er,
Nor earth retards the ſoul's excurſions more;
I'll joy to meet thee in thoſe happier ſcenes,
Where unallay'd, immortal pleaſure reigns.
There, crown'd with youth unfading, let us ſtray
Thro' the bright regions of eternal day;
There, of eſſential happineſs ſecur'd,
With joy we'll tell the pains we once endur'd.

Some pow'r conduct us thro' the glorious road,
And lead us ſafe to that divine abode;
Where bliſs eternal waits the virtuous ſoul,
And joys on joys in endleſs circles roll.

1740. Clio.

The

The AUTHOR's Anſwer.

WHEN CLIO ſeem'd forgetful of my pain,
A ſoft impatience throbb'd in ev'ry vein;
Each tedious hour I thought an age of woe;
So few their pleaſures, and their pace ſo ſlow:
But, when your moving accents reach'd my ear,
Juſt, as your taſte, and as your heart, ſincere;
My ſoul re-echo'd, while the melting ſtrain
Beat in each pulſe, and flow'd in ev'ry vein.

AH! teach my verſe, like yours, to be refin'd;
Your force of language, and your ſtrength of mind:
Teach me that winning, ſoft, perſuaſive art,
Which raviſhes the ſoul, and charms the heart:
Then ev'ry heighten'd pow'r I will employ,
To paint your merit, and expreſs my joy.
Leſs ſoft the ſtrains, the numbers leſs refin'd,
With which great ORPHEUS poliſh'd human kind;

Whoſe

Whoſe magic force could lawleſs vice reprove,
And teach a world the ſweets of ſocial love.

When great *Acasto's virtues grac'd your lays,
My ſoul was loſt in the effulgent blaze;
Whoſe love, like heav'n, to all mankind extends,
Supplies the indigent, the weak defends;
Purſues the good of all with ſteady aim;
One bright, unwearied, unextinguiſh'd flame.
What tranſport felt my ſoul, what keen delight,
When its full blaze of glory met my ſight!
But ſoon, too ſoon, the happy gleam was o'er;
What joy can reign, where Clio is no more?

Ah! hapleſs me! muſt yet more woes inſpire
The mournful ſong, and tune the tragic lyre?
The laſt and greateſt of the ſable train?
Her Clio's abſence muſt the muſe complain?
From theſe intruſive thoughts all pleaſure flies,
And leaves my ſoul benighted, like my eyes.

* A gentleman who then reſided in *Galloway*, diſtinguiſh'd for hoſpitality; for his inviolable attachment to the intereſts of his country; and, in ſhort, for all thoſe virtues which adorned his own anceſtors, and dignify human nature.

Yet,

YET, while abſorb'd in thought alone I ſtray,
On ev'ry ſenſe while ſilent ſorrows prey,
Or from ſome arbor, conſcious of my pain,
While to the ſighing breeze I ſigh in vain;
May each new moment, fraught with new delight,
Crown your bright day, and bleſs your ſilent night:
May height'ning raptures ev'ry ſenſe ſurpriſe,
Muſic your ears, gay proſpects charm your eyes:
May all on earth, and all in heav'n conſpire
To make your pleaſures laſting and entire.
'Tis thine alone can ſooth my anxious breaſt,
Secure of bliſs, while conſcious you are bleſt.

EPISTLE I.

To the ſame. From *Edinburgh*.

FROM where bleak north winds chill the frozen ſkies,
And lov'd EDINA's lofty turrets riſe,
Sing, heav'nly muſe! to thy lov'd CLIO ſing;
Tune thy faint voice, and ſtretch thy drooping wing.

COULD I, like URIEL, on ſome pointed ray,
To your fair diſtant *Eden* wing my way,
Outſtrip the moments, ſcorn the ſwifteſt wind,
And leave e'en wing'd deſire to lag behind;
So ſtrong, ſo ſwift, I'd fly the port to gain;
The ſpeed of angels ſhould purſue in vain.

AH! whither, whither would my fancy ſtray?
Nor hope ſuſtains, nor reaſon leads the way:
No, let my eyes in ſcalding ſorrows flow,
Vaſt as my loſs, and endleſs as my woe:
Flow, till the torrent quench this vital flame,
And with increaſing hours, increaſe the ſtream.
Yet, CLIO, hear, in pity to my ſmart;
If gentle pity e'er could touch thy heart:
Let but one line ſuſpend my conſtant care,
Too faint for hope, too lively for deſpair:
Thee let me ſtill with wonted rapture find
The muſes patroneſs, and poet's friend.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE II.

To DORINDA, with *Venice Preſerv'd.*

IF friendſhip gains not pardon for the muſe,
Immortal OTWAY, ſure, will plead excuſe:
For eyes like thine he wrote his moving lays,
Which feel the poet, and which weep his praiſe.
Whether great JAFFIER tender griefs inſpires,
Struggling with cruel fate, and high deſires;
Or BELVIDERA's gentler accents flow,
When all her ſoul ſhe breathes in love and woe:
Drawn from the heart the various paſſions ſhine,
And wounded nature bleeds in ev'ry line.
As when ſome turtle ſpies her lovely mate
Pierc'd by the ball, or flutt'ring in the net;
Her little heart juſt burſting with deſpair,
She droops her wings, and breathes her ſoul in air.

EPISTLE III.

To Miſs ANNIE RAE:

With the Manual of *Epictetus*, and Tablature of *Cebes*.

GO, happy leaves! to ANNA's view diſcloſe
What ſolid joy from real virtue flows;
When, like the world, ſelf-pois'd, th' exalted ſoul,
Unſhaken, ſcorns the ſtorms that round her roll;
And, in herſelf collected, joys to find
Th' untainted image of th' Eternal Mind.

To bid mankind their end ſupreme purſue,
On God and nature fix their wand'ring view;
To teach reluctant paſſion to obey,
Check'd, or impell'd by reaſon's awful ſway;
From films of error purge the mental eye,
Till undiſſembled good in proſpect lie;
The ſoul with heav'n-born virtue to inflame:
Such was the *Stoic*'s and *Socratic*'s aim.

O! could

O! could they view from yon immortal ſcene,
Where beauty, truth and good, unclouded reign,
Fair hands like thine revolve their labour'd page,
Imbibe their truth, and in their taſk engage;
With rapture would they hail ſo fair a ſight,
And feel new bliſs in heav'n's ſupreme delight.

* To Miſs *D. H.*

In Anſwer to a Letter ſhe wrote the Author from *Dumfries.*

MAY Heaven's beſt bleſſings on thy head deſcend,
Whoſe goodneſs recollects an abſent friend;
Brighter and brighter may thy moments roll,
Joy warm thy heart, and virtue tune thy ſoul;
With length'ning life ſtill happier be thy ſtate,
As by thy worth, diſtinguiſh'd by thy fate.
Oh! if my ardent vows ſucceſsful prove;
If merit charms, if God himſelf be love;

* The young Lady to whom the MONODY is inſcribed.

Of all the lots his bounty e'er aſſign'd
To bleſs the beſt, the nobleſt of mankind;
For none ſhall happier conſtellations ſhine,
None boaſt a ſphere of ampler bliſs than thine.

Few of thy ſex, alas! how wond'rous few,
Beſtow thoſe kind regards to virtue due:
A humble name, of wealth too ſmall a ſhare,
A form unſeemly, or a clowniſh air;
Theſe caſual faults the ſqueamiſh fair diſguſt,
Who, to be thought refin'd, become unjuſt.
Not ſuch DORINDA's more intenſe ſurvey,
It looks for charms unconſcious of decay;
Surface and form pervades with nobler taſte,
And views God's image on the heart impreſt.
O may I ever ſhare thy kind eſteem,
In fortune's change, and life's tumultuous dream:
If future hours be ting'd with colours gay,
There let thy friendſhip mix its heav'nly ray;
O'er all my fate if adverſe planets reign,
O let thy gentle pity ſooth my pain:
With this one precious good ſecurely bleſt,
Let chance or fortune regulate the reſt.

Since

Since ſtill to me extend your gen'rous cares,
My ſtudy, health, employment, and affairs;
There ever in the ſame dull channel flow,
A lazy current, uniformly ſlow.
Thus ſtill from hour to hour, from day to day,
Life's glimm'ring taper languiſhes away;
A doubtful flame, a dim portentous light,
That waſtes, and ſickens into endleſs night.

The modes of dreſs, the Sophiſt's keen debate,
The various politics of church or ſtate,
A ſoul like yours will think but trivial news,
Beneath the care of friendſhip, and the muſe.

In vain I urge dull thought from line to line,
Fancy grows reſtive to the fond deſign:
Here let the muſe her weary pinions reſt.
Be ever kind, and Oh! be ever bleſt.

To Miſs *A. H.* on her Marriage.

I Hate the ſtiff addreſs, the ſtudied phraſe
Of formal compliment, and empty praiſe,
Where fancy labours to expreſs the heart
With all the paint, and impotence of art:
But when with merit friendſhip's charms conſpire
To bid my hand reſume the votive lyre,
Once more my veins their former raptures know,
And all the muſes in my boſom glow.

O thou! whoſe ſoul with ev'ry ſweetneſs crown'd,
Diffuſes light and life, and pleaſure round;
Whoſe heart with ev'ry tender ſenſe endow'd,
Glows, like creative love, ſerenely good;
Whoſe eaſy manners at one view diſplay
Fancy's quick flaſh, and reaſon's ſteady ray;
While each internal charm, with ſweet ſurpriſe,
Beams thro' thy form, and lights thy radiant eyes:

Bleſs'd

Bleſs'd with thoſe joys, may all thy moments flow,
Which conſcious virtue only can beſtow:
That ſoft, eternal ſunſhine of the mind,
Sweet as thy charms, and as thy ſoul refin'd.
May heav'n protect thee with a father's care,
And make thee happy, as it made thee fair.
O may the man now ſacred to thy choice,
With all his ſoul the real bleſſing prize;
One common end o'er all your views preſide,
One wiſh impel you, and one purpoſe guide;
Be all your days auſpicious, calm, and bright,
One ſcene of tender, pure, unmix'd delight,
Till time and fate exhauſt their endleſs ſtore,
And Heaven alone can make your pleaſure more.

To the Reverend Mr. JAMESON.

WHY mourns my friend, what cauſe ſhall I aſſign?
Why ſmarts that tender, honeſt ſoul of thine?
What ſtar, a foe to all that's good and great,
Dares, with malignant influence, daſh thy fate?

Why ſhrinks my heart with fears not underſtood?
What ſtrange portentous ſadneſs chills my blood?
O! breathe thy latent ſorrows in mine ear,
And prompt the ſtarting ſympathetic tear.
As tender mothers, with aſſiduous view,
Their infant offſpring's wand'ring ſteps purſue,
As, wing'd from heav'n, celeſtial guardians wait
To ſnatch their fav'rite charge from inſtant fate,
Friendſhip thy cloſe attendant ſhall remain,
Prepar'd to ſoften, or partake thy pain:
Whether thy form, to pale diſeaſe a prey,
Beneath its preſſure pants the tedious day;
Or if ſome tender grief diſſolves thy mind,
Each wiſh extinguiſh'd, and each hope reſign'd:
For thee my ſpirits ſhall more languid flow;
For thee the flame of life ſuſpend its glow;
For thee this heart with ſorrows new ſhall groan,
And add thy part of anguiſh to its own.
Whatever ſcenes thy penſive walk invite,
Thither thy friend ſhall bend his ſpeedy flight.
Say, ſhall our ſocial ſteps together ſtray
Thro' groves that glimmer with a twilight ray?

Or

Or through ſome boundleſs ſolitary plain,
Where melancholy holds her penſive reign?
Say, through embow'ring myrtles ſhall we rove
Bedew'd with recent tears by hopeleſs love?
Or, where neglected worth, from men retir'd,
In uncomplaining agony expir'd;
There in the ſilent cypreſs ſhade reclin'd,
Let each in each a faithful ſuff'rer find;
There let our mingling plaints to heaven aſcend;
There let our eyes their ceaſeleſs currents blend:
Our mingling plaints ſhall ſtop the paſſing gale,
And each enamour'd echo ſigh the tale.
For whilſt I ſpeak, ev'n in this mortal hour,
Perhaps relentleſs death exerts its pow'r,
Perhaps the ſhaft already wings its way
Too ſurely aim'd, and * *Barnet* falls its prey.
Him nature, with no common care, deſign'd,
His form embelliſh'd, and his ſoul refin'd;

* Mr. *Barnet*, an *Engliſhman*, a dear and intimate friend of our poet. He was a ſtudent of phyſic in the Univerſity of *Edinburgh*; and at the time the above epiſtle was written, lay dangerouſly ill of a fever, of which he died a few days after; in the bloom of youth; much lamented by all who knew him, but particularly by Mr. *Blacklock*; who ſcarce ever mentions his name without a tear.

Proud of her taſk, and with a mother's eyes
Exulting view'd his op'ning graces riſe.
O! with what ardor did his piercing view,
Through every maze of nature, truth purſue!
Sacred to virtue and the muſe, his breaſt
With Heav'n's own lovelieſt image was impreſt.
Like Heav'n's eternal goodneſs unconfin'd,
His ſoul, with one fond wiſh, embrac'd mankind:
For them his time, his cares were all employ'd;
Their griefs he felt, their happineſs enjoy'd:
His parents now, in bitterneſs of pain,
Shall aſk from Heaven and earth their ſon in vain:
In vain, his friends, with pious gifts ſhall tell
How gay he bloſſom'd, and how early fell.
Through all his frame a fever's fury reigns,
Conſumes his vitals, and inflames his veins,
In tears the ſalutary arts retreat,
And virtue views with pangs her darling's fate.

Here pauſe, my friend, and with due candor own
Affliction's cup not mix'd for thee alone;
Others, like thee, its dire contents muſt drain,
And ſhare their full inheritance of pain.

But

But O! may brighter hours thy life attend;
Such as from Heaven on happy love deſcend;
Such gleams, as ſtill on conſcious virtue ſhine
By God and man approv'd, be ever thine.
May reaſon, arm'd with each perſuaſive art,
Inſpire thy precepts, as ſhe guides thy heart:
Nor let thy ſoul the ſmalleſt portion know,
Of all my paſt diſtreſs, or preſent woe.

An EPITAPH on his FATHER.

HERE drop, benevolence, thy ſacred tear,
A friend of human kind repoſes here:
A man, content himſelf, and God, to know;
A heart, with every virtue form'd to glow:
A ſoul ſuperior to each mean diſguiſe;
Truth's ſacred voice, and pity's melting eyes:
Beneath each preſſure, uniformly great;
In life untainted, unſurpriz'd by fate:

Such,

Such, tho' by obſcur'd various ills, he ſhone;
Conſol'd his neighbour's woes, and bore his own:
Heav'n ſaw, and ſnatch'd from fortune's rage its prey,
To ſhare the triumphs of eternal day.

To Mrs. *Ann Blacklock*, the AUTHOR's Mother.

With a Copy of the *Scotch* Edition of his Poems.

O Thou! who gav'ſt me firſt this world t' explore,
Whoſe frame, for me, a mother's anguiſh bore;
For me, whoſe heart its vital current drain'd,
Whoſe boſom nurs'd me, and whoſe arms ſuſtain'd:
What tho' thy ſon, dependent, weak, and blind,
Deplore his wiſhes check'd, his hopes confin'd?
Tho' want, impending, cloud each chearleſs day,
And death with life ſeem ſtruggling for their prey?
Let this conſole, if not reward, thy pain,
Unhappy he may live, but not in vain.

PRO-

PROLOGUE to *OTHELLO.*

Spoken by Mr. LOVE, at the Opening of the Play-houſe in DUMFRIES.

YE ſouls! by ſoft humanity inſpir'd,
For gen'rous hearts and manners free admir'd;
Where taſte and commerce, amicably join'd,
Imbelliſh life, and cultivate the mind:
Without a bluſh you may ſupport our ſtage;
No tainted joys ſhall here your view engage.
To tickle fools with proſtituted art,
Debauch the fancy, and corrupt the heart,
Let others ſtoop; ſuch meanneſs we deſpiſe,
And pleaſe with virtuous objects virtuous eyes.

THE tender ſoul what dire convulſions tear,
When whiſp'ring villains gain th' incautious ear;
How heav'nly mild, yet how intenſely bright,
Fair Innocence, tho' clouded, ſtrikes the ſight;
What endleſs plagues from jealous fondneſs flow,
This night our faithful ſcenes attempt to ſhow:

No

No new-born whim, no haſty flaſh of wit;
But nature's dictates by great SHAKESPEARE writ.

IMMORTAL bard! who, with a maſter hand,
Could all the movements of the ſoul command;
With pity ſooth, with terror ſhake her frame;
In love diſſolve her, or to rage inflame.

To taſte and virtue, heav'n-deſcended pair!
While pleas'd we thus devote our art and care;
To crown our ardor, let your fav'ring ſmile
Reward our hopes, and animate our toil:
So may your eyes no weeping moments know,
But when they ſhare ſome DESDAEMONA's woe.

PROLOGUE to *HAMLET*.

Spoken by Mr. LOVE, at DUMFRIES.

INSPIR'D with pleaſing hope to entertain,
Once more we offer SHAKESPEARE's heav'nly ſtrain;
While, hov'ring round, his laurel'd ſhade ſurveys
What eyes ſhall pour their tribute to his praiſe;

What

What hearts with tender pity ſhall regret
The bitter grief that clouds OPHELIA's fate?

ONCE fair ſhe flouriſh'd, nature's joy and pride,
But droop'd and wither'd, when a father dy'd.
Severe extremes of tenderneſs and woe,
When love and virtue mourn one common blow;
When griefs alternate o'er the boſom reign,
And ev'ry ſenſe and ev'ry thought is pain!
Here nature triumph'd, on her throne ſublime,
And mock'd each pygmy muſe of later time;
Till SHAKESPEARE touch'd the ſoul with all her ſmart,
And ſtamp'd her living image on the heart.

FROM his inſtructive ſong we deeply feel,
How vainly guilt its horrors would conceal.
Tho' night and ſilence with the fraud conſpire,
To bid the crime from human ſearch retire;
Tho' yet the traitor ſeem from harm ſecure,
And fate a while ſuſpend th' avenging hour:
Tho' fortune nurſe him with a mother's care,
And deck her pageant in a ſhort-liv'd glare:
In vain he ſtruggles to diſguiſe his ſmart,
A living plague corrodes his ulcer'd heart;

While

While ev'ry form of ruin meets his eyes,
And heav'n's vindictive terrors round him riſe.

Such ſalutary truths their light diffuſe,
Where honours due attend the tragic muſe;
Deep by her ſacred ſignature impreſt,
They mingle with the ſoul, and warm the breaſt.
Hence taught of old, the pious and the ſage,
With veneration, patroniz'd the ſtage.

But, ſoft! methinks you cry with ſome ſurprize,
"How long intend you thus to moralize?"
Our prologue deviates from eſtabliſh'd rules,
Nor ſhocks the fair, nor calls the critics fools,
'Tis true; but, dully fond of common ſenſe,
We ſtill think ſpleen to wit has no pretence;
Think impudence is far remote from ſpirit,
And modeſty, tho' aukward, has ſome merit,

The AUTHOR'S PICTURE.

WHILE in my matchleſs graces wrapt I ſtand,
And touch each feature with a trembling hand;
Deign, lovely SELF! with art and nature's pride,
To mix the colours, and the pencil guide.

SELF is the grand purſuit of half mankind:
How vaſt a croud by ſelf, like me, are blind!
By ſelf, the fop, in magic colours ſhown,
Tho' ſcorn'd by ev'ry eye, delights his own:
When age and wrinkles ſeize the conqu'ring maid,
Self, not the glaſs, reflects the flatt'ring ſhade.
Then, wonder-working ſelf! begin the lay;
Thy charms to others, as to me, diſplay.

STRAIGHT is my perſon, but of little ſize;
Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes:
My youthful down is, like my talents, rare;
Politely diſtant ſtands each ſingle hair.
My voice too rough to charm a lady's ear;
So ſmooth, a child may liſten without fear;

Not

Not form'd in cadence ſoft and warbling lays,
To ſooth the fair thro' pleaſure's wanton ways.
My form ſo fine, ſo regular, ſo new;
My port ſo manly, and ſo freſh my hue;
Oft, as I meet the croud, they laughing ſay,
" See, ſee *Memento mori* croſs the way."
The raviſh'd PROSERPINE at laſt we know,
Grew fondly jealous of her ſable beau;
But thanks to nature! none from me need fly;
One heart the De'el could wound—ſo cannot I.

YET, tho' my perſon fearleſs may be ſeen,
There is ſome danger in my graceful mien:
For, as ſome veſſel, toſs'd by wind and tide,
Bounds o'er the waves, and rocks from ſide to ſide;
In juſt vibration thus I always move:
This who can view, and not be forc'd to love?

HAIL! charming ſelf! by whoſe propitious aid
My form in all its glory ſtands diſplay'd:
Be preſent ſtill; with inſpiration kind,
Let the ſame faithful colours paint the mind.

LIKE

LIKE all mankind, with vanity I'm bleſs'd;
Conſcious of wit I never yet poſſeſs'd.
To ſtrong deſires my heart an eaſy prey,
Oft feels their force, but never owns their ſway.
This hour, perhaps, as death I hate my foe;
The next I wonder why I ſhould do ſo.
Tho' poor, the rich I view with careleſs eye;
Scorn a vain oath, and hate a ſerious lye.
I ne'er, for ſatire, torture common ſenſe;
Nor ſhow my wit at God's, nor man's expence.
Harmleſs I live, unknowing and unknown;
Wiſh well to all, and yet do good to none.
Unmerited contempt I hate to bear;
Yet on my faults, like others, am ſevere.
Diſhoneſt flames my boſom never fire;
The bad I pity, and the good admire:
Fond of the muſe, to her devote my days,
And ſcribble---not for *pudding*, but for *praiſe*.

THESE careleſs lines if any virgin hears,
Perhaps, in pity to my joyleſs years,
She may conſent a gen'rous flame to own;
And I no longer ſigh the nights alone.

But, ſhould the fair, affected, vain, or nice,
Scream with the fears inſpir'd by frogs or mice;
Cry, Save us, heav'n! a ſpectre, not a man!
Her hartſhorn ſnatch, or interpoſe her fan:
If I my tender overture repeat;
O! may my vows her kind reception meet!
May ſhe new graces on my form beſtow,
And, with tall honours, dignify my brow! *

An Extempore EPIGRAM:

On a GIRL bringing in a Bottle of Wine.

TERRESTIAL HEBE! come, and baniſh woe;
Let mighty wine in gen'rous bumpers flow:
All flame, all ſpirit, let the glaſs go round;
Each face be brighten'd, and each wiſh be crown'd.

* The manner in which our author has conducted this piece, is very remarkable. None, but one poſſeſſed of Mr. BLACKLOCK's happy temper of mind, would have been ſo pleaſant at his own expence. However, leſt the Ladies of future ages ſhould think this humorous deſcription real, it may not be improper to tell them, that, if the original had been in the hands of a faithful Painter, the picture would by no means have been ſo ludicrous.
R. H.

ATLAS, the prop of JOVE's ſublime abodes,
Oft groans beneath the weight of ſtagg'ring gods:
Their great example let us then purſue;
We cannot err in what our authors do:
Like them in joys unconſcious of allay,
Laugh, drink, and ſing eternity away.

To a GENTLEMAN, who aſked my Sentiments of him.

An EPIGRAM.

DEAR FABIUS! me if well you know,
You ne'er will take me for your foe;
If right yourſelf you comprehend,
You ne'er will take me for your friend.

On PUNCH:

An EPIGRAM.

HENCE! reſtleſs care, and low deſign;
Hence! foreign compliments, and wine:
Let gen'rous BRITONS, brave and free,
Still boaſt their *Punch* and honeſty.
Life is a bumper fill'd by fate,
And we the gueſts who ſhare the treat:
Where ſtrong, inſipid, ſharp and ſweet,
Each other duly temp'ring, meet.
A while with joy the ſcene is crown'd;
A while the catch and toaſt go round:
And, when the full carouſe is o'er,
Death puffs the lights, and ſhuts the door.
Say then, phyſicians of each kind,
Who cure the body, or the mind;
What harm in drinking can there be,
Since *Punch* and life ſo well agree?

On

On MARRIAGE:

An EPIGRAM.

YOUNG CELIA, now a blooming bride,
Sat from her friends apart, and cry'd;
Her faithful CHLOE view'd her care,
And thus conſol'd the weeping fair;

GOOD heav'n! in tears! for ſhame! look gay;
Nor cloud with tears your nuptial day.
If brides in tears receive their ſpouſes,
What muſt the hapleſs wretch who loſes?
Beſides, my dear, you know 'tis reaſon,
That all things have a proper ſeaſon;
Now, 'tis in marriage a plain caſe,
That crying holds the ſecond place.
Let vulgar ſouls in ſorrow ſink,
Who always act, and never think:
But, to reflecting minds like you,
Marriage can ſure have nothing new.

On the SAME:

An EPIGRAM.

WHOEVER ſeals the marriage vow,
'Tis well agreed, makes one of two:
But who can tell, ſave G--d alone,
What numbers may make *two* of *one*.

An EPITAPH,

On a Favourite LAP-DOG.

I NEVER bark'd when out of ſeaſon;
I never bit without a reaſon;
I ne'er inſulted weaker brother;
Nor wrong'd by force nor fraud another.
Though brutes are plac'd a rank below,
Happy for man, he could ſay ſo!

A SPEECH

A SPEECH, delivered by the Author, before an AMICABLE SOCIETY at *Edinburgh*.

Mr. PRESIDENT,

WERE an orator to draw any advantage to his character from the cauſe he pleads, few opportunities could be more favourable to ſuch a deſign than the preſent: but unhappily for me! in proportion to the excellency of the ſubject treated, it is expected, that the ſentiments and ſtile ſhould riſe in dignity and juſtneſs; yet, however unequal to my preſent task the execution may be, I flatter myſelf that the ſubject will ſtill be thought worthy your attention. As advancement in knowlege and virtue is the moſt worthy purſuit of intelligent beings; ſo it is the moſt ſtriking and amiable recommendation to our eſteem, where-ever we behold it: This is the noble end which friendſhip propoſes; this the generous ſpirit which animates the preſent Society.

Friendſhip may be defined "a ſentiment of high "approbation entertained by two or more perſons, "begun and continued by a conſciouſneſs of virtue "in each; heighten'd and improved by familiarity, "and a mutual intercourſe of kind offices." Other circumſtances there are (ſuch as equality of age and ſtation, ſimilarity in temper and opinion, unity

of taſte and genius) which may contribute much to this connection: But theſe are too numerous and too little eſſential to friendſhip, to be either eaſily comprehended in any general definition, or abſolutely neceſſary to conſtitute it.

It has been a ſubject of warm diſpute for many ages, "Whether friendſhip ariſes from ſelfiſh re-"gards; from a ſenſe of indigence and weakneſs in "particulars; and from the acceſſion of ſtrength "and influence which may accrue to them, by "their union with others." Is it neceſſary that this ſhould fall under our preſent conſideration? Nay, may it not be further asked, Whether reaſon is a proper and immediate judge of this caſe? Does not every man's heart, at firſt view, pronounce ſuch an opinion equally abſurd and unworthy of human nature? Can we readily confeſs, that, even in the animal world, we recognize amiable inſtincts and tender ſentiments, which cannot poſſibly be ſuppoſed to ariſe from ſelfiſh motives; and yet deny the ſame beautiful conſtitution in the human nature, which is allowed more like GOD himſelf than any other that falls under our obſervation?

'Tis acknowleged, that inferior ranks of being are more ſwayed by impulſe and appetite than we, that their attention is almoſt wholly ingroſs'd by preſent gratification; and that they are little, or not at all, capable of reaſoning from analogy and paſt experience; or of judging, by an induction of ſimilar circumſtances, of future events. Thoſe inſtances of ſeeming foreſight which may be diſcovered in ants and bees, are ſeldom attributed to reflection, and a conſciouſneſs of approaching winter:

ter: Yet, it would ſeem from theſe, gentlemen, that all their actions muſt be reſolved into views of future intereſt and pleaſure. Excellent reaſoning this, and worthy the moſt ſublime philoſophy! When we would detract from animal nature, we deny them the ſmalleſt dawn of reaſon: When we would obliterate every thing lovely or graceful in our own, we aſſert, that no ſenſible being can act but from diſtant and intereſted views.

The hen is, by one of our beſt authors, ſaid to be among the moſt ſtupid animals; yet when ſhe reſigns the free poſſeſſion of the fields and air, when with the moſt tender aſſiduity, ſhe confines herſelf to one place and ſituation, when ſhe continues indefatigable in her task, notwithſtanding cold and other hardſhips; when ſhe ſacrifices her ſtrongeſt and moſt favourite appetites to the production and nouriſhment of her young: All this we muſt, no doubt, imagine, ariſes from her ſage concluſion, that, in the ſpace of three weeks ſhe ſhall have the pleaſure to ſee a race of beings produced, which will pick up food for her, and protect her in her old age. Nay (ſince in complaiſance to our hypotheſis, we have dignified her with no mean portion of reaſon) may we not ſuppoſe further, that ſhe conſiders them as the heirs of her fortune, and deſtin'd to the important task of propagating her name and poſterity?

But not to dwell too long on this circumſtance: If we will conſult the unprejudiced ſentiments of our hearts, are we not conſcious of loving ſomething ultimately, and for its own ſake? Have the moſt diffuſive benevolence, the moſt impartial juſtice,

juſtice, the ſtricteſt temperance, the moſt conſummate wiſdom, the moſt invincible magnanimity, no intrinſic charms? Do not the very ideas of characters and intentions (even abſtracted from all the circumſtances of time, place, and perſon), yield the mind a pleaſure, infinitely ſuperior in reality, quantity, and duration, to all the gratifications of ſelfiſh affection, tho' their fruition could be united together in the ſame inſtant? When we form a generous wiſh, or do a liberal action, are we in the leaſt conſcious of ſuch a reflection, as that it may be productive of future benefit or pleaſure to us? In inſtances of compaſſion, when we increaſe our own neceſſities to ſupply thoſe of the ſufferer; or while we ſave the lives of others with the imminent hazard, and ſometimes at the expence of our own; what future golden expectations can actuate us? What chimerical proſpects, what ſeas of milk, and ſhips of amber, carry us on in ſuch romantic projects?

Let us then, with candour own, that ſuch is the lovely frame of our nature, ſuch the benignant conſtitution, which we owe to our Creator; that we muſt love virtue and virtuous perſons ſimply and ultimately for themſelves. And, though all things in nature have an innate tendency to like things, yet can ſhe boaſt no attraction ſo delightful, ſo ſtrong, ſo univerſal as this. For of all the deſires of the human heart, where it remains untainted by vice, ſuch as lead us to virtue and her admirers, are alone inſatiable of their objects. Gratification only rouſes them to a greater keenneſs, and extends them to admit higher degrees of enjoyment.

enjoyment. Hence it is, that as every one is leaſt dependent on external advantages, and places all his happineſs in his own mind; ſuch an one is ever moſt remarkable for cultivating friendſhip with the greateſt ardour and fidelity. Benevolence indeed is not entirely confined in its influence and operations to particulars; it makes the univerſal good its proper object; but in friendſhip it exerts itſelf with more force and alacrity. For, as rational beings are removed at a greater diſtance from us, their ſituations and diſpoſitions are leſs ſtrikingly perceived by us; and, conſequently, the peculiar emotions, that each of theſe naturally excites, are leſs forcible. But our friends are ſtill at hand, and their concerns always obvious to our view. Hence the different affections excited by them carry us more ſwiftly into action, and engage us more warmly in it: Thus the union of friendſhip is little leſs intimate than that of the ſoul with the body; each of the parties as it were acquiring new inſtruments of perception, and powers of action, from that relation. And it is frequently a queſtion with them, whether they are more their own property, or that of their friends. So far is friendſhip from being a ſelfiſh purſuit, that the advantages ariſing from it are its conſequences, not its cauſes.

Yet, however excellent this Society may be, however agreeable to nature, and however fruitful of all that makes us ſecure and happy; there are not wanting, in common life, who make very free with its character; and urge, in juſtification of what they ſay, the ſpecious title of experience. Friendſhip, they tell us, is a mere name,

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an *ens rationis*, which, by its flattering appearance, courts us to the ſnare; and there leaves us to beat the wing, and ſtruggle in perpetual uneaſineſs, or periſh. No ſooner, according to them, are we entered into the fairy ſcene, than ſelfiſhneſs, diſcord, and treachery, diſplay their horrid forms, and blaſt all its imaginary beauties. Theſe are common-place lamentations, but what do they diſcover? Do they ſhew us, that friendſhip is not according to nature? that it is uneaſy, or impracticable? far from it. The mighty ſecret is only this; that the perſons whoſe pathetic complaints we have been hearing, wanted a ſufficient ſhare of prudence or diſintereſtedneſs to ſupport the dignity of ſuch engagements. A grand diſcovery, this! but ſuch an one, as might have been made with much leſs pains and rhetoric. If leagues of intereſt and pleaſure ſacrilegiouſly uſurp the name of friendſhip, why ſhould we wonder if the ties are broken aſunder with noiſe and tumult, when the parties become competitors in their darling aim?

There is another claſs, generally called friends, who are joined by accident, humour, or caprice. Theſe make a mighty buſtle in their fondneſs; nothing paſſes, for ſome time, amongſt them, but careſſes and compliments. When, lo! circumſtances are reverſed, the whim changes, and all their loquacious tenderneſs vaniſhes in air. Often too, in connections much better founded, an unforgiving ſpirit prevails. Our own weakneſſes are viewed with a partial eye; thoſe of our friends magnified to a gigantic ſtature. Nothing is expected from them but perfection; while, alas! all the

the return we can often make is ill-humour and infirmity. If theſe are incident to human life, if they are the misfortunes of our nature, muſt we blame friendſhip for them? How unjuſt, how impious, would ſuch a conduct be? Let us think more maturely and deliberately, and we ſhall ſoon turn our execrations on ourſelves: We ſhall ſoon find, that we have either been too imprudent in chooſing our friends, or too variable in ſupporting what we had ſo raſhly begun. Friendſhip, that friendſhip which renowned a *Damon* and *Pythias*, a *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*, a *Theſeus* and *Pirithous*, is incapable of change, or extinction. It is gentle, pure, permanent, bright, and immortal, as the ſouls in which it exiſts.

Others object, more charitably, that friendſhip is ſcarcely to be conſidered in the light of virtue and duty; that human nature has ſufficient propenſities to contract it, without being influenced by the motives of poſitive reward; and that, as a lens collects the rays of the ſun, ſo friendſhip contracts the affections of the mind; which, for that reaſon, operate with more violence upon objects at hand, but are leſs diffuſive in their influence.—'Tis to little purpoſe for me to examine the merits of friendſhip metaphyſically: Let thoſe, who are impelled to action by that lovely affection, while in due ſubordination to the reſt; let thoſe judge how far they are virtuous; and to what reward they are intitled. If indeed a blind affection takes up the whole attention of the mind, if it contracts her views, and limits the exerciſe of her nobler powers; ſuch an affection is a vice, but far from being intitled

tled to the ſacred name of Friendſhip, which can only be inſpired and conducted by virtue.

In ſhort, if to ſuſtain weakneſs, to ſupply indigence, to adviſe imprudence, to reprove and rectify error, be virtues, theſe friendſhip may aſſume by the moſt unqueſtionable right. Are our ſpirits depreſſed by misfortune, or conſtitution? She, like a ſalutary ray from Heaven, diſſipates the gloom, and throws a new ſplendor over the face of nature. Are our powers relaxed with continued exertion? Her gentle, yet efficacious influence braces every nerve, winds up the inert machine, and gives it indefatigable energy. By her our ſtudies are enlivened with new force; and our purſuits accelerated by the hopes of a new reward. Life and pleaſure, by her influence, are cultivated with new reliſh; by her they become objects worthy of our concern.

While the ruling paſſions of ſome direct them to honour, of others to riches, of others to fame, and of others to independency of life; while numbers are allured by the glare of dreſs and equipage, and ſome by the more laudable proſecution of knowlege; each of them expreſſes no ſmall degree of contempt for his neighbour's choice; but friendſhip is the univerſal ſubject of praiſe. To her, as to their common ſource of felicity, men of all taſtes and profeſſions pay the unfeigned acknowlegements of their hearts. Without her the world is ſolitary; ſcience a barren and forbidding employment; and nature itſelf no more a ſyſtem, but a collection of jarring and detached parts, whoſe beginning or end are no longer explicable.

Almoſt every object of our deſires is only accommodated to one peculiar end; riches procure external ſplendor and enjoyment; a number of dependants extends our power and influence; poſts of honour acquire obedience and reſpect; but friendſhip brings along with it every other good which we can wiſh. Other advantages are only ſuited to certain times, places, and circumſtances; friendſhip is beneficial at all times, and in all places. She is every-where preſent, every-where active, every-where munificent. The flowing ſtream, the cooling breeze, the chearful light of Heaven, diſpenſe not more univerſal nor more valuable bleſſings than ſhe. She gilds proſperity with double luſtre; and, by participation, makes adverſity itſelf ſupportable.

A friend, when he beholds another united to him by the ſame endearing tie, beholds, as it were, the reflected image of himſelf; and partaking in the moſt ſenſible manner theſe ſentiments which ariſe from the viciſſitudes of his friend's fortune, he enjoys the pleaſures of affluence in poverty, of glory in obſcurity, of company in ſolitude, of health in ſickneſs, and (what is ſtill more ſurpriſing) of life in death. The laſt thought is much better expreſſed by *Cicero*—*Cumque plurimas et maximas commoditates amicitia contineat, tum illa nimirum præſtat omnibus, quod bona ſpe prælucet in futurum; nec debilitari animos, aut cadere patitur: Verum enim? amicum qui intuetur, tanquam exemplar aliquod intuetur ſui. Quocirca et abſentes adſunt, et egentes abundant, et imbecilles valent, et, (quod difficilius dictu eſt), mortui vivunt.*

Thus

Thus has my attachment to my ſubject carried me into eulogiums which perhaps may not bear a critical examination. Be it far from me, to throw a ſhade over this weakneſs, by calling it an amiable one. Were I to plead any advantage from my propenſity to friendſhip, it would be, that this Society may act like friends; and agreeably to the intention of ſuch probationary eſſays, deliver their impartial judgments of what has been ſaid.

ON THE IMMORTALITY of the SOUL.

AN ESSAY.

The ſtars ſhall fade away; the ſun himſelf
Grow dim with age, and nature ſinks in years;
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidſt the warring elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the cruſh of worlds.

Mr. Addiſon's CATO.

WHOEVER will turn his intellectual eyes inwardly, and make his mind the ſubject of its own attention, will eaſily diſcover traces of energy and grandeur beyond all that can ſtrike the corporeal ſenſes: And in proportion as the mind is ſucceſsfully cultivated, all her inimitable graces ariſe in number and brightneſs. Modifications of ſound and colour, ſymmetry and order of

parts, proper diſpoſitions of light and ſhade, are only faint imitations of this internal beauty; and owe their brighteſt charms to the tendency they have toward elevating the mind above them, to the contemplation of her own majeſtic form.

Is it not then natural, and highly agreeable to all our experiences, to imagine, that this fair ſtructure, this ſupremely amiable beauty, ſhall be more permanent than thoſe of an inferior kind? What a different appearance would the whole conduct of nature aſſume, if ſhe expreſſed no more value for thoſe of her works which ſeem to bear the higheſt impreſſions of her art, than for thoſe which, in proportion, appear only the product of a careleſs hand? Can we then be eaſily led to think, that the Soul, which of all the known productions of nature, ſeems to be her favourite child, ſhall only be coeval with the flowers of the field, or the fading colours of the rainbow? And as the hope, that nature will proportion the duration of this beauty to its worth, at firſt view appears probable; ſo it is attended with advantages which render it highly worthy of indulgence. And though the ſtoical notion in all its ſtrictneſs be admitted, "That we ought to hope for nothing out of our "own power, and that immortality is one of the (a) "τὰ οὐκ ἐφ ἡμιν;" yet we are in no danger of being diſappointed. For if the opinion is true, then ſhall the virtuous become poſſeſſed of all they hoped for: But if otherwiſe, as we do not ſurvive our loſs, ſo we muſt be abſolutely inſenſible of it.

(a) Things not in our power, Vid. *Epict. Man.*

Beſides,

Beſides, it hinders not in the leaſt our purſuing virtue as its own reward; for as exiſtence in itſelf is indifferently capable of pleaſure and pain, according to its different circumſtances, it can never be deſired merely for its own ſake. The inſtinct of ſelf-preſervation is blind, and void of reflection; we therefore wiſh to exiſt, becauſe exiſtence is neceſſary to enjoyment. And as the poſſeſſion of virtue is perhaps the only real enjoyment, the deſire of Immortality is, or ought to be, that of the eternal poſſeſſion of virtue. The only dangerous extremes, towards which the opinion of a future ſtate can tend, are, either when ideas of that ſtate inflame the mind with ſuch deſires to change her ſituation, as render her careleſs and impatient of life, or cloud her with ſuperſtition and horror. But if we would duly regulate our paſſions, we ought to conſider, that in none of theſe caſes are we fit for the ſtate we may thus purſue or avoid. Nothing is more juſt than that antient maxim, "That we "ought to go out of life as from a plentiful enter-"tainment, without ſatiety or regret." As our minds advance in ſuch a temper, we may begin to entertain the deſire of Immortality; and try how far our expectations are ill or well founded. But in this ſearch, as in all other matters of fact, it is to be feared, that we muſt be content with evidence inferior to demonſtration, though ſufficiently ſtrong to gain our aſſent, and influence our courſe of action.

As the object of our inveſtigation is the Soul, it is natural to examine what preſages of her duration may be diſcovered in her natural qualities; what

in thoſe which are called moral, and their relation to the univerſe in general; and what may be expected from the goodneſs, wiſdom, and juſtice of her Creator.

One obvious quality of the Soul, is that of ſpontaneous motion (*a*); every man feels in himſelf a free principle of activity, the motions of which neither begin from any thing external, nor are continued by it; but are eſſentially inherent in the Soul itſelf. It muſt be confeſſed, that we are firſt excited to action by perceptions of pleaſure and pain, or by judgments formed in conſequence of them: But theſe perceptions or opinions cannot be ſaid to act on the mind as one part of matter acts upon another: For whatever the ſubſtance of the Soul be, yet its ideas muſt be immaterial (*b*); and to ſuppoſe an immaterial thing to act by contact or impulſe, is abſurd: When one body impels another, there is nothing requiſite to move the body impelled, but the impulſe itielf: But when any pleaſing or painful perception (which we may compare to the *Vis impreſſa*) awakens the attention of the mind; ſhe in moſt caſes looks round her, ſhe deliberates whether a change of ſtate is proper, or the preſent more eligible, and moves or reſts accordingly. Whence it is plain, that any perception in the mind contributes no further to action, than by exciting the active powers; whereas matter blindly and obſtinately continues in that ſtate in which it is, whether of motion or reſt, till ſome other adequate cauſe changes it. For ſuppoſe reſt to be the ſtate

(*a*) The Immortality of the Soul proven from ſelf-motion.

(*b*) See *Wollaſton* on *Nat. Religion.*

of

of any body, ſome external force will be requiſite to put it in motion; and, in proportion, as that force is great or ſmall, the motion will be ſwift or ſlow. But if this body did not continue pertinaciouſly in its former ſtate, no external force would be requiſite to change it; nor, when changed, would different degrees of force be neceſſary to move the body in different degrees of velocity. And, on the contrary, when motion is impreſſed on any body, to bring it to reſt, ſome force *ab extra* muſt always be applied, and that too in proportion to the intended effect. Nor is this reſiſtance diſcovered in bodies only when moved in particular directions; for 'tis found not only to bear proportion to the *Vis impreſſa*, but likewiſe to the quantity of matter moved; *i. e.* to the quantity of its ſolid extended parts. But if it were poſſible to abſtract from matter the qualities of ſolidity and extenſion, the matter, whence theſe qualities were abſtracted, would no longer reſiſt; and conſequently reſiſtance is the neceſſary reſult of them, which therefore in all directions muſt be the ſame. Again, if the degrees of reſiſtance in any body be in proportion to the *Vis impreſſa*, it will follow, that when that body is conſidered in any particular ſtate, whether of motion or reſt, the degrees of reſiſtance will either indefinitely multiply or decreaſe, according to all poſſible degrees of the moving force. But when the ſame body is conſidered abſolutely, or without fixing any particular ſtate, the reſiſtance is immutable; and all the degrees of it, which that body would exert upon the acceſſion of any impreſſed force, muſt be conceived as actually in it.

Nor can matter have any tendency or *conatus* contrary to that reſiſtance; for if it has, it muſt either be equal or ſuperior to reſiſtance itſelf: If equal, the two contrary tendencies would deſtroy each other; if ſuperior, the reſiſtance would be deſtroyed, and the exceſs of this tendency alone remain: And thus change would eternally ſucceed to change, without one intermediate inſtant; ſo that no time could be aſſigned when any body was in any particular ſtate. Gravitation itſelf, the moſt ſimple and univerſal law, ſeems far from being a tendency natural to matter; ſince it is found to act internally, and not in proportion to the ſuperficies of any body; which it would do, if it were the mechanical action of matter upon matter. From all this it appears, that matter, conſidered merely as ſuch, is ſo far from having a principle of ſpontaneous motion, that it is ſtubbornly unactive, and muſt eternally remain in the ſame ſtate in which it happens to be, except influenced by ſome other, *i. e.* ſome immaterial power. The human Soul therefore muſt be poſſeſſed of ſuch a power; for every one, as has been ſaid, is conſcious of an internal activity; and to diſpute this, would be to diſpute us out of one of the moſt real and intimate perceptions we have.

One cannot forbear to ſtop here, and obſerve, that though a material automaton were allowed poſſible, yet how infinitely would it fall ſhort of that force and celerity which every one feels in himſelf? How dull and lazy are all the motions of matter which fall under our obſervation? How ſlow and gradual their tranſitions from one part of ſpace to another? Whereas the mind, by one inſtantaneous

neous effort, meaſures the diſtance from pole to pole, from heaven to earth, from one fixed ſtar to another; in ſhort, not confined by the limits of the viſible creation, ſhe ſhoots into immenſity itſelf with a rapidity, compared to which, the ſpeed of lightening and ſun-beams is languid and inert. Who then ſhall aſſign a period to that (*a*) ἐντελεχεια, which, though depreſſed with ſo much dead weight, is ever active, and unconſcious of fatigue or relaxation? And as the mind is herſelf a principle of action, ſo it is probable ſhe actuates the body without the aſſiſtance of any intermediate power; both from the gradual command which ſhe acquires of its members by habit, and from a capacity of determining, in ſome meaſure, the quantity of pleaſure or pain which any ſenſible perception can give her. If we ſuppoſe the interpoſing power a ſpirit, the ſame difficulty of ſpirit acting upon matter ſtill remains; and the volitions of our own mind will as well account for the motions of the body, as the interpoſition of any other ſpiritual ſubſtance. In ſhort, we may as well aſk, why the mind is not conſcious of that interpoſition, as why ſhe is ignorant of the means by which ſhe communicates motion to the body. This naturally introduces the conſideration of another conſpicuous quality of the Soul, which is Unity.

Every conſcious being (*b*) perceives himſelf at all times to be diſtinctly and individually one. This ſenſe of unity, or unicity, neceſſarily attends all our perceptions, actions, and even the conſciouſ-

(*a*) A term taken from *Ariſtotle*, and defined by *Cicero*, "a "laſting and uninterrupted action."

(*b*) From unity of conſciouſneſs.

neſs of exiſtence itſelf. So that he who can perſuade himſelf, that the principle which feels, reflects, and wills in him, is not neceſſarily and individually one; may as well perſuade himſelf, that it has no exiſtence at all. It may therefore be worth while to examine, how far this quality is compatible with matter, and what is intrinſically implied in it.

The quality of conſciouſneſs being in its own nature ſimple, and not admitting the idea of compoſition, muſt inhere in a ſubject ſuitable to its nature, *i. e.* abſolutely and neceſſarily indiviſible. To ſuppoſe it therefore either itſelf a quality inherent in matter, or reſulting from other material qualities, or ſuperadded to particular ſyſtems of matter, ſeems repugnant not only to reaſon but common ſenſe: For it is plain, that matter, by its own nature, is diviſible; and that, after having divided any portion of it into parts, however minute, we can ſtill ſuppoſe every one of theſe parts divided, without coming to any end. Theſe parts, however cloſely they cohere, are as much diſtinct as if diſjoined by one, or by a hundred miles. All the qualities in any material ſyſtem, are no more than the ſum or aggregate of all the qualities of its diſtinct parts. If therefore conſciouſneſs ſubſiſts in any material ſubſtratum as a quality, it muſt either ſubſiſt complete and perfect in the whole, or ſuch in every particular part. But as the parts in any material compoſition are eſſentially diſtinct from each other, and their conjunction in any manner merely accidental, ſo the qualities of thoſe parts muſt be equally diſtinct: So that conſciouſneſs, to which unity is aſcribed with more propriety than to any thing elſe in nature, cannot ſubſiſt in the

whole

whole of any ſubject whoſe parts are ſeparable. To ſuppoſe it accompliſhed in every particular part, is to ſuppoſe every conſcious being poſſeſſed of as many minds as there are atoms in its material form: And if even the minuteſt part of matter is ſtill ſuppoſed capable of diviſion by us, who knows how much farther the power of any ſuperior being could carry this diviſion? And at this rate there is no ſmall ſtock of conſciouſneſs in nature, ſince every reptile or inſect, which is in the leaſt degree ſenſible, has an indefinite number of concioufneſſes; each of which muſt feel for itſelf, and conſequently feel itſelf diſtinct from all the conſciouſneſſes of its adjacent parts. This will not bear to be inſiſted on; neither is the ſuppoſition, "That "a cogitative principle may be the effect of any "conjunction of powers, or qualities in matter, "whether known or unknown," in the leaſt more ſucceſsful. For if we imagine them unknown, they muſt either be conſciouſneſs itſelf, and ſo liable to all the former inconſiſtencies; or conſciouſneſs muſt reſult from them, *i. e.* they muſt produce a poſitive quality, abſolutely and eſſentially different from themſelves; they muſt accompliſh an effect, of which they cannot be cauſes; and in ſhort, they muſt create ſomething out of nothing. It might be expected, that they who ſo warmly aſſert conſciouſneſs a poſſible effect of unknown qualities in matter, would produce any ſimilar inſtance from the known; or any caſe in which their conjunction produces one poſitive quality different from themſelves *(a)*. This would at

(a) See Notes at the end.

leaſt

leaſt give ſome countenance, tho' very little, to thoſe who would reaſon from analogy; but in this point they have hitherto failed.

That conſciouſneſs cannot reſult from the primary qualities of matter, is plain; for extenſion, ſolidity, figure, and motion, however modified, are no more than thoſe qualities themſelves in that particular modification: Nor from the ſecondary, becauſe theſe are nothing real in external objects, but mere feelings in ſenſitive beings *(b)*. Now to ſuppoſe conſciouſneſs ſuch a quality, would be to ſuppoſe perception prior to conſciouſneſs, or, in other words, conſciouſneſs prior to itſelf. What we improperly call powers of matter will ſtill leſs admit this ſuppoſition; becauſe they are the ſimple reſult of eſſential qualities; and as they are mere effects, they may be either hindered or produced without any real addition or change in any ſubſtance whatever. Thus the operation of the ſun on wax depends entirely on ſuch a poſition of each, as that the primary qualities of the one may influence the other. But as conſciouſneſs, whatever be its ſubject, if removed, muſt imply a diminution from that ſubject, it is a real poſitive quality; and, by the former reaſoning, muſt exiſt in an immaterial uncompounded, indiviſible ſubſtance. Thus having found that a power of cogitation can neither be eſſential to matter, nor the effect of other eſſential qualities or powers; we need only recollect the ſame principles, to diſcover the abſurdity of imagining it ſuperadded as a quality to any material

(b) See LOCKE on *Underſtanding*.

ſyſtem:

ſyſtem: For not to mention the inconſiſtency of ſuppoſing *that* to be a mere quality, which is the ſubject of ſo many other qualities, how can it be added to any whole, without being added to its particular parts? And as theſe are eſſentially ſeparable, a diſtinct conſciouſneſs muſt be added to each; all which ſummed up muſt conſtitute one indiviſible conſciouſneſs; which is a contradiction. Beſides, were the ſoul ſuperadded to the body as a quality, the degree and force of that quality muſt diminiſh as the body is divided; this is the caſe with all other ſuperadded qualities. When any piece of matter is heated, he who divides it abſtracts from the quantity of heat exiſting in it proportionably to the parts he takes away: But, in fact, it appears, that amputations of the human body does not leſſen the force of the conſcious principle: The Soul therefore being an immaterial ſubſtance, which naturally and neceſſarily implies indiſcerptability, it muſt be naturally immortal, not only as a ſubſtance, but likewiſe as in poſſeſſion of all thoſe active powers which diſtinguiſh and conſtitute a thinking being. For as we cannot ſuppoſe the minuteſt particle even of matter utterly deſtroyed, ſo neither can we ſeparate its eſſential qualities from it. All changes in matter, which we either obſerve or can conceive, are merely changes of form; the parts ſtill remain the ſame, not to be annihilated by any power of nature; and retaining ſtill their ſpecifical ſolidity, magnitude, *&c.* Now, if no material ſubſtance can periſh, and if all its real qualities are inſeparable from it, much leſs can the Soul, whoſe ſubſtance is an abſolute

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ſtranger to compoſition, and whoſe qualities are much more one with the ſubſtance itſelf, be imagined capable of deſtruction. What is it we call death, but a diſſolution or ſeparation of parts? Thus the ſeparation of the Soul from the body occaſions its death, by being the cauſe of ſuch a diſſolution: But the ſoul itſelf does not appear, in this criſis, to ſuffer any diſſolution of its own parts. For what are its own parts? they are its powers, affections, thoughts, its own peculiar exertions; itſelf ever remaining one, and conſequently not capable of diſſolution, for nothing can be ſeparated from itſelf.

It will not be denied, that the ſame power which gave the Soul exiſtence, can likewiſe annihilate it; but as in itſelf it has no tendency to change, diſſipation, or deſtruction, or rather, as in its own nature it implies integrity both with regard to its ſubſtance and qualities, ſo to accompliſh its annihilation, it will require a contrary exertion of the productive cauſe, equal to that by which it was produced. But that this ſhould ever be put in execution, we can ſee no reaſon to fear; nay, on the contrary (if we may judge of the intention which any deſigning agent has in his productions, from the relation they ſeem to bear to an end), we ought in all reaſon to judge, that the ſoul was formed of an unmix'd and indiviſible ſubſtance, that it might exiſt to all eternity. If ſtrength and compactneſs lead to conclude, that the work of any inferior artiſan will be durable, why ſhould the ſame indications have leſs force in the works of the univerſal Architect?

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The ceſſation of any percipient power in the Soul is no argument that it can be extinguiſhed, but that it is obſtructed by the diſorder of that organ with which it operated: For ſtill the conſcious principle feels herſelf as much an entire being as before. Reſtore the circulation of b'ood to any part of a living frame, which for want of that circulation has been inſenſible, and, at the ſame time, you reſtore all the perceptions which it formerly convey'd. Couch an eye which has for ſome time been deprived of light by a cataract, and immediately it recogniſes with tranſport all the beauties of the viſible creation. Nay, ſuch is the force of the mind, that without the aſſiſtance of thoſe mediums, by which perceptions are conveyed to her; ſhe often feels them as really, as when her ſenſes are exerciſed on the object from which they generally ariſe. Whence it ſhould follow, that thoſe ſenſations are not neceſſarily connected with the external things which generally excite them: And this will aſcertain the exiſtence of mind to be more real, at leaſt with regard to us, than that of matter. For ſome of thoſe impreſſions are not repreſentations of any thing real in external objects; and thoſe which ſeem to have moſt reality in them are, in all probability, differently felt by different perceiving beings. Now, if all the evidence we have for the exiſtence of material ſubſtances be our perceptions of their qualities; if thoſe are different in different beings, or in the ſame at different times, and if they likewiſe are felt in the abſence of thoſe things which moſt frequently cauſe them, the reality of the qualities themſelves

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muſt be *(a)* doubtful; and the reality of thoſe ſubſtances, whoſe exiſtence is inferred from them, is ſtill more uncertain: But the reality of our own perceptions is ſuch as renders the mind incapable of all heſitation: And if theſe perceptions are really qualities or modes of being, they muſt exiſt in ſome ſubject. But not to inſiſt on this, it may as well be ſaid, that the power of perceiving by the eye is dependant on a microſcope, as on the eye itſelf; for both are mere mediums, and widely different from the perceiving object. Thus, if the powers of ſenſation themſelves may ſubſiſt independent of their material inſtruments, much leſs are the powers of reflection and judgment connected with matter; and much more frequently found to operate without it. Such as are conſcious that the mind always thinks in a ſeries, of which every idea depends ſome way on another; ſuch as are ſenſible how eaſily impreſſions, received when the mind is fully awake and active, are loſt; ſuch as have entirely forgot ideas, of which they afterwards obtain faint recollections: And, laſtly, ſuch as have ſeen ſcenes tranſacted, and converſations held, by perſons aſleep, who have no remembrance of them when awake, will be cautious of aſſerting, that the Soul ever ceaſes to think.

They who cannot conceive what is the ſubſtance of the Soul out of the body, will do well to inform us what this ſubſtance is while involved in it: Nay more, what is this indiſſoluble charm, which unites the qualities of the body to their favourite exiſtence:

(a) See Biſhop *Berkley's Dialogues.*

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'Till this diſcovery is made, 'twill be decent to ſuppreſs their wonder, when they ſee people believe an exiſtence which they do not underſtand.

To pretend that the exiſtence of the Soul is dependent on matter, is to oppoſe one of the ſtrongeſt and earlieſt dictates of nature, which informs the mind that ſhe is not only diſtinct from all other matter, but even from that ſyſtem which ſhe calls her own body: Nor can ſhe forbear to think that its parts, however intimately connected with her, are mere inſtruments to execute her volitions, and implicit ſubjects of her government. She perceives that they adminiſter pleaſure and pain to her; and are conſequently ſomething totally different from her.

Our ſenſations may be divided into three kinds, ſome of which are by the mind naturally referred to diſtant objects, and ſeem repreſentative of ſomething in them; others are more immediately attributed to our own bodies, and thoſe parts of them which are in immediate contact with objects: A third kind are the reflex perceptions of the mind itſelf and its qualities. The firſt two neceſſarily imply the ideas of place and extenſion; the third is pure, indiviſible, and uncompounded; ſuch are the ideas of generoſity, magnanimity, temperance, &c. Now, if we only judge of unknown natures by their qualities, nothing appears more foreign to matter or diviſibility than thoſe juſt mentioned.

That the Soul is not material, we may juſtly conclude from the operations of memory *(a)*; nor

(a) From memory.

will all the traces, with which *Deſcartes* ſo ingeniouſly impreſs'd the brain, account for the extent and promptitude of this ſurpriſing faculty. For if the capacity of the mind to retain impreſſions were like that of a veſſel, and if the ideas ſtored there were material, what an immenſe vacuity muſt it require to hold ſo vaſt a number? Or if they were impreſſed, as with a ſeal, upon any ſurface, how prodigious an expanſe would be found neceſſary to contain them? And what forms could we aſſign to things which never enter into the mind as poſſeſs'd of any?

If we ſurvey the reaſoning faculty *(a)*, it will afford us the ſame conviction; for if it be material, then abſtract truths and motives of every kind, in order to have any effect upon it, muſt influence it phyſically: But one muſt be an obſtinate materialiſt indeed to imagine this.

All the inventive powers of the mind *(b)* conſpire to proclaim her infinitely different in nature, and ſuperior in dignity, to all matter. Were mankind joined in ſociety; was life poliſhed and cultivated; were the ſciences and arts not only of utility, but elegance, produced by matter? by a brute maſs? A ſubſtance ſo contrary to all activity and intelligence, that it ſeems the work of an omnipotent hand alone to connect them. What judgment ſhall we form of that principle which informed and enlightened a *Galileo*, a *Copernicus*, or a *Newton*? What inſpiration taught them to place the

(a) From reaſon.

(b) From imagination.

ſun

ſun in the centre of his ſyſtem, and aſſign the various orbs their revolutions round him; reducing motions, ſo diverſe and unequal, to uniform and ſimple laws? Was it not ſomething like that great eternal Mind, which firſt gave exiſtence to thoſe luminous orbs, and preſcribed each of them their province? Whence the infinite harmony and variety of ſounds, the copious flow of eloquence, the bolder graces and more inſpired elevations of poetry; but from a mind, an immaterial being, the reflected image of her all-perfect CREATOR, in whom eternally dwells all beauty and excellence? Were man only endued with a principle of vegetation, fixed to one peculiar ſpot, and inſenſible of all that paſſed around him; we might then with ſome colour ſuppoſe that energy, if it may be ſo called, periſhable. Were he, like animals, poſſeſſed of mere vitability, and qualified only to move and feel, ſtill we might have ſome reaſon to fear, that in ſome future period of duration our CREATOR might reſume his gift of exiſtence. But can any one, who pretends to the leaſt reflexion, imagine that ſuch a being as the human Soul, adorned with ſuch extenſive intellectual powers, will ever ceaſe to be the object of that love and care, which eternally holds the univerſe in its embrace? Did ſhe obtain ſuch a boundleſs underſtanding, merely to taſte the pleaſure of exerciſing it? to catch a tranſient glance of its objects, and periſh? Form'd as ſhe is to operate on herſelf, and all things round her, muſt ſhe ceaſe from action, while yet the mighty taſk is ſcarce begun? Muſt ſhe loſe thoſe faculties by which ſhe retains the paſt,

comprehends the preſent, and preſages the future? Muſt ſhe contemplate no more thoſe bright impreſſions of divinity which are diſcovered in the material world; nor thoſe ſtronger and more animated features of the ſame eternal beauty, which ſhine in her own godlike form? And muſt ſhe be for ever abſorbed in the womb of uneſſential nothing? Strange, that in the view, and even in the arms, of infinite power and goodneſs, a dawn ſo fair and promiſing ſhould at once be clouded with all the horrors of eternal night? Such a ſuppoſition would be contrary to the whole conduct and laws of nature. That inſatiable deſire of good *(a)*, which ſcorns every poſſeſſion already in our power, and ever pants for untaſted delights, is likewiſe a ſtrong argument of the Immortality of the Soul.

——————— *(b)* "For from the birth
"Of mortal men, the ſov'reign Maker ſaid,
"That not in humble, or in brief delight,
"Not in the fading echoes of renown,
"Pow'r's purple robes, or pleaſure's flow'ry lap,
"The ſoul ſhould find enjoyment: but from theſe
"Turning diſdainful to an equal good,
"Thro' all th' aſcent of things enlarge her view;
"Till every bound at length ſhall diſappear,
"And infinite perfection cloſe the ſcene."

(a) From a deſire of future enjoyment.

(b) Pleaſures of imagination.

It is not to be thought, that the great Author of the human conſtitution would kindle and enlarge the deſires of his creatures ſo far beyond the proportion of any ſublunary good, with any other view than to give their expectations a nobler aim; and to teach them, that they were formed for eternity and unbounded perfection.

But of all thoſe paſſions which regard only ſelfiſh enjoyment none better deſerves our attention than the love of fame *(a)*; as it really ſeems to imply a tacit determination of nature in favour of Immortality. For why do ſuch numbers of men, without ceſſation or intermiſſion, exert all their powers of Soul and body, negligent of the pleaſures of life, and inattentive to the ſtrongeſt importunities of natural appetite, for a pleaſure, which, if they taſte at all in this world, they can never hope to enjoy in its perfection? Why is it that the moſt diſtant proſpect of loſing fame, even thro' infinite duration, would relax their moſt earneſt endeavours, and at once deject all the ardour and ſpirit which they expreſs'd before? What can all this be but an information from GOD to the Soul, intimately and perpetually felt, that her relation to other exiſtences, and conſequently her own exiſtence, muſt be eternal? Nor can even imagination aſſign a final period to either: Otherwiſe to deſire fame beyond this life, would be to deſire what we can never enjoy; and to be afraid of loſing it, would be to fear a want which we never can feel.

(a) From love of Fame.

This anticipation of a future ſtate, which the love of fame is ſaid to imply, has prevailed from the earlieſt antiquity; as may be fairly deduced from their funeral ceremonies, deifications, and other rites *(a)*. Nations the moſt diſtant and removed from mutual communications have acknowleged it.

Whoever will take a view of the hiſtory of mankind, may eaſily ſee that thoſe minds which have moſt invariably followed nature, and conſecrated themſelves to virtue, have been proportionally impreſſed and animated by expectations far beyond this tranſitory ſcene. And as this deſire of Immortality ſeems interwoven with our being, ſo the horror of annihilation is equally ſtrong, and equally inſeparable from it. Theſe preconceptions of the Soul's innate dignity, theſe intimations of eternal being, ſo deeply engraved, and ſo univerſally acknowleged; what are they but the diffuſive influence of that cauſe, which contains, pervades, and actuates this mighty whole? The voice of GOD, which (rather felt than heard) informs us what we are? And can it be thought that the original ſource of all wiſdom and benevolence would ever give his intellectual creatures reaſon to expect what he never intended to perform? If we cannot imagine that GOD, whoſe love of his works is eternal and ſupreme, would, without ſome reaſon of the higheſt importance, diſcontinue the happineſs of any being; much leſs probable is it, that he will flatter us with hopes which are never to be accompliſhed.

(a) See Sir *William Temple* on *Heroic Virtue.*

If

If the continuance of our being muſt be circumſcribed to this ſhort life, why all this apparatus of nature to intereſt the Soul in futurity? Why has ſhe made every natural taſte an inſtrument to heighten and confirm our relation to eternity? Thoſe who are enamoured of beauty, whether as ſhe ſhines in the auguſt and various fabric of the univerſe, or as ſhe appears in compoſitions of art, ſhew by every deſire and effort of their minds, how ſtrongly they are impreſs'd, and how deeply intereſted in notions of endleſs being.

But if we add to this the force of the ſocial affections *(a)*, our argument will acquire ſtill greater ſtrength; for by them our whole Souls are engaged to procure and aſcertain, whatever our own taſte determines to be good for our friends, our country, and mankind; not only during our own lives, but for ages to come, and for poſterity in infinite deſcent. Why elſe are we ſolicitous to project and purſue plans ſo widely diſproportioned to the utmoſt extent of natural life, that they ſeem to comprehend almoſt eternity? Why do we plant trees to bring forth fruit for generations unborn, and build houſes whoſe magnificence we can never hope to ſurvey, if not from a conſciouſneſs that others ſhall enjoy them, and that we ourſelves ſhall ſtill be capable of the pleaſure ariſing from that conſciouſneſs? This ſame principle animates the nobler enterpriſes of the hero and legiſlator. But thoſe affections viewed in another light, are not leſs expreſſive of the excellency and immortal nature of

(a) From the ſocial affections.

the Soul: For the deſires which ariſe from the animal oeconomy of our nature are never more extenſive, nor durable, than the relations themſelves. To ſenſual appetites, which firſt engage the mind, ſucceed other affections more intenſe, more refined, and more eſſential to mental nature. Theſe are ſo far from languiſhing by repeated gratifications, or being capable of extinction, like the former, that they continue uninterrupted, and gradually open, till they extend beyond all limits. Whence it would appear, ſince nature never acts in vain, that as the more limited deſires either ceaſe or operate with leſs violence, according to the relations eſtabliſhed by nature between ourſelves and the objects to which they attach us; ſo thoſe affections of a more extenſive kind, will be equally durable with the objects to which they are related. And thus to ſuppoſe any time when we ſhall be incapable of exerciſing thoſe deſires, would be to ſuppoſe neither GOD nor the univerſe exiſtent. But if in this life our views of the grand objects for which theſe affections ſeem formed, are but remote and confuſed; it is ſtill more probable, that in ſome future period, we ſhall be admitted into a nearer and more intimate communication with them. For GOD, by whom theſe unwearied propenſities were kindled, and towards whom they tend, is himſelf eſſential, unmixed, inextinguiſhable love.

If we compare the character of GOD *(a)*, as a wiſe ſuperintendant and generous benefactor of nature, with the ſtate in which things at preſent

(a) From the goodneſs and wiſdom of GOD.

appear;

appear; where virtue is often depreſſed and afflicted, and vice apparently triumphs; it will ſeem highly inconſiſtent, that in no future ſcene vice ſhould be treated with the puniſhent and infamy it merits, and virtue receive that happineſs and honour, which from its own intrinſic worth, it deſerves, and from its conformity to the nature of GOD, it has reaſon to expect.

'Tis true, this ſubject has been too much exaggerated; and *(a)* ſome pious men have weakly thought, the beſt way to convince us, that order and happineſs prevailed in a future ſtate, was to perſuade us, that there was none at all in this. External advantages have been taken for the only goods of human nature; and becauſe in this view all things took the appearance of mal-adminiſtration, we have been taught to expect a government of rectitude and benevolence hereafter. Let us on the contrary candidly own, that virtue is ſovereignly and ſolely good; leſt by depreciating her charms, we obliquely detract from the character of GOD himſelf. Let us confeſs her undowered excellence ſuperior to all the inconveniences that may attend her even in the preſent ſituation. But without allowing ſome difference between poverty and riches, ſickneſs and health, pain and pleaſure, *&c.* we ſhall have no foundation for preference; and it will be in vain to talk of ſelecting *(b)* and rejecting, where no one choice can be more agreeable

(a) Shaftſbury.

(b) See *Harris's Eſſays.*

or diſagreeable to nature than another. Upon this difference therefore, however it be called, let the preſent argument proceed.

If infinite goodneſs be the ſpirit and characteriſtic of the univerſal government, then every advantage, however inconſiderable in kind or degree, muſt either be ſuppoſed immediately beſtowed on virtue; or at leaſt that ſuch retributions will at ſome time be made her, as may not only render her votaries equal but ſuperior to thoſe of vice, in proportion to their merit. But how different the caſe is in human life, hiſtory and obſervation may eaſily convince us: So that one, whoſe eyes are not intent on the character of GOD, and the nature of virtue, would often be tempted to think this world a theatre merely intended for mournful ſpectacles, and pomps of horror: How many perſons do we ſee periſh by the mere wants of nature, who (had they been in different circumſtances) would have thanked GOD with tears of joy for the power of communicating thoſe advantages, which they now implore from others in vain? while, at the ſame time, they have perhaps the additional miſery of ſeeing their moſt endeared relations involved in the ſame deplorable fate! How often do we ſee thoſe ties which unite the Soul and body, worn out by the gradual advances of a lingering diſeaſe, or burſt at once by the ſudden efforts of unutterable agony? while the unhappy ſufferers, had they been continued in life, might have diffuſed happineſs, not only through the narrow circle of their friends and neighbourhood, but as extenſively as their country, and even the world itſelf. How many names do we

ſee

ſee buried in obſcurity, or ſoiled with detraction, which ought to have ſhone the firſt in fame? How many heroes have ſurvived the liberties of their country, or died in abortive attempts to preſerve them; and, by their fall, only left a larger field for the lawleſs ravage of tyranny and oppreſſion?

But were it poſſible, how long and inſuperable would be the taſk to enumerate all the ingredients which compoſe the preſent cup of bitterneſs? And is this the conſummation of things? Will the ſupreme and eſſential goodneſs no way diſtinguiſh ſuch as have invariably purſued his honour, and the intereſt of his government, from thoſe who have induſtriouſly violated the order he has appointed in things? who have blotted the face of nature with havock, murder, and deſolation; and ſhewn a conſtant intention to counteract all the benevolent deſigns of Providence? It is confeſs'd that the virtuous, happy in the poſſeſſion of virtue alone, make their exit from the preſent ſcene with bleſſings to the CREATOR, for having called them to exiſtence, and given them the glorious opportunity of enjoying what is in itſelf ſupremely eligible: They are conſcious that this felicity can receive no acceſſion from any external luſtre or advantage whatever. Yet it ſeems highly neceſſary in the divine adminiſtration, that thoſe who have been dazzled with the falſe glare of proſperous wickedneſs, ſhould at laſt be undeceived; that they ſhould at laſt behold virtue conſpicuous in all her native ſplendor and majeſty, as ſhe ſhines the chief delight of GOD, and ultimate happineſs of all intelligent nature.

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CONCLUSION.

TO feel in ſome meaſure the force of what has been ſaid, let us ſuppoſe a father poſſeſſed of the moſt exquiſite tenderneſs for his ſon, delighted with his ſimilarity of form, his promiſing conſtitution, his ſtrength, gracefulneſs, and agility, his undiſguiſed emotions of filial affection, with the various preſages of a ſuperior genius and underſtanding. Let us likewiſe ſuppoſe this father pleaſed with the employment of improving his faculties, and inſpiring him with future hopes of happineſs and dignity: But that he may give him a quicker ſenſibility to the misfortunes of others, and a more unſhaken fortitude to ſuſtain his own, he often prefers younger brethren, and even ſtrangers, to thoſe advantages, which otherwiſe merit, and the force of nature, would determine him to beſtow on ſo worthy an offspring. Let us go further, and imagine, if we can, that this father, without the leaſt diminution of tenderneſs, or any other apparent reaſon, deſtroys his ſon in the bloom of life, and height of expectation: Who would not lament the fate of ſuch a youth with inconſolable tears? doom'd never more to behold the agreeable light of Heaven! never more to diſplay his perſonal graces, nor exerciſe his manly powers, never more to feel his heart warmed with benevolent regards, nor taſte the Soul's tranſporting pleaſure of obliging and being obliged! Blotted at once from exiſtence, and the fair creation, he ſinks in ſilence

and

and oblivion; with all his ſublime hopes diſappointed, all his immenſe deſires ungratified, and all his intellectual faculties unimproved! Without mentioning the inſtinctive horror which muſt attend ſuch an action, how abſurd to reaſon, and how inconſiſtent with the common feelings of humanity, would it be, to ſuppoſe a father capable of ſuch a deed. Forbid it GOD, forbid it nature, that we ſhould impute to the munificent Father of being and happineſs, what, even in the loweſt of rational creatures, would be monſtrous and deteſtable!

Thus having found, that the duration and importance of our exiſtence is not confined to ſuch momentary objects, nor ſo narrow a ſphere as the preſent, 'tis natural and becoming to pauſe here, to ſurvey the high deſtiny of our nature, and the influence it ought to have on life. Are we then intended for actors in the grand drama of eternity? are we candidates for the plaudit of the rational creation? are we form'd to participate the ſupreme beatitude in communicating happineſs? are we deſtined to co-operate with GOD in advancing the order and perfection of his works? how ſublime a creature then is man? how infinitely ought he to riſe above all the vain attachments and contaminating pleaſures of his preſent ſtate? how ſteadily ought his attention to be fixed on that grand period, which ſhall diſmiſs him to the regions of intellectual light and benevolence! With what aſſiduity and ardour ought he to form his reliſh and conſtitution for enjoyments ſo exquiſite and durable?

The

The whole life of a philoſopher ought to be one contemplation on death. Why elſe are we exhorted to retire from the body, from the pleaſures of ſenſe, and the hurry of the world, but to render the Soul independent of them; to recollect her within herſelf; to purge the mental ſight from all the dimneſs contracted in its preſent dark abode, and to prepare it for the fuller, purer irradiations of eternal truth and beauty? Thus, by degrees, we emancipate the Soul from all material connections; by thus gradually dying, ſhe contracts a habit; Death grows more familiarly intimate to her, and when ſhe leaves the body, ſhe diſengages herſelf with eaſe and freedom. Otherwiſe its appetites and habits will twiſt themſelves, like adamantine chains around her eſſence, and render her utterly incapable of taſting thoſe nobler pleaſures, for which her CREATOR in the formation of her being intended her. Let us then reverence ourſelves, nor ſtoop to any thing below the glorious purſuits for which we are created; leſt to our other crimes we add ſacrilege, and violate that Divine Power within us.

Eſt Deus in nobis; agitante caleſcimus illo.

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NOTES.

NOTES.

1. TO this the polypus is objected; but it muſt either be ſaid, that matter is capable of ſelf-motion and conſciouſneſs, or that a new Soul is created for each divided animal; which, of the two, is ſurely the moſt probable.

If the concluſion, that the ſoul is immaterial, be true, it is the ſhorteſt way of diſpatching thoſe opinions of its being blood, fire, air intenſely heated, harmony, *&c.* See *Cic. Tuſc. Queſt.*

2. The acknowlegement in very diſtant regions is elegantly expreſſed by Mr. *Pope*, thus:

" See the poor *Indian*, whoſe untutor'd mind
" Sees GOD in clouds, or hears him in the wind:
" His Soul proud ſcience never taught to ſtray
" Beyond the ſolar walk, or milky way;
" Yet ſimple nature to his hopes has giv'n,
" Behind the cloud-top'd hill, an humbler Heav'n."

And by *Lucan*, in the following manner, in his deſcription of the *Gauls*.

——————— *Inde ruendi*
In ferrum mens prona viris, animaeque capaces
Mortis; et ignavum eſt rediturae parcere vitae.

By this inſpir'd, a Soul the warriors boaſt
To ſcorn the horrors of the *Stygian* coaſt;
Fir'd with the proſpect of a future ſtate,
Prone on the ſword they ruſh, and court their fate:
And fix a coward's infamy his doom,
Who ſpares a life he muſt ſo ſoon reſume.

FINIS.

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